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ST. PETERSBURG

ENGLISH REVIEW.

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UNDER THE PATRONAGE

OF

Her most Gracious Majesty the Empress.

THE ST. PETERSBURG

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OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

EDITED BY

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ENGLISH REVIEW.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PART I. — PERIODICALS.

« The March of Intellect » — « The Nineteenth Century » — « The Progress of Science » — are the phrases which perhaps strike most frequently upon the ear of him who stands, a listener, in the crowded Burse or Exchange of Society. Yet true are the simple words of Geoffrey Chaucer,

« Ther n' is no newe gize that n' has bin olde. »

In spite of discoveries and improvements in the material world which daily weary our wonder, the Intellect, whether of Nations or Individuals, seems to be in a state, less of *progression,* than of eternal and regular *revolution;* and appears to return to the same phases and aspects as inevitably as the celestial wanderers, « as blamelessly, » to use the beautiful expression of Coleridge, « as they in Heaven. »

All that is, and now perchance « overcomes us with a special wonder, » has been, and perhaps will be again, when the majestic cycle of causes shall have again completed its mighty course. Of this vast circle but a single point can be at once presented to our limited and imperfect vision; whence we ignorantly, if not arrogantly, conclude, that this point is

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rather a portion of some progressive line, than of that sublime orbit whose centre is the Primæval Intelligence, and whose circumference is Infinity.

Nations, like Men, have their infancy, their manhood, and their dotage; like the Year, their seasons of development, of fruition, and of decay: nor would the benevolent harmony of Nature be less violated by the productions of one age being confounded with those of another, than by the husbandman who should expect to make his seed-time in the dog-days, or his harvest in the spring.

These considerations were suggested to us by remarking how singularly the character of the present age seems to reproduce the intellectual physiognomy of remote antiquity, in countries, like Greece and England, which, in their different epochs, have reached a high degree of refinement and civilization. We observe the same boldness of speculation which distinguished the age of Socrates, the same impatience, not only of tediousness, but even of a sustained and long-continued tone of discussion; like the Ancients, we demand results and not processes; and scientific or literary language has acquired an almost epigrammatic brilliancy and emphasis which recalls the magnificent condensation of the Platonic philosophizing, and the splendid but frequently fallacious rhetoric of the Sophists.

The Middle Ages,—when the intellect of Man, chained and tortured by feudal tyranny and persecuting superstition, resembled in its rude strugglings and throes, the gropings of the blinded Cyclops in his cave,—were essentially the era of gigantic, though often misdirected, energies. The intellectual, like the physical warfare of that period, was conducted by huge uncouth, unwieldy machines. The Books, like the Armour and military Engines, of these ages, are vast and cumbersome, yet complicated contrivances; the learned brought the whole battery of knowledge, their ponderous treatises «de omni Scibili,» to bear upon some position in Ethics which a single glance at the Bible would have enabled them to master, or some dogma in Natural Science which Experiment would have settled at once and for ever This is the age of «all

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such reading as was never read ; » a library of this period is a strange arsenal of grim and ponderous weapons,

« De Lyra here a dreadful front extends,
« And there the groaning shelves Philemon bends, » (1)

equally unlike the light and polished arrows of the Greek,

« . . . . . The subtle Greek,
« Blest in the lovely marriage of sweet words; » (2)

who garlanded Philosophy with roses, and expounded her oracles in music; and that electric brilliancy which plays and sparkles through the airy discussions of the present day.

What we have suffered in the loss of those beautiful apologues, half playful, half profound, which often conveyed such solemn and moving verities, we may feel from the fragments which remain scattered up and down — and which the Scholar has so laboured to seek for and to reunite—for Time and Barbarism, « as the story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with « his conspirators, how they dealt with the God Osiris, took « the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand « pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that « time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst « appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the « mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up « limb by limb, as they could find them. » (3)

Alas! for us the wit and wisdom of Plato, the

« Truth severe in fairy fiction dreat, »

is but dim and fragmentary: of the polished comedy of Menander, the darling of his age,

« That sharp-witted Poet, whose sweet voice
« Male heavenly Gods break off their Nectar draughts,
« And lay their ears down to the lowly earth, »

(1) Pope. Dunciad, Book I. Line 153.
(2) Massinger. Picture, Act. 1. Scene 2.
(3) Milton. Areopagitica.

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but a few verses remain. It is to the « Deipnosophists » of Athenæus, a work marked deeply with the wounds of time; it is to the tasteless collection of that haughty and turbulent prelate, Photius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, that we must have recourse, if we would collect the scattered gems of the lighter literature of the Ancients.

To the Greek,—living in a climate where mere animal existence is an uninterrupted succession of pleasurable sensations, with a Religion whose every ceremony was a sacrifice to the Beautiful, which made every Breeze vocal with a hymn to the Good Goddess—the great spirit of Nature;—which made every flower-bell the abiding-place of a Nymph, — glimpses were undoubtedly revealed of what Sir Thomas Brown (1) quaintly but exquisitely calls « the deuteroscopie » or second-sight of things: « the lively Grecian, » to use the eloquent words of the great Poet of our own time,

with unrivalled skill,
As merest observation furnished hints
For studious Fancy, with his hand bestowed
On fluent Operations a fixed shape;
Metal or Stone, idolatrously served.
And yet — triumphant o'er this pompous show
Of Art, this palpable array of sense
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross Fictions chaunted in the streets
By wandering Rhapsodists, and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denial, hourly urged
Amidst the wrangling schools — a Spirit hung,
Beautiful Region! o'er thy Towers and Farms,
Statues and Temples, and memorial Tombs:
And emanations were perceived, and acts
Of immortality, in nature's course
Exemplified by *Mysteries*, that were felt
As bonds, by grave Philosopher imposed,
Or armed Warrior. (2)

(1) Pseudodoxia Epidemica. Lib. I. Cap. ii.
(2) Wordsworth. Excursion, Canto IV.

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To the Greek the want of Printing was a deprivation perhaps much less severe than we are apt to imagine: for him the vivid dialogue and brilliant sword-play of intellect, listened to and mingled with beneath the Parian columns of the Porch, or among the «shady recesses» of Academe, supplied, and less imperfectly than we can perhaps now conceive, that splendour of wit and condensed weight of wisdom which is conveyed to us by the less perishable, though less picturesque, medium of periodical publication.

«The time will arrive,» said Johnson, «when men may come «to write entirely aphoristically; when we shall be weary of «introduction, and connection, and preparation;» (1) — a consummation to which we appear to be approaching rapidly, urged on by our growing impatience of elaborate discussion, and no less by the want of time to be devoted to the field of theory, so far and so increasingly cultivated.

At the birth of a Publication like the present, whose object it is to present, in a condensed form, the quintessence of all that is most interesting and instructive in the periodical literature of Great Britain,—to twine a carefully-culled garland, from this so blooming portion of the great garden of European Letters—it will not, we apprehend, seem out of place to sketch the gradual progress which has been made in the cultivation of these bright but evanescent flowers; and to trace the History of Periodical Publications in England.

That these works will form a necessary and not unimportant feature in the literary history of the age — nay, that they have played no insignificant part in the great Social Drama of their epoch, will, we think, be obvious to any one who considers how deeply they are themselves impressed with the physiognomy of that age, in which their existence has in turn influenced, and been influenced by, the Character and expression of Society.

The example set in France, about the middle of the Seventeenth century, by the learned and sarcastic De Sallo, and followed up with such valuable results by Bayle, De la Roque and

(1) Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iii. p. 324.

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Basnage (1), was, as may be easily supposed, speedily imitated in Great Britain; « a Nation, » to use the magnificent language of England's great Poet, « not slow and dull, but of a quick, « ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and « sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the « highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the « studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so an- « cient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity « and able judgement have been persuaded, that even the « school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning « from the philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil « Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed here once for Cæsar, « preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured « studies of the French. » (2)

The first of a very numerous class of works devoted to criticism and bibliography was called « Weekly Memorials, or an Account of Books lately set forth, » and like most of those which soon began to succeed it in great numbers, consisted of little more than a collection of passages, selected without judgment from the works it professed to review, arranged without connection, and commented on without taste. This work, as we learn from Nicholls' Literary Anecdotes (3), was established in January, 1688, and was followed by the « Censura Temporum, » appearing about twenty years afterwards, together with the « Bibliotheca Curiosa, » similar in character to itself.

To dwell with any minuteness of detail upon the multitude of similar works that appeared at this period, would be attended with neither profit nor amusement; suffice it to mention the « Memoirs of Literature », which attained the size of eight volumes 8° in 1722; a continuation of the same work by Michael de la Roche, in six volumes, 1725; the « Present State of the Republick of Letters, » edited by Andrew Reid,

(1) Vide D'Israeli's « Curiosities of Literature, » vol. I, and Stebbings's « Lectures on Periodical Literature » published in the Athenæum for 1828, Nos 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28.

(2) Milton, Areopagitica.

(3) Vol. III, passim.

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existing over a period from 1728 to 1736; »Historia Literaria,» by Archibald Bower, commencing in 1730 and continuing only for two years; and the «Literary Journal,» published in Dublin, whose existence was about twice as long. (1)

Of these publications it will not be necessary to say much; they consist generally of ill-selected extracts, and are devoid alike of skilful analysis, and of that far-reaching range of speculation which gives such value to the Reviews of the present day; whose articles either develope, by a close and keen anatomy, the beauties or defects of the work before them; or, taking its subject as their text, present us with dissertations which, for grasp and dignity of thought, magnificence of illustration, and condensed vigour of style, may often be placed in competition with the noblest efforts of antiquity.

«I was acquainted» says Gibbon, «only with two ways of «criticising a beautiful passage: the one, to show, by an exact «anatomy of its distinct beauties, from whence they spring; «the other, an idle exclamation, a general panegyric, which «leaves nothing behind. Longinus has shown me a third. He «tells me his own feelings upon reading it; and tells them with «such energy that he communicates them.»

In the first of these methods of criticism the journals of this period are deficient; and for the third we may look in vain, in the bald mediocrity of their style, for any passages possessed of that electric power by which a writer can extend to others the enthusiasm he feels himself.

Against the Reviews of this period another and a graver charge may be preferred: being the property of their publishers, it too frequently happened that personal partiality and commercial rivalry interfered with the just discharge of the high and solemn duties which devolve upon the literary censor; a partiality, which, if it still exist, is, in the present age, neutralized by the great variety of contending parties in political, religious, and literary doctrines, each of which pos-

(1) Vide Gough's British Antiquities, p. 745. Drake's Essays on the «Rambler» «Adventurer» and «Tatler.» vol. II, pp. 336.

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sesses in one or more of these publications an organ for the exposition of its dogmas, and the development of its theories.

Independently of this consideration, a very striking change has taken place — a change in some measure attributable to the great importance this kind of publication has gradually acquired — in the relative position of the Author and the Publisher. A literary man no longer wrings from the reluctant hand of the uneducated and insolent tradesman the hard-earned pittance of his mental labour; he no longer is condemned to «turn a Persian tale for half-a-crown;» nor to fawn for a dinner upon a hard taskmaster; to satisfy the hunger of starvation with the niggard orts of a Bookseller's table. Let every author of the present day reflect with gratitude on the different position of his calling since the time when the greatest of English moral writers subscribed himself «yours *Impransus*, S. Johnson» (1); or was forced, by the raggedness of his coat, to eat his portion behind a screen at the house of Cave the publisher. (2)

Viewed in the light of the present system of Criticism, and upon the high footing on which periodical dissertation is now placed, the Patriarch of the Reviews may be considered to be the «Monthly,» established in 1749 by Ralph Griffith Esq., a person eminently possessed of the qualities necessary for his important task, and who continued to direct it for a period of more than half a century. It was afterwards carried on by his son, a fit successor to the Editorial chair; and its volumes are remarkable for the candour, acumen, and elegance of their disquisitions. The political opinions espoused by this journal were of the Whig or Opposition character, and were developed with an intelligence and moderation which we could wish were more frequently imitated by the adherents of those principles.

Within a year of the establishment of the last mentioned review, was begun the «Journal Britannique,» edited by the learned Dr Matthew Maty, originally a physician at the Hague,

(1) Boswell's Life of Johnson. Vol. II, p. 87.
(2) Ibid. Vol. II. p. 14.

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afterwards settled in England, where, at the erection of the British Museum in 1753; his acquirements procured him the appointment of Under Librarian to that great institution; and afterwards, in 1772, the office of Principal Librarian. It was published in French, and set the example of paying a greater degree of attention to the productions of the Continental Press.

In 1755 appeared the first number of «The Edinburgh Review,» a quarterly journal to which, if we may judge from the distinguished talents of its original contributors, a long and brilliant reputation might have been predicted. Adam Smith, the father of political science, the historian Robertson, and the elegant Blair exhibited in this publication the earliest indications of their genius. That daring wing that soared into the lofty and till then unvisited regions of Social Philosophy, and that easy pinion which afterwards followed Columbus in his course over the wide waters of the mysterious Atlantic main, in search of a World, and «new Hesperian shores,»—that accompanied the wild career of Cortez and his valiant companions, essayed in this Review their earliest flights.

But political controversy, exacerbated by religious intolerance, caused the discontinuance of the «Edinburgh,» after the appearance of two numbers: it lay dormant till 1818, when a new edition appeared, preceded by an explanatory and exculpatory preface.

In 1756 appeared the «Critical Journal, or Annals of Literature,» which was principally supported by the efforts of one of the greatest writers of whom England can boast, Smollett, the author of Peregrine Pickle and Humphrey Clinker. His critical contributions are marked with the same acuteness and vigour, not untinged with sarcasm, which made him so masterly a delineator of the vices and follies of individual character; but they are at the same time deformed by petulance and partiality.

To this work Samuel Johnson contributed several articles, exhibiting the same universal erudition, reach and grasp of

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thought, and ornate sonorous style which render his name so justly celebrated.

Of its other supporters one of the principal was Dr Joseph Robertson; as may be judged from the fact of his having supplied upwards of 2,600 different essays.

The wit and wisdom of Johnson, that intellectual giant, whose very defects were those of a majestic mind, were far more abundantly exhibited in the pages of the « Literary Magazine or Critical Review, » a journal which appeared in the same year with the last-mentioned publication. Its career was commenced more immediately under the auspices of the great Moralist; who composed a preface, one passage of which, as it at once describes and exemplifies this kind of writing, we shall quote here: « The literary history necessarily contains an account of the « labours of the learned; in which, whether we shall show « much judgment or sagacity, must be left to our readers to « determine: we can promise only justness and candour. It « is not to be expected that we can insert extensive extracts « or critical examinations of all the works which this age of « authors may offer to our notice. A few only will deserve « the distinction of criticism, and a few only will obtain it. « We shall try to select the best and most important pieces; « and are not without hope that we may sometimes influence « the public voice, and hasten the popularity of a valuable « work. »

To this publication Dr Johnson contributed twenty-five Reviews, the greater number of which are stamped with his characteristic excellencies. To this great writer and thinker may be truly applied the words of the Roman satirist whom he so ably imitated,

« Vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
« Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
« Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ;
« Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum: »

Juv. sat. vii. 53.

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It will be proper in this place to mention two periodicals of very considerable eminence; the «Gentleman's Magazine,» long the principal repertory of curious and obscure information; and the «Annual Register,» an epitome of the political and historical events for the year;— they are, in their several departments, references of value and authority, and have been uniformly conducted, with vigour, with candour and with ability.

Passing over the «Edinburgh Magazine and Review,» which owed a temporary and valueless popularity to scurrilous and local diatribes,—the «New Review,» edited by the son of the Dr Maty of whom mention has been made, — and a great number of trivial and ephemeral productions, whose existence, whether grave or gay, neither acquired nor deserved any influence upon the literature of their time, and whose contents, innocent or the reverse, have long since sunk into the oblivion they merited,— we come to the «English Review,» begun in 1783, and supporting its existence for fifteen years, the «Analytical Review,» extending to twenty-two volumes, and the «British Critic,» conducted by Archdeacon Nares, assisted by the able Beloe, the translator of Herodotus.

The character of these journals will be best appreciated by the following passages from an Essay which appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1809, attributed to the pen of Sir Walter Scott: «The calm, even, and indifferent «style of criticism was distinguished by a lenient aspect towards «its object. A certain deference was visibly paid to an author «of celebrity, whether founded on his literary qualities, or «on the adventitious distinctions of rank and title; and gene«rally there was a marked and guarded *retenue* both in the «strictures hazarded and in the mode of expressing them. «If raillery was ever attempted, there was no horse-play in «it; and the only fault that could be objected to by the «reader, was that the critic was, «content to dwell in decencies «for ever».

«This rule however, was not without exceptions. A libe«ral-minded and public-spirited critic sometimes reversed the «sentence of his employer; and, unlike the prophet of Midian,

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« anathematised the work on which he was summoned to « bestow benedictions. Neither was it proper that the critical « rod should be hung up in mere show, lest in time, as it « is learnedly argued by the Duke of Vienna, it should become « more mocked than feared. The terrors of the office were « therefore in some measure maintained by the severity « exercised upon the trumpery novels and still-born poetry « that issued from the press; whose unknown and perhaps « starving authors fared like the parish boys at a charity school, « who are flogged not only for their own errors, but to vin- « dicate the authority of the master, who cares not to use « the same freedom with the children of the Squire. Sometimes « also, « fate demanded a nobler head ; » the work of a rival « bookseller was to be crushed even in its birth ; a powerful « literary patron, or perhaps the reviewer himself, had some « private pique to indulge ; and added a handful of slugs to « the powder and paper which formed the usual contents of « his blunderbuss. Something of the habitual civility, and « professional deference of the tradesman seemed to qualify « the labours of those who wrote under his direction.

« The public indeed, began to murmur that

« Lost was the critic's sense, nor could be found,
« While one dull formal unison went round. »

« From these soothing dreams, authors, booksellers, and critics « were soon to be aroused by a rattling peal of thunder ; and « a conspiracy of beardless boys innovated upon the memorial « laws of the old republic of literature, scourged the book- « sellers out of her senate-house, overset the tottering thrones « of the idols whom they had set up, awakened the hundred- « necked snake of criticism, and curdled the whole ocean of « milk-and-water, in which, like the serpentine supporter of « Vistnou, he had wreathed and wallowed in unwieldy sloth « for a quarter of a century. »

(To be continued.)

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HO-FI OF THE YELLOW GIRDLE. (1)

Fairer than rice, more graceful than bamboo, was So-Sli the daughter of Poo-Poo. Her foot was no longer than her finger, so that when she walked she tottered elegantly, and required the support of a reed or of a hand-maiden; so light was her form, and so lovely was her face, and so helpless was her air, that when she appeared abroad she attracted the notice of all, as a straw which a juggler of Shanghi balances on the tip of his nose. Her brows were arched like the feathers in the tail of the domestic bird of the river; her eyes were

(1) The following passage from Davis suggested the subject of this story: — The expence to the state of a wâng (imperial relative) of the first rank is about sixty thousand taëls or 20,000 l. annually; and this diminishes through the several grades down to the simple inheritors of the yellow girdle, who receive only three taëls per month and two sacks of rice. But they are allowed one hundred taëls when they marry, and one hundred and twenty for a funeral; from which, says Serra, they take occasion to maltreat their wives, because when they have killed one they receive the allowance for her interment, as well as the dowry of the new wife, whom they take immediately.

DAVIS's CHINESE, vol. i. p. 381.

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smaller than the kernels of the almond, and were free from the disfigurement of lashes; her hair was like a cobweb of the black spiders of Chem-si; her nose was small, and beautifully flat; her lips were as two large pink caterpillars which the cooks of Pecheli have prepared for the banquet of the Son of Heaven. The fame of her loveliness had spread throughout the province Kiang Si, and many a manly spirit yearned towards her, even on the *report* of her beauty.

Many were the solicitations made to her father for the hand of the lovely So-Sli; and he might have married her to mandarins, both civil and military, as many as he pleased; but old Poo-Poo was a sage and a philanthropist, had devoted himself much to the investigation of the causes of human happiness and misery, and had determined that marriage might be highly conducive to one or to the other, according as it should be or should not be conducted upon scientific principles. Of the scientific principles upon which marriage should be conducted he had formed a theory of his own; and it had been a source of the deepest regret to him that he had not devised his theory until after his own marriage. However as his wife was now dead, that had become a matter of comparatively little importance. He determined that his daughter should have the full benefit to be derived from them; and for a Chinese, it must be owned that his principles exhibited much liberality of feeling. This was particularly evinced in one of his crotchets, which however appeared in the eyes of his countrymen so extraordinary, that it would probably have brought down upon him the heavy displeasure of the government, but for some charitable doubts which were entertained as to his sanity. To us his fancy does not appear so unnatural; but he was the first of some sixty thousand millions of the celestial people (reckoning but two hundred generations of three hundred millions each), who had ever questioned or doubted the propriety of a marriage between persons who had had no previous acquaintance with each other. He was rash enough to start and maintain this opinion; and furthermore he considered that a certain somewhat of congeniality should subsist between, and be discovered by the parties, before they

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should proceed to bind themselves indissolubly together. He determined therefore, not only that his daughter should see her future lord before she became a wife, but such was the peculiar tenderness of his parental affection, and so far had the heresy of innovation possessed him, that she should not be made over to any person towards whom she manifested a decided dislike; and indeed, that she should be allowed a certain latitude of choice among the many suitors who were competitors for her hand.

Two great mandarins, Hang and Swing, and a certain rich merchant, Tin, had sent costly presents to her father; and the eloquent Tung, graduate of the college of Hanlan, had composed ten volumes of moral sentences in praise of the beauty of So-Sli; but though he perused the books, and graciously accepted the presents, Poo-Poo rejected these applicants, who lived too far to make their addresses in person. It fared no better with many others of various rank,—manufacturers, and proprietors of rice-grounds, silk-feeders, barge-owners, and officers civil and military, who, dwelling in the neighbourhood, had opportunities of seeing and being looked upon by the lovely eyes of So-Sli. She had expressed herself by no means averse to Hang or Swing, Tin or Tung; but these she had never seen; and her father, believing that if she engaged herself under such circumstances, she might repent when she became acquainted with the parties, had withheld his consent. Those whom she saw found no favour in her sight. One was too short, a second too tall, a third was too fat; a fourth too thin; this too gay, and that too serious; Ting-a-ling's voice was too gentle, Ding-Dong's too loud; one was too fond of sweet potato, and sweet potato she disliked; another not sufficiently partial to dog, and dog was her favorite dish. In fact, So-Sli was by no means easy to please.

Here we may pause to remark, that the multiplicity of presents which for a long time poured in upon Poo-Poo were well-nigh procuring converts to his system among old gentlemen who had marriageable daughters; but at last suitors grew chary of their presents, and withheld them till an interview with the young lady should have sealed their fortune.

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In the town in which dwelt Poo-Poo and his lovely daughter, So-Sli, there resided a young man who boasted his relationship to the imperial family, being in fact a descendant from an Emperor who had occupied the throne about a hundred and fifty years before. The Emperor of China looks with commendable affection upon all his poor relatives, of whom he keeps an inventory of about ten thousand; and according to their several degrees of affinity, he allots to all, by a graduated scale, a certain annual stipend, and permits them to wear some badge by which they may be distinguished as being of his kin. The badge, whether cloak, or shawl, or belt, or cap, is of the imperial colour, yellow; and in the particular instance of Ho-Fi, the young man of whom we speak, was a silken girdle, whence he was known throughout that neighbourhood as Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle. He furthermore enjoyed an allowance of three dollars and two sacks of rice per month.

Being thus a cousin, though a distant one, of the Son of Heaven, he would have conceived it much beneath his dignity to have followed for his livelihood any profession or trade; and as he had desires and ambition to which his means were quite inadequate, he was driven to curious shifts at times, in the vulgar words of the West, to procure salt for his porridge, or indeed porridge for his salt.

Ho-Fi heard all the tongues in the neighbourhood eloquent in praise of the beauty of So-Sli; but he heard them likewise no less voluble in condemnation of her whimsicality and waywardness. Fresh stories were every day told of her rejection of some meritorious suitor; an das none seemed likely to please her, those who would have been glad to carry off such a prize became shy of advancing their claims. But Ho-Fi, with less intrinsic worth than many, was not of a character to be daunted by the fear of the negociation proving unsatisfactory; and he resolved to enlist himself as one of the competitors for the hand of So-Sli.

Ho-Fi, though quite a young man, had already been six times married, and on every occasion had the misfortune to

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lose his wife within a few weeks after their union. As seven is accounted a particularly fortunate number, it is not to be wondered at that he was desirous to adventure once more. His six dear wives were all laid in a tomb together, and he wanted one other, in order «to make up a set.»

Ho-Fi rejoiced in many advantages, which had already stood him in good stead in many circumstances somewhat similar to those in which he was about to exert his tactics. He was possessed of what his lovely countrywomen were prone to consider a handsome person. His finger-nails, by virtue of well-contrived splints, he managed to maintain an inch and a half in length; he was quite free from whiskers or beard; and his head was always kept cleanly shaven, except the usual tuft at the crown, which, of particular blackness and strength, and neatly tied up with silk, depended down his back almost to the head of his knee. He was particular moreover in his dress; and as it was well known that his funds were of the most limited, it was a matter of surprise among his neighbours how he became possessed of so respectable a wardrobe. And if this was a mystery to them, what wonder though I, a stranger and barbarian, am quite unable to explain it? I leave it to your conjectures, and I feel sure that there are some among my countrymen to whom a solution will be intuitively easy. Person and dress, it will be admitted, serve as two powerful talismans in such adventures as that upon which he was going to set forth; but he was possessed of other advantages incalculably more important. These were, a limitless assurance, and that determined perseverance which, disregarding repulses, returns again and again to the charge, or which, in simpler phrase, «will not take *no* for an answer.» To these may be added an adaptibility of disposition, which could fall in with the humours of all parties, and a readiness in discovering the weak points of the enemy, and directing the attack accordingly.

«'Tis but venturing,» said Ho-Fi, «and if I fail, I will not hang myself up by my pig-tail like a Ni-Ni, nor run myself through with a thumb-nail like a Boo-Bee.» Ni-Ni and Boo-Bee were two celebrated Werters of China.

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His design thus formed, he set to work systematically to carry it into effect, and began by picking acquaintance with the philosopher Poo-Poo. Observing that venerable person cheapening the hind quarter of a prize polecat in the meat-market, with his usual ease and address he managed to fall into conversation with him; and by a little banter, from time to time agreeably directed to the butcher, soon obtained for the philosopher that abatement in the price of the tempting morsel, for which Poo-Poo himself might probably in vain have striven. Having declared his own predilection for polecat, and particularly for the hind quarter, he led the discourse by easy gradations from polecats to weasels, from weasels to rats, from rats to dogs, from dogs to pigs, from pigs to his fair countrywomen, and so to the celebrated beauty So-Sli, the daughter of the sage Poo-Poo. Of the philosopher himself he expressed great admiration, and regretted that he was not so fortunate as to enjoy his acquaintance, nay, that he did not even so much as know him by sight. Poo-Poo was a lover of wisdom—but what philosopher was ever yet proof against flattery? or would not feel gratified at overhearing his own praises in cases like the present, where they could not be intended as flattery? Ho-Fi had already secured himself a high place in the philosophical estimation of Poo-Poo.

It will readily be supposed that Poo-Poo was not anxious to turn the conversation out of the channel into which it had thus accidentally flowed, and he sounded his new friend's opinions on the subject of his pet matrimonial theory. This Ho-Fi of course applauded «to the very echo,» — by which expression is intended that his words were mere mockery, *vox et prætereá nihil*.

«Were you to ask me,» said he, «who is the greatest of ancient or modern sages, I should answer Poo-Poo. Were you to ask me who, of all, has advanced a theory most likely to be extensively beneficial to the human race, I should answer Poo-Poo. Were you to ask me for a word synonymous with philosophy, I should answer Poo-Poo. I doubt not that the days will come when the wisdom of Poo-Poo will be universally admitted, and his name be adduced as

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a conclusive settlement of all disputed questions; when any one shall be asked his reason, he will answer Poo-Poo; if he be asked his authority, he will answer Poo-Poo; when criticism will be condensed in those two syllables Poo-Poo; and when those same two syllables Poo-Poo will suffice to upset criticism; in short, when he that speaks Poo-Poo the loudest will be the best logician, and when all discussion will be but a matter of Poo-Poo."

That day Ho-Fi dined with Poo-Poo on the hind quarter of the prize polecat.

The morsel was small, but it was choice. Having so soon and so easily insinuated himself into the good graces of the father, he next sought an opportunity of winning his way into those of the daughter. He boldly expressed his desire to Poo-Poo, and a day was settled upon which he should be formally introduced to her, a ceremony not to be conducted with too great precipitation. In the interval he was careful to collect all information regarding the whims and prejudices of the lovely So-Sli.

He came, he saw, he conquered; or we should rather write, he came, *she* saw, he conquered. His attire was studiously elegant, and he had selected such colours as he had found, from the report of some of her acquaintance, were most agreeable to her; his beautifully embroidered petticoat of crimson silk "was such as well might suit a lady's taste;" his shawl might have won the heart even of an English lady; his cap he had procured from one of the most eminent *modistes* of Pekin; and the tippet, which formed part of his out-door dress, was of the most costly fur. His long black hair was carefully plaited, and hung far down his back; he wore a necklace of pearls much coveted by his young competitors in fashion; his scent-bottle was full of the choicest essence; and he carried a valuable fan, which he fluttered with peculiar grace.

This attention to externals produced at once a favourable impression upon So-Sli, who was herself particular in her attire. She usually wore a long frock-coat of blue or green

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cloth over a pink waistcoat, and her trowsers were always of the neatest cut, She went to a considerable expense to procure the most elegant pipes, and piqued herself upon her nice judgment in her choice of tobacco.

The town, like some other Chinese towns, was upon the point of surrendering to the formidable « demonstration » made by the enemy; but when he opened upon it simultaneously, the light artillery of flattery and the heavy artillery of gifts, (the latter consisting of two great guns, the one a gold snuff-box and the other a Chinese poodle), the gates flew open, and he marched in triumph into the citadel, his lady's heart. The vanquished So-Sli kept the snuff-box, ate the poodle, and accepted the heart and the hand of Ho-Fi.

They were married, and a fortnight flew by in two days; or perhaps the young pair made some miscalculation, as the almanacks had not predicted this.

The cranium, we should observe, is the dwelling-house of the soul; the organ of time is its time-piece; but when the soul sits all day in its back-rooms, it sometimes forgets to wind up its clock.

Each was constantly devising means to gratify the other; and the only occasions of strife that arose between them were when each endeavoured to force upon the other the choicest morsels of fox, or ferret, or frog, or whatever constituted their delicate little meal for the day.

One morning Ho-Fi for a while absented himself from his beloved So-Sli, and went into the city. When he returned, he took from his pouch, or reticule, a small packet of tea.

« My dearest So-Sli, » he said, « I have a friend who is particular in the cultivation of plants. With so much skill and care are his experiments conducted, that he has succeeded in obtaining bananas from his orange-trees, and in converting a pine-apple into a gooseberry. He has lately directed his attention to the improvement of a young tea-tree. He planted it with a silver spade, manured it with silk-worms and doves' marrow, and he waters the ground around it daily with

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roe's-tears and cinnamon juice. He has hitherto gathered but two ounces of the leaves, one of which has been presented to the Emperor, and the other he has transmitted to me, as being the oldest of his friends. I have brought it here for my darling So-Sli. As you love me, make an infusion of its leaves, and drink.»

«Nay,» said So-Sli, «if it be so choice, you shall drink it, not I. What exceedingly curious leaves! and what is most remarkable is, that they are exactly like others. But what is this dust upon them?

«That,» answered Ho-Fi, «is a substance derived from the silk-worms, and is what, had they not been buried, would have formed the down on the wings when they became moths. But you must drink this dainty infusion; I have prepared it on purpose for you; and to refuse it would be to show how little you loved your tender Ho-Fi.»

Whilst speaking, Ho-Fi had poured hot water on the leaves, and he offered the cup containing the fragrant infusion to his beloved. She insisted that he should drink it; and an affectionate contest took place, each wishing to give up to the other all the enjoyment of so exquisite a draught. So-Sli at first positively refused to taste a drop; then she would consent that he should leave one sip for her; and then, that if he would take half, she would drink the remainder. Ho-Fi was obstinately determined that she should have all, or at least should take the first draught. At last their affectionate intreaties began to change to tones of anger and impatience; but to settle the matter at once, So-Sli took the cup, and proceeding to the open window, emptied it before him, declaring that, as it had become a cause of quarrel, neither should drink it.

Their anger blew over, and several times since they had taken tea together in perfect amity. One evening they were seated at that important occupation, and Ho-Fi had just finished his first cup, when So Sli observed she did not think the tea so good as usual. Ho-Fi agreed with her in opinion, and using a common Chinese imprecation, wished a rotten root to the tree that bore it.

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« What! » said So-Sli, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, « after all the pains your poor friend has taken to nourish it with silk-worms and spice? That is too cruel a desire! »

Ho-Fi stared, and turned somewhat pale. « Why do you revert to that subject? » he said. « Methinks it were better to let such a matter rest. »

« Nay, » said So-Sli, still laughing violently, « I said you should drink the tea; and when I pretended to pour it from the window, I poured it only into an earthen pan which lay outside. I have had it warmed for you now, but am sorry you like it so little. »

Ho-Fi turned very pale indeed, and his head, which was carefully balanced on his shoulders, assumed a remarkable resemblance to a globular stew-pan with a lid; his pig-tail, « with the effect of fear, » stood out horizontally and stiffly behind as its handle, and the dropped and protruding lip of his suddenly-opened mouth seemed like a spout; but there is this to be particularly noted, that the stew would have been in the pan, whereas he and his pan were both in a stew.

For a few moments, he was struck motionless, but anon he started up, and called loudly for warm water. « Perfidious woman, » he shrieked, « hast thou poisoned thy husband? »

« Poisoned! » said So-Sli. « Was the tea then poisoned? I remember that white dust — but can moth's feathers be poison? »

« It burns! it burns! » cried Ho-Fi in a frantic manner. « For Fo's sake bring me an emetic, a stomach-pump — no, no, that is not yet invented—but blisters — cataplasms — anything! »

He was put to bed; physicians were sent for; he raved till he was exhausted, and then lay asleep or insensible for some hours. When his senses returned, he became aware of the expressions he had used, and, being calmer, he endeavoured to explain them away. He said that the tea was of such wonderful potency as to have deprived him of reason more rapidly

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than the strong spirit distilled from rice could have done. He had fancied in his delirium that he had been poisoned, but now fully appreciated the absurdity of such a fear. He should write to his friend who had sent the leaves, to give him warning that if the Emperor should drink an infusion of the ounce sent to *him*, he, the unfortunate cultivator of this ardent tea, would undoubtedly be put to death by slow torture.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

(To be continued.)

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MEN AND COATS.

There is some peculiar influence which no doubt the reader has remarked in his own case, for it has been sung by ten thousand poets or versifying persons, whose ideas you adopt, if perchance, as is barely possible, you have none of your own — there is, I say, a certain balmy influence in the spring-time, which brings a rush of fresh dancing blood into the veins of all nature, and causes it to wear a peculiarly festive and sporting look. Look at the old sun — how pale he was all the winter through! Some days he was so cold and wretched, he would not come out at all — he would not leave his bed till eight o'clock, and retired to rest, the old sluggard! at four; but lo! comes May, and he is up at five— he feels, like the rest of us, the delicious vernal influence; he is always walking abroad in the fresh air, and his jolly face lights up anew! Remark the trees; they have dragged through the shivering winter-time without so much as a rag to cover them, but about May they feel obligated to follow the mode, and come out in a new suit of green. The meadows in like

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manner appear invested with a variety of pretty spring fashions, not only covering their backs with a bran-new glossy suit, but sporting a world of little coquettish, ornamental gimcracks that are suited to the season. This one covers his robe with the most delicate twinkling white daisies; that tricks himself out with numberless golden cowslips, or decorates his bosom with a bunch of dusky violets. Birds sing and make love; bees wake and make honey; horses and men leave off their shaggy winter clothing, and turn out in fresh coats. The only animal that does not feel the power of spring is that selfish, silent, and cold-blooded beast, the oyster; who shuts himself up for the best months of the year, and with whom the climate disagrees.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called «the season» in London should not begin until spring. What an absurd subject for wondering at. How *could* the London season begin at any other time! How could the great, black, bilious, overgrown city, stifled by gas, and fogs, and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter-time, and infused into it a little spring-blood? The town of London feels then the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about a couple of months; Lady Smigsmag and other leaders of the *ton* give their series of grand parties; Gunter and Grange come forward with iced creams and champagnes; ducks and green-peas burst out; the river Thames blossoms with white-bait; and Alderman Birch announces the arrival of fresh, lively turtle. If there are no birds to sing and make love, as in the country places, at least there are coveys of opera-girls that frisk and hop about airily, and Rubini and Lablache to act as a couple of nightingales. «A lady of fashion remarked,» says Dyson, in the *Morning Post*, «that for all persons pretending to hold a position in genteel society» — I forget the exact words, but the sense of them remains indelibly engraven upon my mind — «for any one pretending to take a place in genteel society, two things are *indispensable*. And what are these? A BOUQUET AND AN EMBROIDERED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF. This is a self-

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evident truth. Dyson does not furnish the bouquets — he is not a market-gardener — he is not the goddess Flora, but a town man; he knows what the season requires, and furnishes his contribution to it. The lilies of the field are not more white and graceful than his embroidered nose-ornaments, and with a little *eau de cent mille fleurs*, not more fragrant. Dyson knows that pocket-handkerchiefs are necessary, and has «an express from Longchamps» to bring them over.

Whether they are picked from ladies' pockets by Dyson's couriers, who then hurry breathless across the Channel with them, no one need ask. But the gist of Dyson's advertisement and of all the preceding remarks, is this great truth, which need not be carried out further by any illustrations from geography or natural history, — that in the spring-time all nature renews itself. There is not a country news-paper published in England that does not proclaim the same fact. Madame Hoggin informs the nobility and gentry of Penzance that her new and gigantic stock of Parisian fashions has just arrived from London. Mademoiselle Mc. Whirter begs to announce to the *haut-ton*, in the environs of John-o'-Groats, that she has this instant returned from Paris, with her dazzling and beautiful collection of spring fashions.

In common with the birds, the trees, the meadows, — in common with the Sun, with Dyson, with all nature in fact, I yielded to the irresistible spring impulse;—*homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum, etc.*—I acknowledged the influence of the season, aud ordered a new coat, waist-coat and tr..., in short, a new suit. Having now worn it for a few days, and studied the effect which it has upon the wearer, I thought that perhaps an essay upon new clothes and their influence might be attended with some profit to the public and the writer.

One thing is certain. A man does not have a new suit of clothes every day; and another general proposition may be advanced, that a man in sporting a coat for the first time is either

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agreeably affected, or
disagreeably affected, or
not affected at all, —

which latter case I do not believe. There is no man, however accustomed to new clothes, but must feel some sentiment of pride in assuming them — no philosopher, however calm, but must remark the change of raiment. Men consent to wear old clothes for ever — nay, feel a pang at parting with them for new; but the first appearance of a new garment is always attended with exultation.

Even the feeling of shyness, which makes a man ashamed of his splendour, is a proof of his high sense of it. What causes an individual to sneak about in corners and shady places, to avoid going out in new clothes of a Sunday, lest he should be mistaken for a snob? Sometimes even to go the lengths of ordering his servant to powder his new coat with sand, or to wear it for a couple of days, and remove the gloss thereof? Are not these manœuvres proofs of the effects of new clothes upon mankind in general?

As this notice will occupy at least ten pages (for a reason that may be afterwards mentioned), I intend, like the great philosophers who have always sacrificed themselves for the public good, imbibing diseases, poisons, and medicines, submitting to operations, inhaling asphyxifications, &c, in order that they might note in themselves the particular phenomena of the case, — in like manner, I say, I intend to write this essay in five several coats, viz:

1. My old single-breasted black frock-coat, with patches at the elbows; made to go into mourning for William IV.

2. My double-breasted green ditto, made last year but one, but rather queer about the lining, and snowy in the seams.

3. My grand black dress-coat made by Messrs. Sparling and Spohrer, of Conduit Street, in 1836. A little scouring and renovating have given it a stylish look even now, and it was always a splendid cut.

4. My worsted-net jacket that my uncle Harry gave me on his departure for Italy. This jacket is wadded inside with

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a wool like that one makes Welsh wigs of; and though not handsome, amazing comfortable, with pockets all over.

5. MY NEW FROCK-COAT.

Now will the reader be able to perceive any difference in the style of writing of each chapter? I fancy I see it myself clearly; and am convinced that the new frock-coat chapter will be infinitely more genteel, spruce, and glossy, than the woollen-jacket chapter; which, again, shall be more comfortable than the poor, seedy, patched William-the-Fourth's black-frock chapter. The double-breasted green one will be dashing, manly, free-and-easy: and though not fashionable, yet with a well-bred look. The grand black-dress chapter will be solemn and grave, devilish tight about the waist, abounding in bows, and shrugs, and small-talk; it will have a great odour of bohea, and pound-cake; perhaps there will be a faint whiff of negus; and the tails will whisk up in a quadrille at the end, or sink down, mayhap, on a supper-table bench before a quantity of trifles, lobster-salads, and champagnes; and near a lovely blushing white satin-skirt, which is continually crying out, «O you ojous creature!» or «O you naughty satirical man, you!» «And do you really believe Miss Moffat dyes her hair?» «And have you read that sweet thing in the *Keepsake* by Lord Diddle?» «Well, only one *leetle* leetle drop, for mamma will scold;» and «O you horrid Mr. Titmarsh, you have filled my glass, I declare!» Dear white satin-skirt, what pretty shoulders and eyes you have! What a nice white neck, and blueish-mottled, round, innocent arms! how fresh you are and candid! and ah, my dear, what a fool you are!

* * *

I don't have so many coats now-a-days as in the days of my hot youth, when the figure was more elegant, and credit, mayhap, more plenty; and perhaps this accounts for the feeling of unusual exultation that comes over me as I assume this one. Look at the skirts as they are shining in the sun with

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a delicate gloss upon them — the evanescent gloss that passes away with the first freshness of the coat, as the bloom does from the peach. A friend meets you; he salutes you cordially, but looks puzzled for a moment at the change in your appearance. «I have it,» says Jones. «Hobson my boy, I congratulate you, — a new coat, and very neat cut — puce-coloured frock, brown silk lining, brass buttons, and velvet collar—quite novel, and quiet and genteel at the same time.» You say, «Pooh, Jones! do you think so, though?» and at the same time turn round, just to give him a view of the back, in which there is not a single wrinkle. You find suddenly that you must buy a new stock; that your old Berlin gloves will never do; and that a pair of three-and-six-penny Kids are absolutely necessary. You find your boots are cruelly thick, and fancy that the attention of the world is accurately divided between the new frock-coat and the patch on your great toe. It is very odd that that patch did not annoy you yesterday in the least degree — that you looked with a good-natured grin at the old sausage-fingered Berlin gloves, bulging out at the end and concaved like spoons. But there is a change in the man, without any doubt. Notice Sir P. O'D —; those who know that celebrated military man by sight are aware of one peculiarity in his appearance, —his hat is never brushed. I met him one day with the beaver brushed quite primly; and looking hard at the baronet to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, saw that he had a new coat. Even his great spirit was obliged to yield to the power of the coat — He made a genteel effort — he awoke up from his habitual Diogenic carelessness; and I have no doubt that had Alexander, before he visited the cynic, ordered some one to fling a new robe into his barrel, I have no doubt but that he would have found the fellow prating and boasting with all the airs of a man of fashion, and talking of tilburies, opera-girls, and the last ball at Devonshire house, as if the brute had been used for all his life to no other company. Fie upon the swaggering, vulgar bully! I have always wondered how the prince of Macedon, a gentleman by birth, with an excellent tutor to educate him, could have been imposed upon by the grovelling,

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obscene, envious tub-man, and could have uttered the speech we know of. It was a humbug, depend upon it, attributed to his majesty by some maladroit *bon-mot*-maker of the court, and passed subsequently for genuine Alexandrine.

It is hardly necessary for the moralist too earnestly to point out to persons moving in a modest station of life the necessity of not having coats of too fashionable and rakish a cut. Coats have been, and will be, in the course of this disquisition, frequently compared to the flowers of the field: like them they bloom for a season, like them they grow seedy and they fade.

Can you afford always to renew your coat when this fatal hour arrives? Is your coat like the French monarchy, and does it never die? Have, then, clothes of the newest fashion, and pass on to the next article in the Magazine — unless, always, you prefer the style of this one.

But while a shabby coat, worn in a manly way, is a bearable, nay, sometimes a pleasing object, reminding one of "a good man struggling with the storms of fate," whom Mr. Joseph Addison has represented in his tragedy of Cato—while a man of certain character may look august and gentlemanlike in a coat of a certain cut—it is quite impossible for a person who sports an ultra-fashionable costume, to wear it with decency beyond a half year, say. My coats always last me two years, and any man who knows me knows how I look; but I defy Count d'Orsay thus publicly to wear a suit for seven hundred and thirty days consecutively, and look respectable at the end of that time. In like manner, I would defy, without any disrespect, the Marchioness of X—, or her Grace the Duchess of Z —, to sport a white satin gown constantly for six months, and look decent. There is *propriety* in dress. Ah, my poor Noll Goldsmith, in your famous plum-coloured velvet! I can see thee strutting down Fleet-street, and stout old Sam rolling behind, as Maister Boswell pours some Caledonian jokes into his ear, and grins at the poor vain poet. In what a pretty condition will Goldy's puce-coloured velvet be, about two months hence, when it is covered with dust and grease, and he comes in his slatternly finery to borrow a guinea of his friend!

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A friend of the writer's once made him a present of two very handsome gold pins; and what did the author of this notice do? Why, with his usual sagacity, he instantly sold the pins for five-and-twenty shillings, the cost of the gold, knowing full well that he could not afford to live up to such fancy articles. If you sport handsome gold pins, you must have everything about you to match. Nor do I, in the least, agree with my friend Bosk, who has a large amethyst brooch, and fancies that because he sticks it in his shirt, his atrocious shabby stock and surtout may pass muster. No, no! let us be all peacock, if you please; but one peacock's feather in your tail is a very absurd ornament, and of course all moderate men will avoid it. I remember when I travelled with Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands, to have seen Quashamboo with nothing on him but a remarkably fine cocked-hat; his queen sported a red coat, and one of the princesses went frisking about in a pair of leather-breeches, much to our astonishment.

This costume was not much more absurd than poor Goldsmith's, who might be very likely seen drawing forth from the embroidered pocket of his plum-coloured velvet, a pat of butter wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, a pair of farthing-rushlights, an onion or two, and a bit of bacon.

I recollect meeting a great, clever, ruffianly boor of a man, who had made acquaintance with a certain set of very questionable aristocracy, and gave himself the airs of a man of fashion. He had a coat made of the very pattern of Lord Toggery's — a green frock, a green velvet collar, a green lining: a plate of spring cabbage is not of a brisker, brighter hue. This man, who had been a shop-keeper's apprentice originally, now declared that every man who was a gentleman wore white kid gloves; and for a certain period sported a fresh pair every day.

One hot, clear, sunshiny July day, walking down the Haymarket at two o'clock, I heard a great yelling and shouting of blackguard boys, and saw that they were hunting some object in their front.

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The object approached us — it was a green object — a green coat, collar, and lining, and a pair of pseudo-white kid gloves, The gloves were dabbled with mud and blood, the man was bleeding at the nose, and slavering at the mouth, and yelling some unintelligible verses of a song, and swaying to and fro across the sunshiny street with the blackguard boys in chase.

I turned round the corner of Vigo Lane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprang panting into a baker's shop. It was Mr. Bludyer, our London Diogenes. Have a care, ye gay, dashing Alexanders! how ye influence such men by too much praise, or debauch them by too much influence. How much of that man's extravagance, and absurd aristocratic airs, and subsequent *roueries*, and cutting of old acquaintance, is to be attributed to his imitation of Lord Toggery's coat. Actors of the lower sort affect very much braiding and fur collars to their frock-coats; and a very curious and instructive sight it is, to behold these personages with pale lean faces, and hats cocked on one side, in a sort of pseudo-military trim. One sees many such sauntering under Drury Lane Colonnade, or about Bow Street, with sickly smiles on their faces. Poor fellows! how much of their character is embroidered in that seedy braiding on their coats! Near five o'clock, in the neighbourhood of Rupert Street and the Haymarket, you may still occasionally see the old shabby, manly, gentlemanly half-pay frock: but the braid is now growing scarce in London; and your military man, with reason perhaps, dresses more like a civilian; and understanding life better, and the means of making his half-crown go as far as five shillings in former days, has usually a club to dine at, and leaves Rupert-Street eating-houses to persons of a different grade— to some of those dubious dandies whom one sees swaggering in Regent Street in the afternoon, or to those gay, spruce gentlemen whom you encounter in St. Paul's Churchyard at ten minutes after five on their way westward from the City. Look, at the same hour, at the Temple; and issuing thence and from Essex Street, you behold many scores of neat barristers who are walking to the joint and half-a-pint of Marsala at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. They are

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generally tall, slim, proper, well-dressed men, but their coats are too prim and professionally cut. Indeed I have generally remarked that their clerks, who leave chambers about the same time, have a far more rakish and fashionable air; and if, my dear Madam, you will condescend to take a beef-steak at the Cock, or at some of the houses round Covent Garden, you will at once allow that this statement is perfectly correct.

I have always had rather a contempt for a man, who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one. It is a mean precaution. Unless very low in the world, be above a proceeding so petty. Once I knew a French lady, very smartly dressed in a black velvet pelisse, a person whom I admired very much, — and indeed for the matter of that, she was very fond of me, but that is neither here nor there, — I say I knew a French lady of some repute who used to wear a velvet pelisse; and how do you think the back of it was arranged?

Why, pelisses are worn, as you know, very full behind; and Madame de Tournuronval had actually a strip of black satin let into the hinder part of her dress, over which the velvet used to close with a spring when she walked or stood, so that the satin was invisible. But when she sat on a chair, especially one of the cane-bottomed species, Euphemia gave a loose to her spring, the velvet divided on each side, and she sat down on the satin.

Was it an authorised stratagem of millinery? Is a woman, under any circumstances, permitted to indulge in such a manœuvre? I say, No. A woman with such a gown is a mean deceitful character. Of a woman who has a black satin patch behind her velvet gown, it is right that one should speak ill behind her back; and when I saw Euphemia Tournuronval spread out her wings, (non usitatae pennae, but what else to call them?) — spread out her skirts, and insure them from injury, by means of this dastardly *ruse,* I quitted the room with disgust, and never was intimate with her as before. A widow I know she was: I am certain she looked sweet upon me; and she said she had a fortune; but I don't believe it.

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Away with parsimonious ostentation! That woman, had I married her, would either have turned out a swindler, or we should have had *bouilli* five times a-week for dinner, — bouilli off silver, and hungry lackeys in lace looking on at the windy meal!

The old-coat plan is not so base as the above female arrangement: but say what you will, it is not high-minded and honourable to go out in a good coat, to flaunt the streets in it. with an easy *dégagé* air, as if you always wore such, and, returning home, assume another under pretext of dinner. There is no harm in putting on your old coat of a morning, or in wearing one always. Common reason points out the former precaution, which is at once modest and manly. If your coat pinches you, there is no harm in changing it; if you are going out to dinner, there is no harm in changing it for a better. But I say the plan of habitual changing is a base one, and only fit for a man at the last extremities; or for a clerk in the city, who hangs up his best garment on a peg, both at the office, and at home; or for a man who smokes, and has to keep his coat for tea-parties — a paltry precaution however this. If you like smoking, why shouldn't you? If you *do* smell a little of tobacco, where's the harm? The smell is not pleasant, but it does not kill anybody. If the lady of the house does not like it, she is quite at liberty not to invite you again. *Et puis?* Bah! of what age are you and I? Have we lived? Have we seen men and cities? Have we noted their manners, and understood their idiosyncrasy? Without a doubt! And what is this truth at which we have arrived? This, — that a pipe of tobacco is many an hour in the day, and many a week in the month, a thousand times better and more agreeable society than the best Miss, the loveliest Mrs, the most beautiful Baroness, Countess, or what not. Go to tea-parties, those who will; talk fiddle-faddle such as like; many men there are who do so, and are a little partial to music, and know how to twirl the leaf of the song that Miss Jemima is singing exactly at the right moment. Very good. These are the enjoyments of dress-coats; but *men* — are they to be put off with such fare for ever? No! One goes

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out to dinner, because one likes eating and drinking; because the very act of eating and drinking opens the heart, and causes the tongue to wag. But evening parties! Oh, milk and water, and oh, bread and butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, Miss, I am the man who respects you truly,—the man who respects and loves you where you are most lovely and respectable, — in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter, — has God made anything more beautiful? A friend —can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in every thing with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honour you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Lifeguardsman; — what are these? — so many vanities. With the operations here described, the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect? Oh, ye Gods! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing

« Away, away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away, away to the fountain's flow,
Where the streams are softly la-a-a-ving! »

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song! such a poem! — such a songster!

No, madam; if I want a song sung, I will pay eight-and-six-pence, and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves three-and-six; cab there and back, four shillings; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time;

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this I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money; or across the water, Mrs. Serle, and her forty pupils; or at Covent garden, Madame Védy, beautiful as a houri, dark-eyed and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Gaptain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing? By Heavens! what an agony it is! Look at the cavalier seul! if the operation lasted long, the man's hair would turn white! he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes; for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the gallop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the — in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place in which, if you are worth anything, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much décolletée; your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace round a pearly neck, or on a fresh, fragrant bouquet, stuck — fiddlestick! What is it that the men admire in you? — the animal, Miss; — the white, plump, external Smith; which men with their eye-glasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire anything else in you, who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, « Were you at Ascot Races? » Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, « Do you prwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe? » and asks the name of « that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe? to which you reply, « Law, sir, it's mamma! » the

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rest of the evening passes away in conversations similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan, which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest, and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter before-mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma; the best woman breathing; but fat, and even enormous, as has been said of her? And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does any body care for *her?* Yes one. Your father cares for her; Smith cares for her; and, in his eyes, she is still the finest woman in the room; and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples with her, before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waist-coat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled

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to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age.

Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her most in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slip-slop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners*. And if this friendly address to all mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat influence and be acted upon by them; if heads of families, instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, and according to the giver's degree; they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough; that they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health; and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families, should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble, — a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people, who know each other, and

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are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker-Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

A dressing-gown has great merits certainly; but it is dangerous. A man who wears it of mornings generally takes the liberty of going without a neckcloth, or of not shaving, and is no better than a driveller. Sometimes, to be sure, it is necessary, in self-defence, not to shave, as a precaution against yourself that is to say; and I know no better means of ensuring a man's remaining at home than neglecting the use of the lather and razor for a week, and encouraging a crop of bristles. When I wrote my tragedy, I shaved off for the two last acts my left eye-brow, and never stirred out of doors until it had grown to be a great deal thicker than its right-hand neighbour. But this was an extreme precaution; and unless a man has very strong reasons indeed for stopping at home, and a very violent propensity to gadding, his best plan is to shave every morning neatly, to put on his regular coat, and go regularly to work, and to avoid a dressing-gown as the father of all evil. Painters are the only persons who can decently appear in dressing-gowns; but these are none of your easy morning-gowns; they are commonly of splendid stuff, and put on by the artist in order to render himself remarkable and splendid in the eyes of his sitter. Your loose-wadded German schlaf-rock, imported of late years into our country, is the laziest, filthiest invention; and I always augur as ill of a man whom I see appearing at break-fast in one, as of a woman who comes down stairs in curl-papers.

By the way, in the third act of *Macbeth*, Mr. Macready makes his appearance in the court-yard of Glamis Castle in an affair of brocade that has always struck me as absurd and un-Macbeth-like. Mac in a dressing-gown, (I mean 'Beth, not 'Ready),—Mac in list slippers,—Mac in a cotton nightcap, with a tassel bobbing up and down,— I say the thought is unworthy, and am sure the worthy thane would have come out, if suddenly called from bed, by any circumstance however painful, in a *good stout Jacket*. It is a more manly, simple, and majestic wear, than the lazy dressing-gown; it more becomes a man of Macbeth's mountainous habits; it

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leaves his legs quite free to run whithersoever he pleases, — whether to the stables, to look at the animals,—to the farm, to see that the pig has been slaughtered this morning,—to the garden, to examine whether that scoundrel of a John Hoskins has dug up the potato-bed,—to the nursery, to have a romp with the little Macbeth's that are spluttering and quarrelling over their porridge, — or whither you will. A man in a jacket is fit company for any body; there is no shame about it, as about being seen in a changed coat; it is simple, steady, and straight-forward. It is, as I have stated, all over pockets, which contain every thing you want; in one, your buttons, hammer, small nails, thread, twine and cloth-strips for the trees on the south wall; in another your dog-whip and whistle, your knife, cigar-case, gingerbread for the children, paper of Epsom salts for John Hoskins's mother, who is mortal bad,—and so on: there is no end to the pockets, and to the things you put in them. Walk about in your jacket, and meet what person you will, you assume at once an independent air; and thrusting your hands into the receptacle that flaps over each hip, look the visitor in the face, and talk to the ladies on a footing of perfect equality. Whereas, look at the sneaking way in which a man caught in a dressing-gown, in loose bagging trousers most likely, (for the man who has a dressing-gown, has two to one no braces), and in shuffling slippers, — see how he whisks his dressing-gown over his legs, and looks ashamed and uneasy. His lanky hair hangs over his blowsy, fat, shining, unhealthy face; his bristly, dumpling-shaped double chin peers over a flaccid shirt-collar; the sleeves of his gown are in rags; and you see underneath a pair of black wrist-bands and the rim of a dingy flannel waist-coat.

A man who is not strictly neat in his person is not an honest man. I shall not enter into this very ticklish subject of personal purification and neatness, because this Essay will be read by hundreds of thousands of ladies as well as men; and for the former I would wish to provide nothing but pleasure. Men may listen to stern truths; but for ladies one should only speak verities that are sparkling, rosy, brisk, and agreeable. A man who wears a dressing-gown is not

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neat in his person; his moral character takes invariably some of the slatternliness and looseness of his costume; he becomes enervated, lazy, incapable of great actions. A man *in a Jacket* is a man. All great men wore jackets. Walter Scott wore a jacket, as every-body knows; Byron wore a jacket (not that I count a man who turns down his collars for much); I have a picture of Napoleon in a jacket, at St. Helena; Thomas Carlyle wears a jacket; Lord John Russell mounts a jacket immediately on arriving at the Colonial Office; and if I have a single fault to find with that popular writer, the author of—never mind what, you know his name as well as I — it is that he is in the habit of composing his works in a large flowered damask dressing-gown, and morocco slippers; whereas in a jacket he would write you off something, not so flowery, if you please, but of honest texture — something not so long, but terse, modest and comfortable,— no great, long, strealing tails of periods, no staring peonies and holly-hocks of illustrations, — no flaring cords and tassels of episodes, — no great, dirty, wadded sleeves of sentiments, ragged at the elbows and cuffs, and mopping up every thing that comes in their way, — cigar-ashes, ink, candle-wax, cold brandy-and-water, coffee, or whatever aids to the brain he may employ as a literary man; not to mention the quantity of tooth-powder, whisker-dye, soapsuds and pomatum, that the same garment receives in the course of the toilets at which it assists. Let all literary men, then get jackets. I prefer them without tails; but do not let this interfere with another man's pleasure: he may have tails if he likes, and I for one will never say him nay.

Like all other things, however, jackets are subject to abuse; and the pertness and conceit of those jackets cannot be sufficiently reprehended which one sees on the backs of men at watering-places, with a telescope poking out of one pocket, and a yellow bandana flaunting from the other. Nothing is more contemptible than Tims in a jacket, with a blue bird's-eye neck-handkerchief tied sailor-fashion, puffing smoke like a steamer, with his great broad orbicular stern shining in the sun. I always long to give the wretch a smart smack upon that part

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where his coat-tails ought to be, and advise him to get into a more decent costume. There is an age and a figure for jackets; those who are of certain build should not wear them in public. Witness fat officers of the dragoon-guards that one has seen bumping up and down the Steyne, at Brighton, on their great chargers, with a laced and embroidered coat, a cartridge-box, or whatever you call it, of the size of a two-penny-loaf, placed on the small of their backs—if their backs may be said to have a small,—and two little twinkling abortions of tails pointing downward to the enormity jolting in the saddle. Officers should be occasionally measured, and after passing a certain width, should be drafted into other regiments, or allowed — nay ordered—to wear frock-coats.

The French tailors make frock-coats very well, but the people who wear them have the disgusting habit of wearing stays, than which nothing can be more unbecoming the dignity of man. Look what a waist the Apollo has! not above four inches less in the girth than the chest is. Look, ladies, at the waist of the Venus, and pray — pray do not pinch in your dear little ribs in that odious and unseemly way. In a young man, a slim waist is very well; and if he looks like the Eddystone light-house, it is as nature intended him to look. A man of a certain age may be built like a tower, stalwart and straight. Then a man's middle may expand from the pure cylindrical to the barrel shape; well, let him be content. Nothing is so horrid as a fat man with a band; an hourglass is a most mean and ungraceful figure. Daniel Lambert is ungraceful, but not mean. One meets with some men who look in their frock-coats perfectly sordid, sneaking, and ungentleman-like; who, if you see them dressed for an evening have a slim, easy, almost fashionable appearance. Set these persons down as fellows of poor spirit and milk-sops. Stiff white ties and waistcoats, prim straight tails, and a gold chain, will give any man of moderate lankiness an air of factitious gentility; but if you want to understand the individual, look at him in the day-time; see him walking with his hat on. There is a great deal in the build and wearing of hats, a great deal more than at first meets the eye. I know a man

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who in a particular hat looked so extraordinarily like a man of property, that no tradesman on earth could refuse to give him credit. It was one of André's, and cost a guinea and a half ready money; but the person in question was frightened at the enormous charge, and afterwards purchased beavers in the city at the cost of seventeen-and-six-pence. And what was the consequence? He fell off in public estimation, and very soon after he came out in his city hat it began to be whispered abroad that he was a ruined man.

A blue coat is after all the best, but a gentleman of my acquaintance has made his fortune by an Oxford mixture, of all colours in the world, with a pair of white buckskin gloves. He looks as if he had just got off his horse, and as if he had three thousand a-year in the country. There is a kind of proud humility in an Oxford mixture. Velvet collars, and all such gimcracks, had best be avoided by sober people. This paper is not written for drivelling dandies, but for honest men. There is a great deal of philosophy and forethought in Sir Robert Peel's dress; he does not wear those white waistcoats for nothing. I say that O'Connell's costume is likewise that of a profound rhetorician, slouching and careless as it seems. Lord Melbourne's air of reckless, good-humoured don't-care-a-damn-ativeness is not obtained without an effort. Look at the Duke when he passes along in that stern little straight frock and plaid breeches; look at him and off with your hat! How much is there in that little grey coat of Napoleon's! A spice of clap-trap and dandyism, no doubt; but we must remember the country which he had to govern. I never see a picture of George III., in his old stout Windsor uniform, without a feeling of respect; or of George IV., in breeches and silk stockings, a wig, a sham smile, a frogged frock-coat and a fur collar, without that proper degree of reverence which such a costume should inspire. The coat is the expression of the man ——— and as the peach-tree throws out peach leaves, the pear-tree pear ditto; as old George appeared invested in the sober old garment of blue and red, so did young George, in oiled wigs, fur collars, and braided surtouts, according to his nature.

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Enough — enough; and may these thoughts arising in the writer's mind from the possession of a new coat, which circumstance caused him to think not only of new coats, but of old ones, and of coats neither old or new — and not of coats merely, but of men, — may these thoughts, so inspired, answer the purpose for which they have been set down on paper, and which is not a silly wish to instruct mankind, — no, no! but an honest desire to pay a deserving tradesman, whose confidence supplied the garment in question.

(FRASER'S MAGAZINE.)

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HARRY VERE.

A PAGE FROM A SPINSTER'S DIARY.

By Mrs Abbt.

Thirty springs have exactly elapsed since the year,
When I met, at a party, the young Harry Vere;
He had dark beaming eyes, and profuse ebon hair,
A soft silver voice, and a Romeo-like air;
In the dance none were ever so graceful and light,
And he sang the most difficult second at sight;
He wrote plaintive odes to a blush and a tear—
Oh! the soul of warm feeling was young Harry Vere.

As a horseman, what crowds to his prowess gave heed,
When he put to its mettle his cream-coloured steed!
He skated—the eyes that his attitudes saw,
By their lustre might almost the Serpentine thaw;
He read all the new novels, he rowed a light bark,
Cut paper, made riddles, and shot at a mark;
The men at his talents thought proper to sneer,
But the women all doted on young Harry Vere.

He walked with me, sang with me, asked me to dance,
And breathed to me words of delightful romance;—

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But we parted, new scenes and associates to seek,
And I never beheld him till yesterday week.
How my heart beat with tumult—I thought of past hours,
And rejoiced that I wore my new chaplet of flowers:
I was single, he still was unwed—it was clear
I might yet be the chosen of young Harry Vere.

At length he arrived—oh! conceive, if you can,
My feelings at seeing a fat, heavy man,
With spectacles placed on a ruby-tinged nose,
Gray hair, clumsy slippers, and old-fashioned clothes.
His voice had grown coarse, and his manner grown rough,
And he took half an ounce, I am certain, of snuff;—
What a pantomime change, at once comic and drear,
In the pride of the ball-room, the gay Harry Vere!

He actually seemed quite impatient to dine—
He spoke of the bee's-wing while eyeing his wine—
Talked of pheasants and grouse, of green peas and sea-kale,
Of Birch's mock-turtle, and Hodgson's pale ale—
Prosed on turnpikes, and corn-country squires and their dames—
Had not read the last novel of Bulwer or James—
Thought that consols were high, and provisions were dear—
Oh! what themes for the graceful, refined Harry Vere!

My case widely differs;—the years that have past
Not a shade on my mind or my person have cast;
In fact, I was once a mere miss, I confess,
Untutored in manners, unfashioned in dress;
Now my air and appointments the critic must please,
I have caught the true tone of conventional ease;
And my striking improvement, I very much fear,
To the peace may be fatal of young Harry Vere.

Oh! horror—a neighbour has dropped in to tea,
And poured in my ear Harry's comments on *me*;
«What, can this,» he exclaimed, as I quitted the room,
Be the girl full of artlessness, beauty, and bloom,
Who set my susceptible heart in a flame—
Can this worn, haggard spinster indeed be the same?
In her sharp fretful features no traces survive
Of the charms that distinguished the fair Lucy Clive.

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"At her bare meagre shoulders humanity sighs,
The crow's-foot has wrought a sad work round her eyes,
False curls flow her garland of roses beneath;
And her dentist, I guess, furnished two of her teeth;
Her jewels and blonde no attraction possess,
Like her bright coral necklace, and white flowing dress;
And her forced feeble giggle but ill can revive
The light-hearted laughter of gay Lucy Clive.

"The arrows of satire she bitterly hurls
At the head of all pretty and popular girls,
And slanders pours forth, as if never to cease,
From those lips that once breathed but affection and peace;
Yet for Pam she reveals passion fervent and true,
And she casts tender looks at her winnings at Loo;
What changes the malice of Time can contrive!
What a wreck he has made of the sweet Lucy Clive!"

Well, my tears I have dried—my past days I review—
And I feel Harry's charge is well-founded and true;
Henceforth I will aim not at juvenile looks,
But change cards and scandal for quiet and books;
Age still may be honoured if prudently spent,
Though I own it appears a surprising event;
That I learn this hard lesson, as wise as severe,
From the flirt of my girl-hood, the gay Harry Vere.

(METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.)

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Dr CLAESSEN

ON THE COLD WATER CURE.

Wahres und Falsches in der sogenannten Wasserheilkunde. Von Dr H. Claessen.—*Köln*, 1840. 12mo pp. 127.
The Truth and Falsehood of the so-called Cold Water Cure. By Dr H. Claessen —*Cologne*, 1840.

The medicine of all barbarous nations is simple: a few well-known herbs, a few animal preparations, make up mostly their whole materia medica. Superstitious observances fill up the place of medical treatment, and in the cure of almost all diseases, fire and water, whose effects are so striking as to impress the most ignorant, play a prominent part. Our own ancestors and the northern nations in general ascribed peculiar virtues to water. Standing on the river's bank they worshipped; they divined with the smooth stones of the stream, and maidens sat all night at a spring, waking the well. Petrarch tells us how, in accordance with an old custom, the banks of the Rhine at Cologne were covered on St. John's even at sunset, « praeclaro et ingenti mulierum agmine; » who with many ceremonies, and muttering a charm, bathed their arms and hands in the stream. Water dipped from

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a running stream at twelve o'clock on Christmas night was reputed a cure for colic; that obtained at midnight of St. John's day was deemed a febrifuge. Many non-medicinal springs had a high reputation; some restored the old to youth; and tales were not wanting of how persons cut in pieces, like Æson of old, had emerged whole from their waters. They were visited from afar, and people sojourned near them for the sake of bathing in them and drinking their waters.

Of these wonder-working springs no other memorials now remain but names, such as Holywell in England, Heilbrunn, Heiligenbrunn, &c. in Germany, except in some secluded spots where old customs and old superstitions long linger.

In such a place it was (at Gräfenberg, a little village in Silesia) that Vincent Priessnitz, rather more than ten years ago, first employed on animals that practice which has since become so generally adopted in Germany. The fame of his cures spread, and we doubt not that many an old tradition recovered strength as the simple people flocked from the neighbourhood to be healed by the Silesian peasant. Who would then have anticipated that within so short a time the Gräfenberg water-doctor should be talked of from one end of Germany to the other; that more than twenty different institutions should be formed for carrying out his practice; and that his empiricism should be styled a system, and, dignified with a Greek name, afford, under the title of Hydropathy, and Hydriatrics, materials for a hundred publications on its merits and defects? Such, however, has been the case; and if it has been found possible to induce several hundreds of persons annually to submit to a diet, homely, and often coarse, to drink some quarts of cold water, and to be dipped or pumped upon more than once daily for weeks together; or to undergo a process which causes most profuse perspiration, and makes the skin break out in boils, it is surely worth while to enquire, with Dr. Claessen, what may be the measure of truth or falsehood in a method so little in accordance with our ordinary therapeutic proceedings.

In this publication the author has had two objects: the one, to check the unbounded exaggeration of the advo-

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cates of hydriatrics, the other to obtain a scientific ground from which to enter upon a practical investigation of this new mode of treating disease.» The latter is, however, by no means an easy task, for the whole literature of the subject does not, as Dr. Claessen assures us, contain a single trustworthy and carefully recorded case. Many debateable points therefore are left untouched, and the author contents himself with describing the proceedings of the hydropathists, and explaining their alledged effects in accordance with the common principles of science. Following Dr. Claessen as our guide, we shall endeavour as briefly as possible to explain to our readers the practice, and, as far as we can collect them, the principles of hydropathy.

Priessnitz, the originator of the cold-water cure, does not seem to be by any means chargeable with all the follies and extravagancies which have been perpetrated by his followers. The pretension that all diseases are curable by cold water appears indeed to have been in a great measure the result of a government ordinance, which, while it permitted him to use water in the treatment of diseases, in any way which he chose, absolutely interdicted the employment of any other remedy whatever. His ingenuity thus put to task, he devised various modes of applying his one means; and being a man of considerable tact and acuteness, met with great success in his practice. A kind of system of treatment was thus formed, from which all remedies but one were of necessity excluded; and the next step was to represent cold water as a universal panacea, a sort of *elixir vitæ*, and all other means of cure not only as unnecessary, but as being actually hurtful. Too ignorant to explain the reasons which guided him in his practice, Priessnitz abandoned that task to his followers, men who differed little from their master, save that to ignorance they added impudence. At first there was a debate among them whether the principles of allopathy or of homœopathy were those to be adopted in expounding their practice; at length they hit upon a solution of their difficulty in the discovery that both were erroneous, and that the only true medical doctrine was that of hydropathy. As far as we can gather from the account of Dr Claessen, hydropathy appears

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to be a sort of eclectic system, or compound of Brunonianism and of that humoral pathology which for centuries has been current among the vulgar.

We are not aware whether any work has been published setting forth the principles of hydropathy, a creed of the water-doctors; but we suspect not, for Dr Claessen does not allude to any such. We pass over his own remarks upon the action of cold; which, though sensible, are not new; and copy from p. 25 of his book the following scheme of the different modes of employing cold water in an institution for the cold-water cure:

A. External employment of cold water.

I. General irritation of the skin by cold water.

1. Simple irritation by cold water.

1. a. Washing.
2. b. Plunging.
3. c. Affusion.
4. d. Cold baths.
5. e. Cold baths after previous sweating.

2. Irritation by cold water, accompanied with mechanical action on the skin,

6. a. Cold washing, with brushing the skin.
7. b. Shower-baths.
8. c. Douches.

II. Partial irritation of the skin by cold water.

1. Simple irritation by cold water,

9. a. Application of wet compresses.
10. b. Partial baths, hip and foot baths.

2. Irritation by cold water, accompanied by mechanical action on the skin.

11. a. Water falling in drops upon a part.
12. b. Water propelled in a slender stream against a part.
13. c. Douches.

B. Internal employment of cold water.

14. a. Drinking.
15. b. Clysters.
16. c. Injections of cold water into the different cavities of the body.

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The first four methods of applying cold water require no detailed explanation. The fifth is the great remedy of the water-doctors, though by no means peculiar to them, but a modification of that kind of bath which is used, not only by the Russians, and other nations of Northern Europe, but also by the North American Indians. «They have a cure for some diseases,» quaintly says good old Cotton Mather of the Indians, «even a little cave; after they have terribly heated it, a crew of them go and sit there with the priest, looking in the heat and smoke like so many fiends, and then they rush forth on a sudden and plunge into the water: how they escape death, instead of getting cured, is marvellous.» The process in a hydropathic institution, as described by Mr Lee, in Part II. of his useful little work on the Baths of Germany, p. 121, is as follows: (1)

«Each patient is awakened about five o'clock in the morning by an attendant, by whom the process of *emmaillottage*, or wrapping up, is performed. A blanket or woollen covering is first bound firmly round, so as to envelope the whole body, the face only being left exposed; over this are placed one or two feather-beds, or eider-down coverings, and over these again a second blanket is bound round the body, which, thus enveloped, appears to be about twice its natural size. After a time copious perspiration is induced, the window of the room is then thrown open to admit fresh air, and cold water is given to the patient at short intervals to, promote the perspiration, and prevent his being weakened by its quantity, which in some instances is so profuse as to soak through all the coverings, and the mattrass of the bed. When the perspiration has continued for the period that is deemed advisable (sometimes as much as two hours), the coverings are all removed except the first blanket; a cloak being thrown over the patient, and slippers placed upon his feet, he descends quickly to the bath; and first dipping his hands and face for a second or two, throws off the blanket and plunges into the

(1) The Baths of Central and Southern Germany. By Edwin Lee, Esq. London and Paris, 1841. 12mo, pp. 134.

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water at a temperature varying from nine to twelve degrees of Reaumur, while the perspiration is still streaming from the surface of his body; the duration of the bath is only a few seconds in some instances, in others it extends to five minutes, or even a longer period, brisk motion and friction of the surface being enjoined.»

In those cases where the simple emmaillottage does not produce perspiration, Priessnitz wraps the patient up in a sheet wrung out of cold water, which Dr Claessen (p. 29) asserts to be a never-failing means of exciting the action of the skin. The degree of reaction to be excited is carefully regulated by at first merely sponging the patient with cold water, and gradually proceeding to plunging, affusion, and at length to the use of the cold bath. Our author states that reaction invariably follows the application of the water, consequently that there is no danger of catching cold, but on the contrary the sensation produced by this treatment is most delightful. One superiority of Priessnitz's plan over that adopted in the ordinary Russian baths, is that the patient constantly respires cool air instead of breathing in an intensely hot atmosphere, which necessarily interferes with respiration, and occasions great congestion about the head and chest.

Local applications of cold water are likewise extensively employed by the hydropathists, as in the case of wet compresses, which are dipped in cold water, and worn during the whole day over the seat of any organ, as the liver, heart, or stomach, which may be supposed to be especially affected: it is asserted that patients soon become reconciled to these applications.

The other modes of employing cold water locally which are given in the scheme, seem to call for no explanation.

Such is the armamentarium of the Gräfenberg water-doctor and his followers, with which they profess to cure all diseases. That powerful effects are produced by some of their modes of treatment is undeniable, and the testimony of all persons concurs in representing the flow of perspiration, produced by a

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single employment of the cold bath, after sweating, as enormous, while its use is often persevered in for months.

Dr Claessen tells us that the perspiration under these circumstances often assumes a very peculiar odour, which is regarded by the water-doctors as an infallible sign of the elimination of the morbific virus. A very apocryphal tale is related by Mr Lee, on the authority of one of these gentlemen, of a lady «who had taken sulphur baths seven years previously, but who had not used sulphur since that period. After she had been pursuing the cold-water cure for some time, her room smelt of sulphur, a bracelet she wore became tarnished, and her linen was stained of a yellowish colour.» Much, however, as a stinking perspiration is to be desired, a patient is to consider himself doubly fortunate if his skin should become covered with eruptions, and especially if boils in great numbers should break out on his person.

«Hydropathy,» says Dr Claessen, «attaches peculiar value to the purulent contents of these boils, which are supposed to be made up of the diseased matter.

«. . . . This unusual commotion of the different fluids does not take place without a deep impression being made on the organism. Congestion of various organs occurs, severe pain is experienced in different parts, more especially in such as are diseased, the activity of one or more organs of the senses is stimulated to a morbid and even to a painful degree, with all of which occurrences hydriatrics are familiar under the name of excitement, (aufregung). In the further course of the treatment, and during the methodical increase of its activity, a regular fever is induced, which, according to the statements of the water-doctors, is usually followed by the cure of the disease, and to which they have given the name of crisis. It is, they assert, only in exceptional cases that the first appearance of the fever does not prove critical; but even in those instances its more energetic return, and the consequent cure of the disease, may be confidently anticipated. It is not unusual for the crisis to be ushered in by stormy and even dangerous symptoms; for the relief of which, hydropathy, in accordance with its exclusive tendencies, employs no other

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remedy than water. After the fortunate termination of the crisis, the patient is looked upon as cured, but it is considered desirable that the determination of the fluids towards the surface should be gradually diminished, which is done by the employment of the so-called after-cure.» (pp. 38-9.)

The internal employment of cold water is, as has been already mentioned, merely subsidiary to its external use, and the copious draughts of that fluid, which the patients are directed to take, are said to favour the out-break of perspiration, as well as greatly to increase the urinary secretion. Six quarts of water are regarded as a quantity which any one may boldly venture to drink every day, and at the table d'hôte water is the only beverage allowed. Not only are wine and all highly-seasoned meats absolutely interdicted, but one of the dogmas of hydropathy is that all food ought to be taken cold rather than hot.

For this injunction, one of the water-doctors, appealing, we presume, to the experience of former days and humbler occupations, assigns the following reason:

«The intestines of pigs which have been fed upon hot mashes are found to be extremely readily torn, and so rotten as to be unfit for making sausages....

«It is therefore evident that hot food is improper; since it tends to relax and soften the intestines; and that persons should partake of no food but such as is cold, or at least lukewarm.» (p. 79.)

Such is a specimen of the practical reasoning of one of the apostles of the water-cure. In illustration of their theories we have space only for the following explanation of the action of cold water:

«The curative power of water consists in its decomposing, purifying action. The healing effects of water result from the animosity to all organic life, with which it attempts to destroy it, by reducing it to its original atoms.» (p. 10.)

Enough, we trust has already been said to convince our readers that the materials for a correct appreciation of the curative effects of cold water are not to be sought at the hands of hydropathists, whose system we can regard only

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as a new chapter in the long history of imposture and credulity. To Priessnitz, however, must be allowed the credit of considerable mechanical ingenuity, and of readiness in devising different methods of employing his remedy, from which some useful hints might probably be gleaned, and adopted in our hospitals. The modification of the Russian bath which he has hit upon appears to have some advantages, and is undoubtedly a most energetic remedy, though we do not feel altogether that faith in its freedom from danger which is expressed by Dr. Claessen. If the advocates of the water-cure should ever publish cases of which they detail the symptoms minutely and carefully, and not content themselves, as at present they do, with the assertion that they have cured so many cases of pneumonia, so many of fever, &c., we may at some future time return to the subject of hydropathy. Should they not do this, the grain of truth will nevertheless be speedily sifted from the bushel of falsehood, while hydropathy will soon be superseded by some new system of, if possible, greater pretension and greater absurdity.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICAL REVIEW.

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GHOST GOSSIPS AT BLAKESLEY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «STEPHEN DUGARD.»

«Well,» said Simon Barnardiston, looking boldly round the room, but wishing he could see to the further end of it, «I *do* like good ghost stories, because I don't believe them.»

«And I,» rejoined Hugh Buckner, «like them; for nobody shall persuade me that there are no such things as ghosts.»

«With respect to there actually being such things as ghosts,» remarked Ebenezer Carliel, gravely, «I don't know exactly what to say.

«I was one of those who used to ridicule the idea of haunted houses; but I lived to change my opinion.»

«In what way?» asked Hugh Buckner.

«A terrible way: too terrible to tell.»

If Mr Carliel really did not want to tell how he became a convert to the belief that houses may be haunted, he adopted the worst possible method for seeking his end; for his mysterious words and disturbed manner excited the most lively curiosity in his auditors, one and all of whom beset him with entreaties to go on. These he resisted as long as

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he could; but a taunt from Simon Barnardiston, insinuating that he had nothing to tell, made him resolve to relate his adventure with the SCREAMING WOMAN; and so eager was the little circle to have it, that nobody thought this time of asking about the hour, the only preparation for the story being a little closer drawing together of chairs, a glance or two at the door by Mary Falconer, her brother, and Hugh Buckner, and an adroit turning over of the log on the fire, edgeways, by Mrs Dagleish, so as to make it blaze up bonnily.

"The field which my uncle bought," said Mr Carliel, commencing his story with evident reluctance, and in a tone of voice which betrayed strong emotion, "was about seven miles from—, the county-town of — shire. In this town, or rather in the out-skirts of it, was a private mad-house, kept by the celebrated Dr—, who was reputed eminently skilful in the treatment of insanity, but withal had the reputation of using great severity, not to say cruelty, and was moreover accused of receiving patients whom friends or relations might wish to put out of the way; and who, it was said, once committed to his care, never troubled them afterwards. The house was a large, gloomy-looking place, surrounded by a high wall, and all the windows grated with iron bars, like a prison. The noises issuing from this place, especially during the night, were so frightful and appalling that few persons liked to pass it after dark, and those who were compelled to do so, hurried along, as if they expected to see at their heels some of the poor wretches who were howling, cursing, and blaspheming within.

"Among the stories current in the neighbourhood was one relating to a female lunatic, whon they called Martha. It was said that about twenty years before, a stranger, who stated himself to be her husband, arrived with her in a carriage one night. He informed Dr—, apparently with the greatest affliction, that she was labouring under frenzy of so violent and outrageous a character, that nothing but the severe discipline which was understood to be part of his treatment, could have any effect upon her. He advanced a large sum

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of money; saw her lodged in one of the strongest cells of the establishment; and renewing his assurances that the unsparing application of the scourge was absolutely necessary, departed. His meaning was not misunderstood. So, at least, ran the story,—for the shrieks of poor Martha were heard day and night, as if the lash were indeed not spared.

«This at length attracted so much notice, and there were so many strange rumours circulating, that it was determined by the magistrates to make some enquiry into the business, which reaching the ears of Dr—, he voluntarily fixed a day for receiving them. In the interim, however, Martha was found dead in the very field I have mentioned.

«Dear me!» exclaimed Mrs Dagleish, «how shocking!»

«Poor creature!» said Mary Falconer, with a sigh, «how did she get there, and who killed her?»

«I cannot answer either of your questions,» replied Mr Carliel, «and those who can, hold their tongues. It was given out that she had made her escape from the asylum, and destroyed herself; but though nobody could say she did not, nobody believed she did. Suppose the first improbability, that she could break out of her cell, and snap the heavy iron chain by which she was fastened to the wall, and elude the vigilance of all the keepers stationed in different parts of the asylum, was it likely she could have traversed the frequented road leading to the spot where she was found, without meeting some person, whose notice she would have excited by her wild appearance, and half-clad form? Besides, what were her means of self-destruction? Nothing was found near the body, or in any part of the field. In her clenched hand, indeed, she grasped a piece of ragged iron, and with that, it was pretended, she had so mangled her throat as to cause death. No—no; depend upon it the wretched woman never left the asylum alive. Marks of the chain and the whip were conspicuous on every part of her emaciated body; and long tufts of her thin grey hair were matted together with the blood which had issued from a deep gash on the back of her head. A lone cottager, too, whose hut stood in a lane adjoining the field, was awoke in the middle of the

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night by the sound of men's voices, and when they were heard no more, such terrific screams rang through the air every five minutes, that the affrighted woman buried her face beneath the bedclothes in an agony of terror.»

«How does that agree with what you have just said, that she did not leave the asylum alive?» said Simon Barnardiston.

«How did it happen;» replied M. Carliel, «that the same screams were heard night after night, and every night on the same spot? How did it happen that scores of persons testified to this fact: until at last no one would come within a mile of the field after dark? How did it come that those same persons who heard the screaming, saw also the dim shadowy form of a female flying round and round the field, as if pursued, and then suddenly disappearing in the very place where the body was found? How did it happen that a pale, bloodless face was seen pressing against the bed-room windows of the house which stood in that field, and this so constantly just after midnight, that the family were forced to quit it, and no one since has ever ventnred to live in it? How did all these things happen?»

«Nay, I know not,» replied Simon Barnardiston; «besides, I don't know that they *did* happen.»

«Well then listen to what I know;» said Mr Carliel, somewhat nettled at Simon's incredulity, which in this case implied a sort of reproach upon what would seem to be his own credulity.

There was something rather startling in his solemn invitation to *listen,* after the glimpse he had given of what might be expected; especially as the candles had been neglected, till their snuffs were become dismally long, and the log of wood had been suffered gradually to flicker down to a red heat, without a blaze.

«Snuff the candles, Stephen,» said Mary Falconer to her brother in a whisper.

«And give that wood a poke,» said Hugh Buckner, addressing Simon, who sat next the fire.

The candles were certainly all the better for being snuffed: but the log was poked in vain. It merely splintered into

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red-hot ashes, without emitting as much flame as lights up a glow-worm's tail.

«My uncle,» resumed Mr Carliel when the little group had again settled down into silence, «told me all these circumstances with much chagrin, observing that the foolish notions which had thus got abroad, would have the effect, he feared, of ruining the whole thing; and I proposed that he should go down, and by sleeping in the house himself, put an end to the delusion. I found, however, that, as much as he laughed at the idea of the «Screaming Woman,» and the pale bloodless face that was seen pressing against the windows, he had no fancy for undertaking the task I had assigned him; but he jumped at my proposal to undertake it myself. I accordingly went down, and was most cordially received by the family, who seemed half to believe, and quite to wish, that my presence might dissolve the spell. I inquired, as you may be sure, very minutely into all the particulars, and asked if there was any one room in the house which the lady fancied more than another; because if there was, I should prefer that one for my bed-chamber. I was promised the room at the window of which she had appeared three several times the preceding night; an occurrence, it seemed, which had never happened before. With this I declared myself satisfied; and supper being announced, we were just about to go into the apartment where it was laid, when I saw the gentleman's eldest daughter, a young lady of about twenty, turn suddenly pale.

«Now, it's coming!» said she. «I know by that low moaning sound which the wind seems to make. O God! what shall I do while it lasts?» and covering her ears with her hands, she crouched down upon a chair in one corner of the room.

«She had scarcely done so before the very apartment in which we were all standing appeared to vibrate with a prolonged piercing scream, which made my blood run cold. It died away, and again it came, still louder, and still more piercing; so as to give one the notion of some poor wretch upon whom the most exquisite torments were being inflicted.

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A third time it came; but now it was faint, and tremulous, and broken by languid sobs, as if life were ebbing fast under the torture. Never while I live shall I forget the terrible sound of those screams, or of that agonizing one, which seemed to denote exhausted suffering yielding up its worn-out spirit.

«Let us go to the door,» said I, wishing to ascertain whether the other part of the story was true, that the dim shadowy form of a female might be seen flying round and round the field. I did so. The master of the house accompanied me. The night was very dark, and not an object of any kind was visible. I strained my sight into the darkness in every direction, but could see nothing. This was a sort of relief to me; the screaming had a little staggered my resolution; but I now began to think that possibly it was either delusion, or some trick, being unaccompanied by that which it would have been more difficult to contrive, if there were any artifice at the bottom. But the relief, such as it was, soon vanished. «There!» said my companion, suddenly grasping my arm, and whispering in my ear, «there! there! do you see? there she goes! round and round like lightning!»

«I looked in the direction he pointed, and as plainly as I now see you,» said Mr Carliel, addressing himself to Mary Falconer—

«Lord! don't look at me,» exclaimed the affrighted girl, who had been listening with breathless attention, and whom this appeal startled. «I shall fancy you see the SCREAMING WOMAN here.»

—«As plainly as I now see you,» repeated Mr Carliel, «I saw whirling round the field, but not touching the ground, the form of a tall, thin woman, with outstretched arms, and her long white dress streaming behind her. Nay as the spectral shadow seemed to pass within a few feet of where we were standing, in its rapid flight I could distinctly hear the rushing sound of a body passing through the air with great velocity. This continued for two or three minutes, when the phantom darted towards the middle of the field, sank down, and disappeared.

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«That's the exact spot where the body was found,» observed my companion. «Now are you satisfied? We may go in: she will appear no more till after midnight.»

«I was indeed satisfied: more than satisfied — I was convinced. I had had ocular demonstration of a thing which could not be the effect either of imagination or contrivance; and to tell you the plain truth, if shame would have let me, I should have dispensed with the remaining part of my task. However I kept my fears to myself, put a bold face upon the matter, admitted it was very strange; but like our friend Simon there in the corner, affected to believe that whatever it might be, it could be nothing supernatural; and thus trying to «screw my courage to the sticking-place,» I took possession of my bed-chamber, gaily promising to give a good account of the ghost next morning at breakfast.»

«That was very venturesome, I think,» observed Mrs Dagleish. «I hope you said your prayers the moment you were alone.»

«I said them before I went to bed, as I always do,» replied Mr Carliel, «but I do not remember that I put up any special one for the occasion.»

«What! did you go to bed?» inquired Mary Falconer, «and put out the candle!»

«I went to bed; but, to confess the truth, I did *not* put out the candle.»

«I would have had half-a-dozen candles had I been you,» observed Hugh Buckner; «I always think one doesn't feel so afraid of *anything* when there's plenty of light. It wasn't a rushlight, I hope? Rushlights are nasty things—they burn so dim, and are so apt to gutter and go out.»

«Did you go to sleep?» asked Mrs Dagleish.

«Oh yes; for I did not want to lie awake; but may the next slumber (if ever I am doomed to have such another), that is to end in so horrible a way—never be broken! A dream was upon me full of blood and death. The shrieking maniac flitted through my brain in a thousand shapes. At one moment she seemed to be standing over me, brandishing a sword of fire. The next she advanced from a dark corner of the room, bearing in her right hand a skull filled with

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some loathsome fluid. Lord! how she glared upon me as she presented this draught to my lips, and with her long bony fingers thrust into my mouth, forced me to swallow it. I felt it trickle down to my very heart in slow, cold drops, and when there, methought it burned like a raging fire. The torment maddened me; I attempted to spring upon the hag by whom it was inflicted; but a long, sallow arm held me down. I struggled with her; and in the struggle I awoke. The first sound that struck my ears was that unearthly scream, which I had heard a few hours before. It was repeated: it came from the window: the casement flapped as if shaken by a strong wind; and though my very sinews seemed shrunk and withered by the sound, I threw myself out of bed, and staggered towards the window; I tore the curtains asunder, and there, *pressed close against the glass, I saw a pale, bloodless visage,* the glare of whose red eyes seemed to scorch my own. I well remember what followed—the impulse, which I could not resist, to dash my hand throught the panes. As I did so, the lips of the phantom quivered, the scream rang again through the apartment, and I fell senseless on the floor. The noise of the broken glass awakened the master of the house, who hastened into my room, and found me in a swoon, with my hand dreadfully cut and bleeding. Here are the scars still remaining," continued Mr Carliel, showing the back and wrist of his right hand, "and I never look at them without a shuddering recollection of how they came there."

"And was it never known," said Mrs Dagleish, "how that poor creature came by her death?"

"Never. The matter was hushed up; no enquiries were made by any of her family, and strangers, whatever they might think, did not care to come forward. I believe, indeed, not even Dr— himself was acquainted with her name or history."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated Mary Falconer, yawning as she spoke.

This set them all yawning, which produced a general declaration that it was very late, and time to go to bed. But nobody moved.

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«And you saw the face quite plain through the glass, did you?» asked Hugh Buckner, addressing Mr Carliel, at the same time directing his looks towards the window of the room in which they were sitting.

«Oh yes,» replied Mr Carliel; «there was no mistake about the matter; and I have seen it many a time since.»

«Good gracious! where?» said Mrs Dagleish.

«I see it now,» he continued calmly, turning his eyes upwards to the ceiling. Immediately *all* their eyes were hurried upwards to the ceiling. «And I can bring the hideous image before me at any time, so strong was the impression it produced. In like manner I often hear the scream ringing in my ears.»

He had scarcely uttered the words when a terrific screaming was heard, which appeared to come from below stairs. Mrs Dagleish and Mary Falconer screamed in chorus; Mr Carliel grew pale; Stephen Falconer caught up the poker; Hugh Buckner held fast by his chair; and Simon Barnardiston made for an old-fashioned cupboard in one corner of the room, into which he vanished in the twinkling of an eye.

The screaming continued,—foot-steps were heard hurrying along the passage,—the door flew open,—and Jesse, the servant wench, rushed in.

«Oh, ma'am!» said she, addressing her mistress, «I have been so frightened.»

«Frightened!» cried Simon, issuing from his hiding-place, the moment he heard her voice, «what the devil was there to frighten you, you foolish girl?»

«Oh so frightened!» continued Jesse, dropping into a chair, and beginning to cry most lustily, holding her apron to her eyes with both hands.

«She ought to be ashamed of herself,» quoth Hugh Buckner, his teeth chattering as he spoke.

Stephen Falconer gently restored the poker to its place, advanced towards his sister, who seemed very much inclined

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to go into hysterics, called it «a capital joke,» and tried to laugh.

«I don't know what it all means,» said Mrs Dagleish, recovering from her alarm, «but it is very trying to one's nerves to have such a scream in the house, just as we were all thinking about the poor screaming woman.»

«The coincidence is certainly curious,» remarked Mr Carliel; but though startled at first, hang me if I can help laughing at it now;» and forthwith they all began laughing at each other, which put a stop to Jesse's crying: she thought they were laughing at her, but wondered why. At last she laughed too, partly from the infectious nature of that «inarticulate expression of sudden merriment,» as Johnson defines it, and partly from the recollection of what had caused her own fright.

«It was certainly very ridiculous!» exclaimed Mary Falconer, the tears running down her cheeks.

«Very,» added Mrs Dagleish.

«Plenty of screaming, down stairs and up,» said Stephen.

«I sha'nt forget how you looked when you laid hold of the poker,» quoth Simon Barnardiston.

«Nor how *you* looked, when you bolted into the cupboard in double-quick time,» retorted Stephen.

«Nor I, how we all looked,» observed Mr Carliel; at which the laugh began again, and continued till their very sides ached, and their temples throbbed.

Jesse meanwhile, who knew nothing of how the family had been amusing themselves since supper, could not for the soul of her understand why her screaming should be the cause of such excessive merriment.

At last they ceased laughing, and then she was called upon to explain what had happened to her, which she did in a few words. Waiting to go to bed, she had fallen asleep by the kitchen-fire: but was awakened by something tickling her left ear. «Putting up my hand,» she continued, «to scratch my ear, I laid hold of I did not know what; it was soft and warm, like a mouse, but how a mouse could get behind

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my ear I could not think. However it jumped out of my hand, and came with such a bounce upon the floor that I thought it would run up my petticoats perhaps; so I set up a skreek, (I could not help it), and ran out of the kitchen."

The mystery thus solved, the Christmas gossipers soon after separated for the night, but not before it was settled that Mrs Dagleish should tell her story of the "BLACK RIBAND, next morning at breakfast.

(To be continued.)

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

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ENGINEERING WORKS

OF THE ANCIENTS,

N° I.

THE PERSIANS.

Engineering has its archæology as well as architecture: the monuments of the Egyptians, of the Persians, of the Romans, are subjects which interest every class of readers. To some it may appear that the profession of a civil engineer is but of modern growth; it certainly may be so considered as regards its recent progress, but to the attentive observer a long chain of history is visible, which records the labours of engineers, not for hundreds of years merely, but for thousands. On the engineering profession, therefore, the contemplation of the works of their predecessors is imposed as a task, if they are at all desirous that their successors should pay the same homage to themselves. The works of classic authors abound with accounts of interesting works, the descriptions of some of which we mean to copy into the Journal, as into a common-place book: trusting that it can never be considered

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useless to any man to contemplate the glories of the past. For this purpose we shall from time to time put down, as they occur to us, extracts from the several authors, who have left materials for the subject of our enquiries.

Our present paper will principally be devoted to the works of the Persians and the Babylonians, which belong to one of the first schools of which we have authentic records. The history of this period forms the first chapter in the annals of engineering, as now taught in this country; for the rudiments of the science, laid down by the Persians, have, by successive nations, been transmitted to us. Persia being, like Egypt, a country traversed by a large river, and requiring extensive hydraulic works, naturally led to considerable proficiency in this branch; which would doubtless be later of introduction among the continental Greeks, to whom it was taught by the Ionians in the Persian service. The Persian monarchs, independently of their own engineers, also became masters of the services of those of Egypt, Babylon, and Phœnicia, each of which, as we shall see, had also peculiar opportunities of study. From the Greeks engineering passed to the Romans, and so through the middle ages down to the present time; affording an example, paralleled in few professions, of rules of practice being transmitted uninterruptedly for more than twenty-five centuries, and illustrated from the earliest period by specimens now existing.

The materials for the ensuing descriptions are principally derived from Herodotus, who had authentic sources of information as to most of the works which he described. They are, as before stated, chiefly hydraulic works, and illustrate much of the antiquities of that important department of engineering.

CANAL OF MOUNT ATHOS. — CUTTING. — THE GOD OF THE ENGINEERS.

In the course of the war of the Persians against the Greeks about the year 484 B. C., Herodotus (1) relates that, in order to avoid shipwreck on the dangerous coast of Mount Athos, Xerxes determined on cutting through the isthmus by which

(1) Polyhymnia 7.

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it is joined to the main-land, and so making a canal for the passage of his fleet. Herodotus says that three years were spent upon this work, the Persian fleet having been ordered to the port of Eleus in the Chersonese, and all the forces on board being compelled by turns to dig, and open a passage through the mountain. In this they were assisted by the adjoining inhabitants; and the direction of the works was confided to Bubaris, the son of Megabyzus, and to Artachæus, the son of Artæus, both Persians.

Athos is described as a mountain of considerable magnitude, leaning upon the sea, and well inhabited, (now, we may observe, by monks). It terminates to the landward in the form of a peninsula, and makes an isthmus of about twelve stades (a mile and a half) in length. The peninsula so formed consists of a plain with a mixture of little hills, from the coast of Acanthus to that of Torone. On the mountain and other parts were the towns of Dion, Olophyxus, Acrothoon, Thysus, and Cleone; and on the isthmus stood Sana. The Persians having drawn a line before the town of Sana, divided the ground among the several nations; and when the trench was considerably sunk, those who were in the bottom stages contrived to dig, and delivered the earth to men standing on ladders, who handed the same again to such as were placed in a higher station, till at last others who waited to receive the burthen at the edge of the canal, carried it away to another place. But by digging in a perpendicular manner, and making the bottom of equal breadth with the top, all the workmen, except the Phœnicians, drew a double labour upon themselves; because the earth, as it is natural, fell down continually in great quantities from the upper parts. The Phœnicians alone, continues Herodotus, showed that ability on this occasion, of which they are so much masters at all times; for they opened the part which was assigned to their care twice as large as the others had done; and sloped the ground gradually till they came to the bottom: they then found the measure, equal with the rest. So much for the mode of cutting pursued two thousand three hundred years ago. We are thus enabled to ascertain the origin of the slope, and the

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period at which its recognized introduction into the art took place. The number of workmen employed, says our author, was so great, that in a meadow adjoining they had a market furnished with great abundance of corn, brought even from Asia; and there was also a temporary court of justice, formed perhaps on the piepoudre system. Herodotus is by no means disposed to approve of the necessity of the work, for he rather ascribes it to ostentation, being of opinion that it would have been much easier for Xerxes to have had his fleet carried over the land. The canal was of a sufficient breadth to carry two ships sailing in front; and at each end were deep trenches to prevent the sea from filling it up. It was completed by the time the Persian army arrived at Acanthus, in the neighbourhood (about 481 B. C.).—At this lime died Artachæus, one of the engineers: who appears by all accounts to have been one of the greatest men of the day; for he was in stature the tallest of the Persians, and wanted only the breadth of four fingers to complete the full height of five regal cubits; his voice also was stronger than that of any other man. By descent he derived his blood from the noble family of Achæmenes; and was much esteemed by Xerxes, who greatly lamented his death, and caused him to be interred with great pomp. All the army was employed in erecting a monument to his memory; and the Acanthians, admonished by an oracle, honoured him as a hero with sacrifices and invocations. «Such,» says Herodotus, «were the demonstrations which Xerxes gave of his concern for the loss of Artachæus;» and thus did the profession obtain the patronage of a demigod from their own body; to whom, if they like, they may build temples at this day.—In the meanwhile we may suggest to our antiquarian friends, whether any devout modern would be justified in using the same ancient form.

The fleet, it seems, according to orders from Xerxes, passed through the canal of Mount Athos, and so into the bay on the other side. Our author further adds, that the people of Acanthus, in consideration of the great attention they paid in making the canal, were rewarded by the king with vests of honour.

In the Babylonian district, the people were, as in Egypt,

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well supplied with canals, principally for the purposes of irrigation; the water being distributed from them by manual labour, or by hydraulic engines. The largest of these canals (1) continued with a south-east course from the Euphrates to that part of the Tigris where Nineveh stands, and was capable of receiving vessels of burthen. These canals and the river were navigated by a peculiar kind of skin-boat or coracle, to which Herodotus devotes particular attention.

PASSAGE OF RIVERS.—THE HALYS—THE GYNDES—THE EUPHRATES—THE DANUBE—THE STRYMON.

In the course of the war of the Lydians against the Persians, Crœsus found it necessary to cross the river Halys (2); when, by the advice of Thales the Milesian, it is said, he caused the river to be divided into two branches, as if he were going to make a bridge—the diversion of streams being a resource well known to the ancient engineers both of the east and the west. He sank a deep trench; which, commencing above the camp, from the river, was conducted round it in the form of a semicircle, till it again met the ancient bed. It thus became easily fordable on either side.

Cyrus, in his war with the Babylonians, made use of a similar expedient, with regard to the river Gyndes; but from other motives. The Gyndes is described by Herodotus (Clio) as rising in the mountains of Matiene; and passing through the country of the Darmeans, it loses itself in the Tigris. Whilst Cyrus was endeavouring to pass this river, which could not be performed without boats, one of the white consecrated horses boldly entering the stream, in his attempts to cross it, was borne away by the rapidity of the current, and totally lost. Cyrus, exasperated by the accident, made a vow, that he would render this stream so very insignificant, that women should hereafter be able to cross it, without so much as wetting their knees. He accordingly put off his designs against

(1) Herodotus, Clio.

(2) Herodotus, Clio.

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Babylon, and divided his forces into two parts: he then marked out with a line on each side of the river, one hundred and eighty trenches; these were dug according to his orders; and so great a number of men were employed, that he accomplished his purpose, but thus wasted the whole of that summer. It is supposed however that he was induced to undertake this work for the purpose of averting some omen.

On his arrival at Babylon, however, he had to carry on hydraulic works with a more important end. Finding the city strong and well provided, and that its reduction by force or famine seemed impracticable, he had to take other measures. He placed one detachment of his forces where the river first enters the city, and another where it leaves it, directing them to enter the channel and attack the town wherever a passage could be effected. After this disposal of his men, he withdrew with the less effective of his army to a marshy part of the river, near which there was a kind of reservoir, said to have been constructed by Nitocris, Queen of Babylon, not long before. Cyrus here pierced the bank, and introduced the river into the lake, by which means the bed of the Euphrates became sufficiently shallow for the object he had in view. The Persians in their station watched the proper moment, and when the stream had so far drawn off as to be no higher than their thighs, they entered Babylon without difficulty.

Darius Hystaspes (1), in his expedition against the Scythians, ordered a bridge to be thrown over the Ister or Danube by the Ionians. It was placed two days' passage from the sea, at that part of the river, where it begins to branch off, but of its mode of construction nothing is said, although it may be inferred that it was of boats. Darius, when he arrived at the Ister, passed the river with his army; he then commanded the Ionians to break down the bridge, and to follow him with all the men of their fleet: but by the advice of Coes, a Mitylenian officer, he allowed it to remain, leaving it under the guard of the Ionians, with orders, if he did not

(1) Herodotus—Melpomene.

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return in sixty days, to break it down. The Scythians knowing this, sent a deputation to the Ionians to persuade them to break down the bridge, or to maintain it only for the stipulated time, to which latter proposition they assented. The delay of sixty days having however expired, the Ionians by advice of Histiæus of Miletus, still maintained the bridge for the Persians, but to prevent the Scythians cutting off the retreat, broke that portion near the Scythian shore. Darius arriving in the night with his army, Histiæus with the fleet restored the bridge.

Bubaris and Artachæus, the engineers of the Mount Athos canal, were also charged during the compaign of Xerxes against the Greeks, with the construction of a bridge over the river Strymon in Thrace. For these bridges, says the author so frequently quoted, (1) Xerxes provided cordage made of the bark of the biblos, and of white flax. This is all the account we have received of the bridge, except that the army afterwards passed over.

(*To be continued.*)

(1) Herodotus—Polyhymnia.

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THE BABY.

Come hither, my daughter: your marriage-day is at hand; you will not be much longer the light of this old house. Sit by me, and I will once more tell you a story, as I used to do when you were a little girl, and looked up in bright-eyed wonder at my tale.

I doubt not William has told you often enough that you are all in all to him; that no one human being ever was to another what you are to him; that he feels for you a deeper, tenderer, purer, more disinterested devotion, than ever man felt for woman. Don't believe him. Nay, never start and turn pale; the young rascal believes what he says to be true, and that ought to be enough for you. What I mean is, that I have in my day said and felt as much for the old woman on the other side of the chimney there.

But I mean something more than that. You have yourself been the object of a deeper, tenderer, purer, more disinterestedly devoted attachment than his. Now, don't grow angry, though it becomes you too, and bespeaks the sincere confiding

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spirit of the bride. He, too, would be in a towering passion if he heard me: and yet neither of you have cause.

You do not understand me; nor will you, nor can you, till you come to be yourself a mother.

The riddle is out. I mean that you were a person of much more consequence in the eyes of two others — eh, old dame? — that you were the object of a more profound love than you ever can be again; long, long before you knew how delightful a thing it is to repay love with love.

You have been admired, and have been told that you were admired; and, though I your father say it, who ought not to say it, you are worthy to be admired. And you have been flattered — flattered by admiration; never deny it, girl, it is human nature, and sits prettily upon a young woman. But you were welcomed home, and admired, and watched over with far more solicitude before you were twelve months old, than ever you will be again. Strange it is, but it seems to be the unwavering rule of Providence, that the warmest affection should ever be squandered upon those who are unaware of the wealth which is being heaped upon them.

It was a proud and happy day that of your birth. The ways were mud, and keen hail-showers, alternating with sleet, were borne on the wind, that howled and thumped round the house, as if seeking to force its way in. And the bodily suffering of your mother scarcely exceeded the mental anxiety of the rest of the household. It was a heavenly summer-time when all was over: wind or weather, what did we heed them, when she looked proudly up at me, as I looked at you lying in her arms?

After all, any disinterested person must have thought you a strange-looking creature. You had not learned how to make use of your eyes: one was turned up to your eyebrows, and the other down to your mouth——

«Now, papa»——

Fact, fact; ask the old woman there, if you won't believe me.

But you were beautiful in our eyes, and in those of your good grandmother. She had been passing backward and forward,

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the whole morning, between your mother's apartment and the parlour, thinking to keep up our spirits, but sinking them rather by her agitated looks. But when she came to tell me that all was well, she could not find her voice, and she did not need to find it, for her face was radiant. You were a lamp set down amongst us to enlighten all our faces. We had lived together, and thought we loved each other; but when you were added to the family group, it was as a new revelation; and it seemed as if we had been living coldly and heartlessly with each other. A cord was around us, drawing us into closer relationship; and you, little unconscious elf, were the talisman that worked all these wonders.

I could write a big book about the first year of your life, and yet not contrive to say all I have to say, to show how much more important a baby is, than any grown or growing person possibly can be.

You will scarcely recollect the day of your christening. That, too, was a memorable day. Mother, nurse, grandmother — I cannot well say which looked most consequential; while you, the real heroine of the occasion, took it with unparalleled *sang froid:* you did not even seem to mind the beautiful rich lace cap, of which there is a family tradition that your mother was christened in it too: you positively slept through the ceremony, to the great consternation of the nurse, who held it a bad omen that you did not squall. But if you thought little, I thought the more; for when I turned from the marble font to the altar window, where was painted the dove hovering over the cloudy chaos it was commissioned to impregnate with light and love, I felt awed and subdued, and anxious for my baby, and yet consoled; I felt that it was your inauguration into the sorrows of life. The mystic rite was the herald of the sufferings to which humanity is heir; but it was, at the same time, the pledge that God would temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

I will not tell you how we — for she, there, went foot for foot in feeling all my joys, cares, hopes, and fears about you; as, indeed, she has been the mirror of my life for I will not say how many years, bearing half my sorrows, and redoubling all

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my joys. I would not have said so much for fear of making her vain. Never praise people to their faces, girl; it spoils them; but you see she is asleep, and can't hear me. What makes the old woman's head keep nudging at that rate behind her handkerchief? Has she been listening to us all this time?

I will say nothing of our care for you even in trifles, — of the long happy walk we had one day from bazaar to bazaar, to choose playthings fit for so very young a baby, — of the utter forgetfulness of my personal dignity, with which I used to bring biscuits to the baby from town, in my great-coat pocket. You would think I was wishing to bribe you by these recollections, not to forget the old folks when you leave them. It would be unkind to do so; it would look as if I thought you could forget them.

You grew up among us like an opening flower. Every day we saw something new to love and praise in you. To hear us talk, one would have thought there never had been such a baby. A strange thing it is, a child! There is a delicate beauty about its soft eyes, and rosy cheeks, and tiny mouth.

It was so pretty to see the little monkey examine our hands, one after the other, to see if they contained sugar or biscuit. And it was so engaging when it held out its little mouth to be kissed. And it was sparkling, when it dived down into its nurse's arms, and hid its face in her bosom, when playfully minded. But strangest, loveliest of all, was its appearance when it seemed to be trying to *think* — when the expression of thought beamed through its infant lineaments — when the consciousness of reason and eternity seemed to be dawning upon God's own image shrinking abashed from the glories of its own nature.

And yet, my daughter, in moments of depression, — and such moments come to all, — there was something terrible in thy childish glee. When I reflected how trifling the cause of thy delight, — the absence of any reason why it should give thee delight, — the transitory nature of the delight itself, — I was tempted to think that all human happiness was alike unreasonable and unnatural. Life seemed to be a succession

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of brief bursts of ecstasy, at long intervals, gradually growing duller and duller, till it ended in inane apathy. I will not dwell on the thought. It is one which mocks us in our happiest hour, and which not reason, faith alone can dispel.

But more desolate and dangerous emotions were awakened when illness came upon thee. There is nothing on earth so painful as to witness the sufferings of a child. We cannot divine their cause or nature, and it cannot tell: the impotency of human desire so give relief, is never so painfully felt. The innocence and weakness, too, of the sufferer, conjure up rebellious thoughts. My God! I know that my own sufferings are the consequences of my own sins, but what has this innocent done? It is not alone when the little creature writhes in torture that we feel these misgivings: its uncomplaining languor goes with more deadly certainty to the heart. Oh, what a relief it has been, after such a visitation, to see my child's eye brighten again, and hear its blessed, clear, soft, voice breathing of happiness!

It were hard to say whether thy sufferings or thy enjoyments most endeared you to me. You have been a dear good daughter to your father, and you understand the playful exaggeration of this nursery legend. And yet it is not all exaggeration.

But go! my tears are under my eyelids, and I shall make a fool of myself if I go on. You will understand me better when you repeat to a child of your own the tale your father told you the night before your marriage.

(Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.)

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LORD JOCELYN'S

"CHINESE EXPEDITION."[1]

When the British historian of the next century sits down to write an account of our present war with China, although all the triumphs had attended it which our arms could obtain in such a contest, and although territorial aggrandizement and commercial prosperity should have been its fruits, we fear that his honest judgment will pronounce these advantages no compensation for the stain which our national charater will derive from the unrighteousness of its origin. If, on the other hand—an event we sincerely deprecate—the climate of China should sweep away our soldiers and sailors, and leave our ships of war an easy conquest to the petty prowess of the Chinese, none but a very sturdy disbeliever in the direct intervention of Providence will refuse to see in such a calamity one of its justest visitations.

It is not a fitting occasion, in noticing a work like that before us, avowedly of a hasty and flimsy character, to go

[1] Six Months with the Chinese Expedition; or Leaves from a Soldier's Note-Book. By Lord Jocelyn, late Military Secretary to the China Mission. London; 1841. Murray.

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over again the causes which have led to this war; to show how, in the Charter discussions, every one of them had been foretold; how every measure of the government at home, as carried out by their representatives in China, seems to have been calculated to bring about the very evils which have happened; how the Chinese authorities have had rules and principles of action rudely forced upon them, the force of which they do not acknowledge, whilst their own laws and regulations were treated by us with scorn and contempt; how a poisonous drug was discharged upon their shores, under the cannon of English clippers, before the eyes of the representative of the sovereign of England; how that officer, when mildly and reasonably asked to restrain his countrymen from openly offending against the laws of China, declared his inability to do so, and told the Chinese authorities to take their own measures; and how, when they did as he suggested, this same officer, in his official capacity, identified himself with the smugglers, placed himself unnecessarily in durance along with them, and made himself the medium of surrendering the contraband article, apparently with no other object than to convert the quarrel from a private into a national one: these subjects may be better considered hereafter, when the transactions are brought to a close.

Meanwhile, we are as eager as any that the spirit and promptitude of the Home and Indian Governments, in despatching an expedition to China, and the reputation of our army and navy, should not be defeated and sullied by mismanagement at the scene of operations; and we opened Lord Jocelyn's little book with some impatience, expecting that, notwithstanding its modest size, it would tell us something of motives, as well as facts. It furnishes, however, very little of either: the reader of this Journal will be in possession of a great deal more information on the subject of the « Chinese expedition, » than is to be found in this work, written by the « Military Secretary to the China Mission. »

Lord Jocelyn, being a soldier, has of course nothing to do with the justice of the war; he is bound by his professional obligations to believe that his Government is in the right; and therefore he begins his book with a few *pro formâ* remarks

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upon the « attitude of defiance and insult » taken by the Chinese; their vanity and absurd pretensions: their false notions of political economy, on the subject of the « oozing out of sycee silver, » and the conduct of Commissioner Lin. He admits that « the demoralizing effects of opium upon the people of China, not even the most strenuous partisans »—he does not say of whom or what—« can deny; » and he states that the opium-clippers, from Calcutta and Bombay; « armed to the teeth, wander along the coast of China, » and that their cannon, « nominally to protect them against pirates, are often turned upon the Chinese authorities. » His lordship, however, for the sufficient reason we have mentioned, does not intimate an opinion that there is any thing in the slightest degree wrong in this, or that these atrocious acts of worse than piracy on our part are any set-off whatever against the vanity, absurdity, obstinacy, and culpable political economy of the Chinese statesmen.

Lord Jocelyn, with commendable vigilance, has not neglected the few objects met with in the voyage from Calcutta to the scene of warfare. He mentions a curious trait in a tribe of wild men who « infest the jungle » near Malacca, and who stand four feet four, without their shoes; and he gives some slight statistical accounts of the trade of Singapore, which, though published in all the Eastern papers, may not be known at home. He records one circumstance, indeed, which is new to us, namely, « the number of tigers that still roam about the purlieus of the town, entering even the gardens and compounds of the inhabitants, as if loth to leave their ancient domains. » We had supposed (through erroneous information, no doubt) that the appearance of a tiger at Singapore was a very rare occurrence, (1) and occasioned as much stir as that of a mad dog in a village at home; seeing that the island is but small, there would, one might think, be hardly feed for

(1) The *Singapore Free Press*, of 23rd May, 1839, in noticing the destruction of life by a tiger, observes that it was only within the last year such a circumstance had occurred, and expresses a doubt whether there was more than one tiger in the whole island.

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a congregation of these animals, The description given of the opium-shops is worth quoting :—

«One of the objects at this place that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and deathlike stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the latter. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the being abandoned to the power of the drug; whilst disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication. One of the streets in the centre of the town is wholly devoted to the shops for the sale of this poison; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labours of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl, for the admission of the opium, is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe; and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when, to a

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certain degree, under its influence, that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen, at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages: some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe, whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenance, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast verging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead-house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.»

On the arrival of the expedition in Macao Roads, a gloom was diffused throughout the fleet, by the announcement, after a conference with Captain Elliot, that the Bogue forts were not to be attacked. The fleet (except the blockading squadron) was ordered to Chusan, and two or three interpreters were procured at Macao, «among whom,» says our author, «was Mr. Gutzlaff, the missionary, better known as the author of a voluminous work, entitled *China Opened*, but whose lengthened labours require an appetite for the marvellous to digest.» This *voluminous* work consists of two small volumes. Of the «errors,» of which Lord Jocelyn accuses its author, we say nothing.

The harbour of Chusan is described as «beautiful,» and when the fleet entered, the beach and heights were covered with a dense population. On boarding the admiral's junk, the English officers were received with great civility, and whilst they waited for the admiral, who was on shore, tea was handed about.

The account of the attack and capture of the town of Tinghae is very meagre, and contains no incident unnoticed in the newspapers. The evacuation of the town seems to have been very sudden. Upon entering the house of the admiral, (who lost his leg in the action), the half-smoked pipes were

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found on the couches, and little cups filled with untasted tea; whilst cloaks, caps, and swords, lay about in confusion. The ladies' apartments, which the invaders unscrupulously entered, were strewed with clothes of all descriptions; silks, fans, china, little shoes, crutches (to support their tottering frames), paint-pots, and other articles of a Chinese belle's toilette, were tossed about in a sad *melée*. The interiors of some of the houses were beautifully decorated and furnished; one, in particular, excited admiration :—

« The different apartments open round the centre court, which is neatly tiled; the doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof, are carved in the most chaste and delicate style, and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to have executed. The furniture was in the same keeping, denoting a degree of taste the Chinese have not in general credit for with us. The bed-places in the sleeping apartments of the ladies were large dormitories, for they can hardly be called beds : at one corner of the room is a separate chamber, about eight feet square, and the same in height; the exterior of this is usually painted red, carved, and gilt; the entrance is through a circular aperture, three feet in diameter, with sliding pannels; in the interior is a couch of large proportions, covered with a soft mat, and thick curtains of mandarin silk : the inside of the bed is polished and painted, and a little chair and table are the remaining furniture of this extraordinary dormitory. »

Lord Jocelyn remarks that great astonishment was excited amongst those of the Europeans who had fancied that China was a semi-barbarous country. Not only were the edifices of a superior character, but the public arsenals were stocked with weapons of every description, carefully arranged, and to each arsenal a fire-engine was attached, similar to those used in this country. In the great temple, which is far superior to that at Macao, are statues upwards of fifteen feet high, handsomely wrought. The silks taken in the houses of the principal mandarins were of the finest texture, and covered with magnificent embroideries.

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A Chinese comprador (or purveyor), attached to the commissary-general's department, having been carried off by banditti in the island, a party was sent into the interior to endeavour to recover him. Lord Jocelyn accompanied this expedition, and had thus an opportunity of seeing somewhat of the country, at the expense of much suffering from the heat, under which many of the soldiers sank. At one place, where they seized some hostages, they ran a great hazard of being overwhelmed by the indignant people. And here it may be proper to observe, that Lord Jocelyn has distinctly shown « how false is the idea that they had come amongst a people who only waited for the standard of the foreigner to throw off a detested and tyrant yoke. » This is one of the Canton « ideas » that have imposed upon our Government, which, dishonourably, in our opinion, directed the commander of the expedition to tell the people that they did not come to make war upon them, but upon their rulers, in the hope of exciting a rebellion amongst the former. But they evinced by their gestures, that « they hated the invading barbarians more bitterly than their Tartar rulers » Indeed, Lord Jocelyn pronounces the statement, « so industriously circulated throughout India, of the hatred and dislike of the natives in China to their Tartar rulers, » a *fiction* » : « as far as we had an opportunity of judging, » he says, « it appeared to be *without the slightest foundation*. »

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MISCELLANEA.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

A short time since, in an adjoining street to Hanover-Square, an exhibition of a highly interesting nature took place, which is worthy to be put on record. The writer having learned that a French gentleman (M. Léonard), who had for some time been engaged in instructing two dogs in various performances, which required the exercise not merely of the natural instincts of the animal, and the power of imitation, but of a higher degree of judgment and reflection than is commonly developed in the dog, was residing in London, obtained an introduction, and was obligingly favoured by M. Léonard with permission to hold some conversation with his extraordinary pupils. Two fine dogs of the Spanish race were introduced by M. L — with customary French politeness; the largest by the name of M. Philax, the other as M. Brac (or Spot); the former had been in training three, the latter two years. They were in vigorous health, and having bowed very gracefully, seated themselves side by side on the hearth-rug. M. Léonard then gave a lively description of the means he had employed to develope the cerebral system in these animals—how, from having been very fond of the chase, and ambitious of having the best-trained dogs, he had employed the usual course of

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training,—how the conviction had been impressed on his mind that by gentle usage, and steady perseverance in inducing the animal to repeat again and again what was required, not only would the dog be capable of performing that specific act, but that that part of the brain which was brought into activity by the mental effort would become more largely developed; and hence a permanent increase of mental power be obtained. This reasoning is in accordance with the known laws of the physiology of the nervous system, and is fraught with the most important results—but we must not digress—and can only refer the reader interested in the subject to the masterly little work of Dr. Verity (« changes produced in the nervous System by Civilisation »). After this introduction M. Léonard spoke to his dogs in French, in his usual tone, and ordered the one to walk, the other to lie down, to run, gallop, halt, crouch, &c.; which they performed as promptly and correctly as the most docile children. Then he directed them to go through the usual exercises of the manege, which they performed as well as the best trained ponies at Astley's. He then placed six cards of different colours on the floor; and, sitting with his back to the dogs, directed one to pick up the blue card, the other the white, &c., varying his orders rapidly, and speaking in such a manner that it was impossible the dogs could have performed if they had not had a perfect knowledge of the words. For instance, M. Léonard said, « Philax, take the red card, and give it to Brac; and Brac, take the white card and give it to Philax; » and the dogs instantly did this; and exchanged the cards with each other. He then said, « Philax, put your card on the green, and Brac, put yours on the blue, and this was instantly performed. Pieces of bread and meat were placed on the floor, with figured cards, and a variety of directions were given to the dogs, so as to put their intelligence and obedience to the severest test. They brought the meat, bread, or cards, as commanded, and never attempted to eat or to touch the bread or meat, unless ordered. Yet more, Philax was ordered to bring a piece of meat and give it to Brac, and then Brac was to give it back to Philax, who was to return it to its place. Philax was next

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told he might bring a piece of bread and eat it; but, before he had time to swallow, his master forbade him, and directed him to show that he had not disobeyed, and the dog instantly placed the crust between his lips. While many of these feats were being performed, M. Léonard snapped a whip violently, to prove that the animals were so completely under discipline, that they would not heed any interruption. After many other performances, evincing the wonderful sagacity and perception of the dogs, M. Léonard invited the writer to play a game of dominos with one of them. The younger and slighter animal then seated himself on a chair at the table, and the writer and M. Léonard placed themselves opposite. Six dominos were placed on their edges, in the usual manner, before the dog, and a like number before the writer. The dog, having a double number, took it up in his mouth, and put it down in the middle of the table; the writer placed a corresponding piece on one side; the dog immediately played another correctly, and so on till all the pieces were engaged. Six other dominos were given to each, and the writer intentionally placed a wrong number. The dog looked surprised, stared very earnestly at the writer, and at length growled, and finally barked angrily; finding that no notice was taken of his remonstrances, he pushed away the wrong domino with his nose, and placed the right piece in its stead. The writer then played correctly; the dog followed, and won the game. Not the slightest intimation could have been given by M. Léonard to the dog; his play must have been entirely the result of his own observation and judgment. There was no trickery, no Mesmerism here. It should be added that the performances were strictly private; no gratuity was allowed even to the servant. M. Léonard is a gentleman of independent fortune; and the instruction of his dogs has been taken up merely as a curious and amusing investigation.

(LANCET.)

PENDANT TO THE ABOVE.—At the Lying-In Hospital, Moscow, is a cat, which though arrived at a grave and mature time of feline life, has by no means lost the taste for sport and

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frolic so remarkable in Kitten-hood. She has a collection of play-things, which she keeps in a drawer of her own; and on the arrival of any stranger in the establishment, she produces and exhibits her toys with evident pride and satisfaction; carefully carrying back and putting away each successive article. She invariably accompanies the Physician in his daily rounds through the wards; and should a patient, during his absence, require his assistance, Puss proceeds to the Doctor's sitting-room, and pulls him by the dress till she has attracted his attention to the sufferer.——Moscow Letter to the Editor.

IMPORTANT TO MARINERS.

We have lately read so much of the calamity of shipwreck, that any attempt to lessen its horrors, must be hailed as a real blessing. There are few that have not heard of Captain Manby's Life-Preserver. We have just witnessed a successful attempt to simplify the principle upon which that valuable discovery is founded, so as to be available wherever a common cannon and a piece of rope are at hand, There is no occasion for a mortar or a rocket; a common ship-gun will answer the purpose. The experiment was lately tried on the sea-shore, about a mile southward of Aberystwith. We had been previously informed that Mr. Page, the superintendant of the Harbour Works, had, at the instance of the Harbour Trustees, directed his attention to the subject, and we are glad to state with the most perfect success.

The machinery is the simplest possible. A common twelve-pounder, that belonged to the old Agenoria, was placed on the shore, elevated to 40 degrees, and loaded with a nine-ounce charge of powder, with a well-fitted wadding. Before us lay a long coil of rope, $^3/_4$ inch diameter, with a stout piece of wood or plug, of the length of a common spade, fastened to it. This plug is intended to be put into the mouth of the gun. The problem to be solved, was to project this piece of wood over the breakers before us, so that should a vessel have struck there, as we remember one to have done about eighteen months since at that very spot, and the sea should be too high for any boat to live in the surge, a rope might

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be sent from the land to the ship, or from the ship to the land. The simplicity of the whole affair struck us extremely, and no alchymist waited with more anxiety the moment of «projection» than we did the firing of the cannon. Those that know anything of these matters will understand us when we say that our great apprehension was, lest the rope should snap;—that being the great difficulty to be got over in these experiments. But our apprehensions were quite needless. The gun was fired once, twice, thrice, and the plug and rope were hurled beyond the breakers without a thread of the latter breaking or straining. Its length was 160 yards; but it might be extended by increasing the charge of powder.

That peculiarity of the apparatus upon which the engineer mainly depends for counteracting the tendency of the rope to break is, by strengthening about two feet of that part of it which comes in contact with the plug; this is done by adding to it four others of the size of lead-lines, and which are bound together with pieces of spun-yarn, and fastened to the plug with four small staples, the main rope, or a bit of chain instead, being fastened to it, by a ring and thimble. Thus strengthened, the rope is found sufficiently strong to stand unharmed against the jerk with which it is projected from the cannon, and this it could not do without the four extra supporters. Upon enquiring of the engineer why he preferred a wood plug to a rocket or ball, he stated that in case of a man overboard, the plug would float; and that also in case of being fired from a vessel, it would from its buoyancy be carried on shore by the mere action of the sea. Its extreme simplicity is its great recommendation. There are few vessels without a cannon of some size on board, and a hand-spike or capstan-bar will answer the purpose of a plug perfectly well. We should have stated that the wetness of the rope after the first discharge was found to be of no inconvenience; but care must be had in coiling it properly, so as to enable it to pay out with facility.

CIVIL ENGINEER.

HEAD OF NAPOLEON.—Dr. Guillard, the surgeon of the Belle Poule frigate, who was present at the recent disinterment of

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Napoleon's body, states in his published account of the condition in which it was found, that «his skull, of ample volume, and his high and broad forehead, were covered with yellowish teguments, bare, and very adherent.»

(PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.)

AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKSPEARE.—A literary curiosity of universal interest, the autograph of our immortal dramatic poet, affixed to the deed of bargain and sale of the house purchased by him in Blackfriars, has been disposed of by Messrs. Evans for the sum of L165, 15s. (COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

HOW TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF A FINGER. — Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the end of the needle with care under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger regularly down to the nail to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end and unwind it. The thread repassing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger.

This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

MAGAZINE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

RICHARD WHITAKER, of Cambridge, Machinist, for improvements in cutting the edges of books and paper, and for other purposes, and in impressing ornaments, letters, and figures on the binding of books and other surfaces.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—*(Six months.)*

THEOPHILE ANTON WILHELM, COUNT OF HOMPESCH, of Mivart's Hotel, Brook Street, for improvements in obtaining oils and other products from bituminous matters, and in purifying and rectifying oils obtained from such matters.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—*(Six months).*

JOHN BOOT, of Quarndon, Leicester, Lace Glove Manufacturer, and JOHN KING, of Henor, Lace Maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for manufacturing or producing figured or

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ornamental fabrics in warp, and bobbin-net-lace machines.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

John Grafton, of Cambridge, Civil Engineer, for an improved method of manufacturing gas.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—(*Two months.*)

Michael Coupland, of Pond Yard, Southwark, Millwright and Engineer, for improvements in furnaces.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

George Wilde, of Coleman Street, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of white lead. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

William Hill Darker, Senior, and William Hill Darker, Junior, both of Lambeth, Engineers, and William Wood, of Wilton, Carpet Manufacturer, for certain improvements in looms for weaving.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Louis Lachenal, of Titchfield Street, Soho, Mechanic, and Antoine Vieyres, of 40, Pall Mall, Watch Maker, for improvements in machinery for cutting cork.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

John Juckes, of Lewisham, Gentleman, for improvements in furnaces or fire-places.—Sealed September 4, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Pierre Pelletan, of Saint Paul's Church Yard, Professor of Medecine, for improvements in propelling fluids and vessels.—Sealed September 6, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Thomas Drew, the Younger, of St. Peter's Port, for an improved method of rolling and cutting lozenges, and also of cutting gun-wafers, and all other similar substances, by means of certain machines designed by him, and constructed of divers metals and woods.—Sealed September 6, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Luke Herbert, of 12, Staple's Inn, London, for certain improvements in the apparatus and metals used in the manufacture of gas for illumination, and in the apparatus for burning the same.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Richard Else, of Gray's Inn, Esquire, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for forcing and raising water and other fluids.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

William Fairbairn, of Millwall, Poplar, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of steam-engines.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Joseph Cooke Grant, of Stamford, Lincoln, Ironmonger and agricultural Implement-Maker, for improvements in horse-rakes and hoes.—Sealed September 8, 1841. (*Six months.*)

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James Thorburn, of Manchester, Machinist, for certain improvements in machinery for producing knitted fabrics.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Miles Berry, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for an improved method or means of and apparatus for, cleansing typographical characters, or forms of type, after being used in printing. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—c*Six months.*)

Oglethorpe Wakelin Barratt, of Birmingham, Metal Gilder, for (ertain improvements in the precipitation or deposition of metals.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Joseph Garnett, of Haslingden, Dyer, and John Mason, of Rochdale, for machinery or apparatus employed in the manufacture of yarns and cloth, and also for certain improvements applicable to the same. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Edward Louis de Schlesdatt, Engineer and Chemist, and Etienne Sterligne, Tanner, of Regent's Square, in the county of Middlesex, for certain new or improved machinery or apparatus and process for tanning skins or hides, and preparing or operating upon vegeable and other substances.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

George Mannering, of Dover, Plumber, and Henry Harrison, of Ashford, Plumber, for certain improvements in the means of raising water and other liquids —Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Alphonse René Le Mire de Normandy, of Red Cross Square, Cripplegate, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in the manufacture of soap.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

William Crosskill, of Beverley, Iron Founder and Engineer, for improvements in machinery for rolling and cutting land, and in machinery to be used in the culture of grass land.—Sealed September 8, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

William Hickling Burnett, of Ravensbourne Wood Mills, Deptford Creek, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for cutting wood, and in apparatus connected therewith, part of which may be applied to other purposes.—Sealed September 9, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Charles Louis Stanislas Baron Heurteloup, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, for an improved mechanism, and for the application of the same to certain descriptions of fire-arms.—Sealed September 9, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Conrad Frederick Stollmeyer, of Golden Terrace, Barnsbury Road, Islington, Merchant, for certain improvements in obtaining and ap-

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plying motive power, by means of winds and waves, for propelling vessels on water, and driving other machinery.—Sealed September 17, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

George Shillibeer, of Melton Street, Euston Square, Carriage Builder, for improvements in the construction of hearses, mourning, and other carriages.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

François Marie Agathe Dez Maurel, of Newington Terrace, Surrey, for an improved buckle. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

William Charlton Forster, of Bartholomew Close, Gentleman, for a material, or compound of materials, not hitherto so used, for preventing damp from rising in walls, and for freeing walls from damp, which material, or compound of materials, can be applied to other purposes.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

William Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improved machinery for manufacturing felts or felted cloths. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Joseph Hulme, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for grinding, sharpening, or setting the teeth of cards or other similar apparatus employed for carding or operating upon cotton, wool, or other fibrous substances.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Thomas Huckvale, of Over Norton, Oxford, Farmer, for improvements in horse-hoes, and in apparatus for treating and dressing turnips, to preserve them from insects and promote their growth.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Alfred Elam, of Huddersfield, in the county of York, Surgical Instrument-Maker, for improvements in apparatus or instruments for the relief and cure of precedentia and prolapsus uteri.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Luke Hebert, of Birmingham, for improvements in machinery for fulling woollen cloth. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—Sealed September 20, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

William Bush, of Deptford, Engineer, for improvements in the means of, and in the apparatus for, building and working under water.—Sealed September 21, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Comte Melano de Calcina, of Nassau Street, Middlesex, for improvements in paving or covering roads and other ways or surfaces.—Sealed September 21, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Edward Emmanuel Perkins, of Westow Hill, Norwood, Gentleman,

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for improvements in the manufacture of soap.—Sealed September 21. 1841.—(*Six months*)

John Duncan, of Great George Street, Westminster, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for driving piles.—Sealed September 21, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

George Scott, of Louth, Miller, for certain improvements in flour-mills.—Sealed September 23, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

James Whitelaw, Engineer, of Glasgow, and James Stirrat, Manufacturer, of Paisley, for improvements in rotary machines to be worked by water.—Sealed September 23, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

Henry Bessemer, of Baxter House, Saint Pancras, Engineer, and Charles Lewis Schanberg, of Sidmouth Place, Gray's Inn Lane Road, Artist, for improvements in the manufacture of certain glass.—Sealed September 23, 1841.—(*Six months.*)

(Repertory of Patent Inventions.)

Wool trade of New South Wales.—When the first importation of wool came from Sydney, the Spaniards and Germans almost exclusively supplied the English market; selling their wools for *ten, twelve,* and even *fifteen* shillings the pound weight: but at present the same description of wool may be purchased for less than one-third of the above prices. In 1807, New South Wales yielded but 245lbs. of wool; yet, in 1840, the colonists sent 7,668,960lbs.; to acquire a treble value when wrought by the action of English looms into clothing, not only for the inhabitants of the colonies which produced the raw material, but for the people of almost every clime.

(United Service Journal.)

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

St. Petersburg, December 31st 1841.

P. KORSAKOFF, Censor.

Printed at the Office of the «*Journal de St.-Petersbourg.*»

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PART I.—PERIODICALS.

[Concluded from Page 12.]

It is delightful at last to quit the dry enumeration, which is all our limits will admit, of the forgotten merits of defunct periodicals, and to be able to indulge in a little speculation on the vast and brilliant field now occupied by this portion of our literature.

To perform the task we have proposed to ourselves, to give some means of judging of the vast and splendid merit of these publications, we must no longer adhere to our meagre chronological annals, but endeavour to present these leaders of the public taste in that strong contrast, political and literary, which is at the same time the point of view in which they are offered to their readers, and the position which gives them (if we may use the expression) so commanding a *leverage* on public opinion.

At the head of them,

« In shape and gesture proudly eminent, »

stand the « Quarterly » and « Edinburgh » Reviews; which,

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differing as widely as can be conceived on all points of religious and political doctrine, are conducted with equal ability, and possess, each in its own sphere, equal weight and authority.

The former, the organ of the Conservative or Tory party, was established while society was yet heaving with that mighty ground-swell caused by the French Revolution; and was a powerful instrument in the hands of its conductors, to rally around the Altar and the Throne the champions of our ancient Constitution of Church and State; the latter has been ever the advocate of popular doctrines: these two giant periodicals have long been considered the Calpé and Abyla of their respective parties, saying to the wild waves of political turbulence, «thus far shall ye come, and no farther.»

The Quarterly was formerly edited by William Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, and the disinterrer of many most precious fragments of our Elizabethan literature from oblivion and neglect. His critical decisions are distinguished for their solidity and comprehensiveness, tinged frequently with the caustic and bitter sarcasm of that Great Moralist whose lash he wielded with such terrible effect in his two masterly satires, entitled the «Baviad» and «Mœviad;» which demolished at one blow the «Della-Cruscan School,» a coterie of feeble and affected poetasters, the Marinis of their age, who would have supplanted the majestic vigour of our language by the emasculated trillings of the debased Italian poetry.

Having continued from its origin to receive the support of the most distinguished cotemporary poets, politicians, and historians—it will be sufficient to name Canning, Frere, Southey, Croker, and Lord Lyndhurst — this most influential journal continues, under the direction of M^r^ Lockhart, the son-in-law and literary executor of Scott, to enjoy the brilliant reputation it has so well earned.

Its great Rival in politics was established in the year 1815, and immediately took up the exalted position which it has never since ceased to occupy. It was projected by a number of individuals who have all become more or less celebrated in the pursuits of politics, science, or literature; and its

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articles, embracing, and frequently exhausting, an immense variety of questions, bear strongly impressed upon them the eloquent sarcasm and indomitable energy of Lord Brougham, the sly and biting humour of Sidney Smith, and the cool and polished raillery of Jeffrey. The latter distinguished personage still is supposed to retain the management of the Edinburgh; and the almost invariable brilliancy of its disquisitions amply compensates for the loss of many powerful and accomplished writers among its earlier supporters. Scott was an occasional contributor to this Review, and his papers are invaluable relics of that intellect which has made him the Shakspeare of his age — the most masterly, because the most humane and sympathizing, of the modern painters of human nature.

As his political opinions were totally discordant from those of the Review, the subjects which he selected are all of a purely literary nature; adding another, and superfluous proof, of the wonderful learning, splendid genius, and benevolent heart, of the Author of Waverley and Marmion.

It is impossible to estimate justly the vast influence exerted by these great rivals upon Public Opinion in England. Possessed of a very large circulation, looked upon by all as the exponents of important parties in the state — their authorship shrouded in a veil of mystery, which, like the piquante mantilla that gives such attractiveness to the dark eyes of the Andalusian beauty, is not worn with any very prudish degree of tenacity — the contests of these intellectual athletes are ever the object of intense interest. The weapons which they wield in the arena have been in general weighted with learning, pointed with wit, and polished by courtesy; and if the poison of party-feeling may be occasionally detected sullying, while it envenoms them, the stain is but transient; for the dignity of their position, as organs of two great parties, embracing in their ranks all the property, the rank, and the intelligence of the country, precludes any departure from a subdued though earnest tone of dissertation.

The view of the immense field of periodical literature in England, of which the present essay embraces but a part,

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(the consideration of the character and effects of the Newspaper Press making the subject far too voluminous for one of our papers) the completion of which we hope to present to our readers on a future opportunity, will render necessary a distinction between the degree of political influence enjoyed by the leading reviews, and that possessed even by the most able of the daily or weekly journals; the persuasive or converting power being in the latter case far inferior in energy: indeed it may be asserted that while the Review *leads*, the Newspaper rather *expresses*, public opinion, a point of distinction which we hope to have some other and fitter opportunity to demonstrate.

Next in importance to the two great reviews, and devoted less to serious discussion than to a mingling of grave and gay, with the frequent relief of poetry, tales, and the lighter products of intellect, is «Blackwood's Magazine.» This, like the Quarterly, is the advocate of existing institutions; a journal which has supported its long-established and European reputation by an unvarying degree of merit, unparallelled, we believe, in literary history. Among the multitude of great names that have been connected with Blackwood's Magazine, may be mentioned Scott; James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, long a constant contributor, whose tales and ballads are the very essence of fun and pathos; Professor Wilson, the present Editor, the author of a series of imaginary conversations, which have long excited the alternate laughter, tears, and admiration of his readers; De Quincey, the author of the «Confessions of an Opium-Eater», one of the most striking and original of modern works; the learned and witty Maginn, and a host of other celebrated persons. In Blackwood too appeared that series of papers of such engrossing and painful interest, the «Diary of a Late Physician,» and more recently a tale of great merit, (attributed to the same eloquent author, Mr. Warren) entitled «Ten Thousand a-Year.»

Advocating, and with equal ability, the same political doctrines, «Fraser's Magazine» has, during a career of forty years sustained an increasing reputation. It is in the gay and caustic pages of Fraser that the topic of the day is sure to be found,

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discussed with singular smartness and electric brilliancy of effect; while its Tales, Poetry, and lighter materials are invariably conceived with originality, and executed with a strong and delicate touch.

It would indeed be inconceivable if a party, strong at least in numbers, which carries, still farther than the Edinburgh, Whig or soi-disant Liberal principles, should be without an organ for its sentiments.

The Radical, or Ultra-Liberal, doctrines are represented by the « Westminster Review, » a quarterly publication, which developes the theories of its supporters with considerable talent, and, in general, with a praise-worthy moderation of language. This journal has published several articles of remarkable merit on subjects connected with the Fine Arts. Into that innocent and sacred atmosphere the heated breath of factious passion cannot intrude; and the wild rhapsodies of republicanism give place to cool and elevating discussions, where « moderate varieties, and brotherly dissimilitudes » (1) can give interest without provoking recrimination.

Among the Monthly journals, all more or less replete with wit and wisdom, with fun and pathos, we can afford to notice only the « New Monthly« , the « Metropolitan, » and the » Dublin University, » Magazines; the two former edited by two of our most distinguished and popular Novelists, the late Theodore Hook, and Captain Marryatt, the author of Peter Simple. As may be expected, these Magazines contain ample indication of the genius of their Editors in Romances from their pen, continued through many numbers.

We cannot resist, in this place, expressing our serious disapproval of a system which has lately become general in our literature; we mean the practice of publishing Novels in the monthly parts of the various periodicals. This, we think, has a most injurious effect upon the work so placed before the public; an effect equally pernicious to the author and the reader. The former is induced to make, and the latter to expect, a monthly sacrifice of nature, of dramatic arrangement,

(1) Milton, Apology for Smectymnuus

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and of good taste, to the craving for unnatural excitement, which demands that each number shall contain some violent coup-de-théatre, some unexpected explosion of incident, to the total destruction of that sustained and regulated interest which arises from a well-concocted and maturely deliberated fable. It was not thus that the Giants of English Romance conducted their drama, — Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and Scott. They were not compelled to fill the gaping ravenous maw of the public Cerberus with these intoxicating and indigestible gobbets of exaggerated interest: and we doubt the possibility of any writer, however gifted, however conscientious, being long able to resist the temptation afforded by this system, and to abstain from agonizing and distorting his conceptions, and mistaking the writhings of morbid frenzy for the healthy vigour of good sense and propriety.

Independently of thus pandering to the taste for violent excitement, this practice appears objectionable on another account, not unworthy of notice, though arising from a pecuniary consideration. It is the custom for the publishers of these romances (who are generally the publishers also of the Review in which they thus disjointedly appear) to give them to the Public in the usual form of «3 vols: post Octavo» *before* their conclusion has appeared in the periodical: thus, by a paltry trick of trade, the reader's curiosity to know the end of the Romance, is made his inducement to purchase, in effect, the same work twice over. We are surprised that authors of distinction should allow themselves to be the instruments of so unprincipled a piece of commercial ingenuity.

Our notice would not be complete were we to omit «Bentley's Miscellany,» a literary *pot-pourri* of great merit and originality, whose gaieties and gravities, in prose or verse, are of the highest order of light and airy amusement. It was originally edited by Mr. Dickens, the Author of the «Pickwick Papers,« «Nickleby,» and other works, all exhibiting the delicate appreciation of character, power and flexibility of description, and deep humour, which have gained him the just reputation of being the Fielding of his age; but at present it is under the direction of Mr. Ainsworth, who has justified the choice by

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several Romances of striking power. Nor must the quaint and refined wit of « Thomas Ingoldsby » pass without our meed of admiration, whose wild and wondrous tales of goblin pranks are, like the Ballad-book of old Gawain Douglas, full of « brownyis and bogilis, » and are recounted with a dry drollery equally appropriate and inimitable.

Of the number of periodicals devoted either wholly or principally to criticism, or to some particular object of professional interest, it will be sufficient to enumerate the titles. The « Literary Gazette » and the « Athenæum, » both weekly journals of long standing, contain short and lively essays on topics of momentary interest, enriched besides with elaborate reports of the transactions of scientific societies. The « United Service Journal » chronicling all the notabilia of the Army and Navy, occasionally contains articles of great general interest.

The « British and Foreign Quarterly » is principally devoted to Continental literature. The « Asiatic Journal » a publication conducted with ability, presents us with full intelligence respecting the gigantic Eastern Empire of Great Britain.

The « Farmer's Magazine » presents us with agricultural, the « Law » with legal information; the « Phrenological » is devoted to reading the dreams of Craniology.

The « Civil Engineer » brings us tle latest news from the Harbour, the Work-shop, or the Mine; the « Railway » informs us of the establishment or progress of one more filament in that immense net-work of Iron Roads which is rapidly covering the whole face of the country. The « British and Foreign Medical Review » and the « Lancet » give us the most interesting intelligence from the hospital and the dissecting-room; the latter proving the appropriateness of its title by the sharpness, the brilliancy, and not unfrequently by the salutary effect of its keen and stinging strictures on the practice of the Physician. « Tait's » and « Chambers' » Magazines provide a banquet of cheap and innocent amusement for the Labourer and the Artisan; while the « Magazine of Domestic Economy » contains valuable hints for the careful House-Keeper. Last, though not least, we mention the « Sporting Magazine, » which mingles with the annals of the Turf and

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the Chase much valuable information respecting the breed, training and qualities of the Horse and Dog.

The above are a *portion* of the sources from whence this journal will draw its matter : that they are pure and abundant no one will, we think deny ; and we conclude the present essay with a hope, that our readers will find that the difficult task of selecting from so large a number of works has been performed with judgment ; and with the *promise* (for this we may be allowed to make without the imputation of vanity) that the pages of the St-Petersburg English Review will never contain a word which can raise a blush upon the cheek of matron or of maid, nor cause our readers to regret the Exalted Patronage with which its establishment has been honoured.

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HO-FI OF THE YELLOW GIRDLE.

Ho-Fi had a strong constitution to support him against poisoned tea, and three Chinese physicians. He slowly recovered from their *effects*.

He was restored once more to his fond wife; but fond as she had always shown herself, So-Sli could not prevent the intrusion into her mind of an unpleasant suspicion that her affectionate husband had offered her poisoned tea, from a too great solicitude to put her quite out of reach of those ugly customers, care and sorrow. Long before her marriage, surmises had been whispered, which had even reached her ears, that at least a few of his former six wives «had not been fairly dealt with;» but no one, wife or otherwise, volunteered any evidence against him; and the Chinese had not arrived at those refinements in chemical science which enable our Western luminaries, by distilling a bone, or making a fricassee of a muscle, to detect the millionth part of the shadow of nothing at all, in one who is supposed to have died by poison.

It could hardly have been hinted, that a man was such a bluebeard, without strong reason assigned for so supposing. Perhaps, to some minds, the mere fact of his having been mar-

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ried six times, and having in every instance become a widower within two months, may suffice to justify a suspicion: but if a *motive* should be sought that could render such heinous villany probable, it might be mentioned that on the marriage of a Yellow Girdle he is allowed by his cousin, the Emperor, a sum of one hundred taels (in addition to his usual stipend,) to assist in furnishing his house; and on the death of his wife, one hundred and twenty more, to assist in furnishing her sepulchre. And Ho-Fi was by no means the first of whom it had been reported, that he sought by a succession of such profitable marriages and deaths, to raise his very inconsiderable income into a handsome competency.

So-Sli could not avoid a suspicion; but, as she had really loved Ho-Fi, she tried to repress it, and not to entertain such evil thoughts as must, if confirmed, have given a death-blow to her affection. Still she was haunted by a fear that he might endeavour by other devices to lay her on the shelf with his former wives, whose coffins, like the volumes of a work, were ranged side by side, and duly numbered; each also was inscribed with the words, «Wife of Ho-Fi,» and had besides its table of contents; which, indeed, consisted merely of the lady's name.

I am sorry to say, that had So-Sli been more suspicious than she was, she would therein have done her husband no wrong. There was nothing he so earnestly wished as to have his new volume firmly put up in a camphor-wood binding, and neatly lettered to match the others.

Ho-Fi remembered an incident in a famous Chinese tragedy, an ingenious device for disposing of an obnoxious person, which he thought he might turn to account. He procured a savage dog, and having purchased a lady's dress of peculiar colours, and another of similar appearance, but inferior quality, he filled the latter with straw, bones, and offal, and on this encouraged his dog to make an *awful* attack. The dog was well pleased with the prize he discovered within, and Ho-Fi repeated this experiment on several successive days. When he considered the animal to be sufficiently familiarized with the figure, he tied him up, and kept him some time with-

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out food. He then made a present to his lady of the other dress, and expressed a desire that she might immediately indue it. This, not however until she had examined it with an apprehensive eye, she did: and he affected to be much delighted at beholding her in her new garment. He, however, pretended to have business which would call him from home for an hour, and begged that she would wait his return in a grotto in the garden; he particularly requested that she would allow no one to open a chest which he had had placed in a court of the house, and of which he said the fastening had been accidentally broken: he would not at that time tell her what it contained, but promised to do so by and by.

When So-Sli was left alone, she communed with herself. "Who knows," she said, "what man-trap or spring-gun my beloved husband may have prepared for me in the grotto? It will not, I fear, be wise to venture thither. And what does this chest contain which he has brought hither, and which he wishes to keep secret from me? Now I would wager six pots of pickled earth-worms that he has concealed in that, the grave-clothes which he intends for his affectionate So-Sli. If I detect him in such a purpose I will positively request my father to reason with him on the very great impropriety of all such modes of proceeding."

Forming this vigorous determination, So-Sli likewise resolved to examine the chest forthwith. But first she went to a cage, in which was her husband's bird of good luck, a white-necked crow. Ho-Fi valued this bird beyond all his earthly possessions; he had made it tame, and had attached it to him, and he considered that whilst he possessed it, no material ill-fortune could befal him. So-Sli frequently fed it, and it had become fond of her also, from which it was to be believed that its kindly influence would extend to her. She took it now from its cage, and placed it on her wrist, and having tendered it a kiss, which was affectionately received and reciprocated, she went into the yard to discover the contents of the mysterious chest. She unhesitatingly raised the lid; but let it fall again with great precipitation as with a loud growl a savage dog attempted to spring from within.

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So-Sli ran, and the cover of the chest having fallen on the back of Bou-wou,—such was the dog's name,—she was able to gain a few paces before he had struggled from it. He would, however, soon have made rags of her new garment in his customary search, had she not, with great presence of mind, seized Ho-Fi's bird of good luck by the neck, and whisking it rapidly three times round, thrown it to her hungry pursuer. He jumped aside to snap at it, and So-Sli, reaching the door, closed it against him, and secured it with several bolts.

When Ho-Fi returned, So-Sli told him that a savage dog had got loose in the court, and that his bird of luck had vanished.

« As I looked in the cage, » she said, « suddenly I beheld him wax paler and paler, till, having become thinner than mist, he passed between the bars, and what became of him after I cannot at all tell. »

Naughty little So-Sli told a story in this.

Ho-Fi was inconsolable for the loss of his bird. « Better, » said he, « to lose nine wives than to lose a bird of good luck. » And inwardly he feared lest the bird of good luck, having thus vanished in the presence of So-Sli, might indicate the calamity he most dreaded,— that he should lose no more wives.

In a few days, however, his wits were again at work. Finding that So-Sli's suspicions were awakened, he judged it best to send his dog back to the place in which he had been trained; and he would not try a fresh experiment with him.

Another week had passed; it was evening, and the shadows of the western hills were gradually extending eastward over the richly cultivated fields. This last fact I mention, not as necessary to the elucidation of my story, but merely because an erroneous opinion seems to have possessed the minds of many, that shadows are unknown in China. The artists of the celestial empire exhibit their *hopeful* character by omitting the dark side of every picture. They would make you believe that Peter Schlemil's friend had walked through the land, and bought shadow and shade, every inch of the commodity. Foreigners, however, have not discovered that na-

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ture in this particular, has framed for China laws different from those in operation over other portions of the globe: but the Chinese seem really to be unaware that shadow exists among them; and in their writings and discourse, as in their pictures, always represent their country as an all-enlightened land.

It was evening; and the beautiful So-Sli was sitting in a verandah, very diligently engaged in embroidering a dress, and chewing betel, when Ho-Fi approached, and assuming an appearance of sudden alarm and solicitude, exclaimed.

«By the thumb-nails of Con-fut-tsee you cannot be well, my sweetest So-Sli. I charge you, by all that is most moral, tell me what ails you? Your complexion is like silk, and you must needs be under the evil influence of the melancholic Saturn; thence cold has gained a predominancy over heat in your temperament, and dryness over moisture. Go, therefore, to your chamber; avoid all yellow objects, and also those of gloomy white; you had better indeed put out your lantern, and close your window, that you may see nothing but a lively black about you. I will go hence, lest the hue of my girdle exercise a malignant effect upon you; and, if you will betake yourself to bed, I will send hither a physician of great skill, who will feel your pulses, and determine from the stars what medicines you should use.»

The Chinese possess many secrets of physical science quite unknown to the philosophers of Europe. Among others is the mysterious dependance of particular colours upon particular planets; yellow upon Saturn, for example, and black upon Mercury. White is their mourning colour; and black, as its opposite, must needs, therefore, be regarded among them as having a particularly gay and agreeable character.

A Chinese physician is not content with feeling one pulse of his patient; he must feel many. From each he learns somewhat of the disease, and he needs no other indications to guide him. It is a simple plan, and removes most of the difficulties that beset the European doctor in the formation of his diagnosis; pulse with him is everything; like the Brahmin he lives upon pulse. He consults, indeed, the planets, as we

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did some centuries since; but in one thing he resembles our modern pharmacopeists, that beyond all stars he believes in the healing virtues of Mercury.

So-Sli wondered what the solicitude of her husband might portend. Was Bou-wou awaiting her in her chamber, and preparing a dose of bark? «You don't bite me so easily,» thought So-Sli; and she entreated Ho-Fi, that if she should immediately betake herself to bed, he would retire to rest at the same time? He excused himself on the ground that he must forthwith call a physician, and though for a while she made some objections to this, having a great dislike to doctor's stuff and doctors's learning, which she classed together as stuff and nonsense, she gave in at last, as he seemed to wish it particularly; and she told him, at the same time, that if there was anything else he desired, she sincerely wished he might get it.

Ho-Fi went to seek the physician; and So-Sli, taking a lantern, and having glanced in a mirror, to assure herself of what all along she had strongly suspected, that she was *not* so yellow as silk, went to her chamber, and very cautiously opened the door, throwing in a bone before she would enter, to find if the coast were clear. A bone, do you note, is no such poor matter but that, if hungry, a dog will «snap at it.»

No dog snapped at the bone, and So-Sli ventured into the chamber; she moved with great circumspection about it, lest some hidden wire should catch her sweet little hoof, and upset her; and she examined the room with the utmost care, to discover *what* danger might be concealed within it; for she had fully made up her mind that there was *some*.

She examined the chimney; she pried in every corner; she turned about the table and chairs; she looked in the oven under the bed. The oven under the bed? Yes, truly; the oven was under the bed. So to place it is a common practice in the Chinese Empire, and unquestionably an acute; in one side of a Chamber is an arched recess, in which is placed the bed on a raised platform, and beneath it the oven. What a very cosy thing upon a winter's night! The warming-

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pan as large as the mattress. You put your bread in the oven, and have a hot roll in bed. But perhaps this practice may have done something towards making the Chinese rather a crusty people.

She detected no gunpowder-plot in the oven; no *shell* to put her in mind of her coffin. The Chinese don't understand much about shells. Perhaps the scientific expedition under Admiral Elliott may yet have occasion to give them some lessons in conchology.

So-Sli was not yet satisfied. «What,» said she, «an' if I find needles in my bed?» and the mere idea gave her a stitch in her side. She lifted the bed-clothes, but let them fall again much more quickly; she was frightened, but she did not shriek. She gave utterance to a little gasping cry, such as might proceed from a terrified «sucking-dove;» and she did not run away, for though she had arrived at womanhood, her feet were as those of an infant. However she tottered back a few paces, and then paused to consider what she should do.

But what had she seen in the bed? Had any of you seen it, my fair readers, the apparition of the old gentleman's tail, to which it bore a very marked resemblance, could scarcely have frightened you more. It was a huge black adder. You must not, however, suppose that, though startled, our little celestial lady was scared at all in the same degree that you would have been; by reason that she had been on most familiar terms with many of his kin in the kitchen; he soon began, in her mind's eye, to assume an appearance by no means unpleasing: that ugly black cloak was loosened from about his throat, and stripped off; it rustled gradually to his tail, and revealed beneath a delicate white skin. He grew in grace as he lay coiled up in a little iron cradle, that seemed made on purpose for him. This having been laid in a warm place, he got lively, and his antics and gesticulations became infinitely diverting; but when at last he had exhausted himself with this amusement, he fell into a torpor, and being then plunged into a warm bath of milk and spices——

So-Sli hobbled quietly out of the room; she called a female servant, and sent her into the court to bring a young

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rat from the coop; to its leg they tied a small stone, and put it into a large, long earthen pot with a small neck; and just peeping under the clothes of the bed, to see whereabouts the adder lay, they thrust this in with the mouth towards him. They listened, and after a time fancied that they heard him glide into it, and this was confirmed by a little squeak from the rat; so, cautiously lifting the clothes, they suddenly raised the jar upon the end, and put a stopper over its mouth. The adder was in for a fix: «I shall 'go to pot,'» thought he; but it was no use to make a coil about it.

So-Sli sat up to wait the return of her loving and liege lord: «I shall stay by him a little yet,» she said; «an adder shall not be our divider.»

Two or three hours elapsed ere his return: he had forgotten the physician.

As he entered; he seemed startled at beholding her. «My dearest So-Sli,» he said, «how is it that you have not retired to bed, as I requested? Believe me you act most dangerously in neglecting my advice, and exposing yourself thus to the air whilst under the influence of these cold humours.»

«Had I gone to bed, as you bade me,» she answered, «I should but have got from my cold humours into a very hot one; and it would not have been at all conducive to my comfort or my health. Whilst you were absent from me, how could I have rested? I should have been haunted by dragons, and demons, and cockatrices. Besides, I expected to see the physician, and was not willing that he should visit me in my bed-chamber. How is it that he comes not with you?»

«His own son is on the point of death,» replied Ho-Fi, and I could not induce him to leave his bedside; but he desired that you should not rise from your couch whilst the cold influence was upon you; and he bade me to spend the night in watching and fasting; and at midnight to gather certain simples on the hill without the city, from which tomorrow he will prepare your medicines. I conjure you, then, as you love my yellow girdle, to go to bed without more delay.

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So-Sli at last consented to go to bed alone; but she would not do so, until he should have partaken with her of a soup, which she said she had prepared for him with great care, feeling that it would be agreeable to him after being so long exposed to the damp of the night. To this Ho-Fi had, *for his own part*, no reasonable objection to make; but for her sake wished it had not been made, and earnestly advised her by no means to take any part of it. The night air had given Ho-Fi an appetite.

So-Sli promised; they sat down on either side a small table. A lantern was placed upon it, and the soup was brought in, in a covered bowl. This was put before Ho-Fi that he might help himself, and he had placed his hand upon the cover, when So-Sli accidentally knocked the lantern from the table, and the light was extinguished. She rose suddenly from her chair in great alarm, and in doing so upset the light table, and the soup-bowl was thrown into the lap of Ho-Fi. He endeavoured to catch his supper as it fell. Unhappy Ho-Fi! his supper caught him by the wrist, and made him roar with agony. So-Sli knew his partiality for viper-soup, but had forgotten to have the reptile *cooked*.

She had played him a worse trick than her country-woman, Dah-Lee-Lah, practised upon *her* lord and master, the celebrated Sang-Song. Dah-Lee-Lah once in joke cut off his pig-tail whilst he slept, and presenting it to him at dinner in an ewer, asked if he were fond of *jugged hare*.

But So-Sli did not escape with impunity. Ho-Fi chased her round the room, and driving her at last into a corner, belaboured her for some time in an unmerciful manner, till the pain of the bite in his wrist made him fall on the floor, and beat his head against it. Whilst he was so employed his wife stepped upon his shoulder, and jumping over him, got clear out of the house. The fright she was in gave her power to run as never before her legs had carried her, and that, too, without crutches. Fright does not always thus assist us in getting out of a *hobble*.

When the first impetus infused by fear had abated, she assumed somewhat more of her ordinary walk, which was

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much such as that of a calf might be, if a calf should attempt to go on only its hind trotters. She was several times hailed by the watchmen as she passed through the streets, but they allowed her to proceed; and at last, sorely spent with the fatigue of her long and unsupported tottering, she reached her father's house.

Poo-Poo had already retired to rest. He was angry at being thus aroused, but his indignation was beyond all bounds when he heard his daughter's story. «I will appeal,» he said, «to Peking in this matter; and we will hang Ho-Fi in his yellow girdle.»

Ho-Fi, meanwhile, when the first paroxysms of pain had subsided, sent for a barber-surgeon, and had his wrist, which was swollen to the size of the calf of his leg, examined and dressed. Moreover, having no doubt heard of that ancient practice in chirurgery which cured the wound by anointing the weapon, he had the viper dressed also, and revenge furnished an excellent sauce, and greatly improved his supper.

Poo-Poo, according to promise, made his appeal to the Emperor. As Ho-Fi boasted his relationship to the imperial family, this was the properest course, though the local courts were not forbidden to exercise jurisdiction in similar cases. Commissioners were sent from Peking to investigate the affair.

Ho-Fi, and his wife, their domestics, Poo-Poo, and a few other parties, who were required as witnesses, were summoned before the tribunal. Some of the relatives of the Yellow Girdle's former wives also took care to be present in the court.

The case was fully examined. Minute evidence was entered into to prove that Ho-Fi had in various ways attempted the life of his lady; all the circumstances connected with their marriage were set forth by Poo-Poo; So-Sli gave her evidence with great perspicuity, and her statements respecting the poisoned tea and the fierce Bou-wou, as well as the viper in the bed, were corroborated by the testimony of the servants. Some amateur witnesses made it pretty apparent that Ho-Fi's former wives had all of them been Burked and Greenacred, and the judges and jury were fully satisfied of his

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guilt. The defence did not shake their confidence, though it made faults of less magnitude apparent in some other parties. The verdict of the court having been submitted to Peking, the following proclamation was in a few days received from the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, and Father of the Celestial Empire. It was addressed to all his subjects,—that is to say, to his three hundred and sixty millions of children.

« Pekin ; the sixth month ; the fourteenth day ; the fifty-eighth year of the Emperor Ho-Ho.

« Unless the laws be exercised even on the imperial kindred, they will not be obeyed.

« When the mulberry shall degenerate into the thorn, it is true that it should be rooted out.

« Guilt doth not escape the penetrating search of Ho-Ho. Ho-Ho hath long ears.

« Ho-Ho would emulate the virtues of his father, Ha-Ha, and train up by good example his son, He-He.

« It hath come to the knowledge of Ho-Ho, that a certain Yellow Girdle, named Ho-Fi, residing in the city of Din-Din, not respecting the imperial pleasure, so often proclaimed, that all shall live peaceably together without committing offences against their neighbours; hath contumaciously presumed to put six wives to death by various devices, and hath in like manner attempted the life of a seventh. The modes of their deaths have been these : for each he accounted falsely. The first fell from a rock — he ascribed it to female giddiness : the second was drowned—he said that she died of drink : the third was hanged—he spoke of her tightness of breath : the fourth was poisoned — he declared she was not careful in diet : the fifth was starved—he said that she lived too low : the sixth was choked with her share—he gave out that she could not say herself how she died. By these evasions he for a while deluded justice, but the truth hath become manifest; the chicken hath pipped the shell (1); the cat can no longer conceal the kittens ; the parrot hath moulted ; let him be ashamed of his tail.

(1) « Eggs are close things, but chickens will out at last. » A Chinese proverb, signifying that murder will out.—Davis.

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« But it is agreeable to the rules of justice that the punishment should bear some reference to the particular nature of the crime. This was the attempted murder of his seventh wife, which he hath essayed by poison, by a dog, and by a viper. It is the will, then, of Ho-Ho, that Ho-Fi be punished in this manner: that he be stung to death by adders, and that his heart be filled with poison, and given to the dog Bou-wou. In consideration of his former enormities it is further ordered, that his body be cut into exceeding small pieces, one of which shall he sent to every square mile throughout the empire, and stuck upon a thorn. That his ten nearest relatives be put to death also; but as it is well to temper justice with mercy, they shall be merely strangled. His wife So-Sli shall be strangled likewise. His servants shall submit each to two hundred strokes of the bamboo; Poo-Poo, the father of So-Sli, shall receive five hundred, shall wear the wooden collar for twelve calendar months, a proper reward for his heretical doctrines; the allowance of pay and rice to all Yellow Girdles shall cease for three years; and the principal mandarin of Hum shall be hung up in his house. »

For « hung up in his house, » some versions of the proclamation read « suspended in his office. »

The wind-up of this enunciation of the celestial will is too long for insertion here; it exhibits a fine struggle between a proper humility aud conscious wisdom.

The story of Ho-Fi is told. Chinese and poetical justice go hand-in-hand. His name has long been universally execrated throughout the Celestial Empire. The Greeks borrowed it, and among them ὀφι was an expression equivalent to « O thou serpent! » Even among us barbarous inhabitants of the isles of the Western Ocean « O Fye! » is to this day used to convey a reproach.

The critics perchance may address it to me, and consider my story as poo-poo nonsense! They may do as they please, but I shall sing

« FO SAVE THE EMPEROR! »

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

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ENGINEERING WORKS

OF THE ANCIENTS,

N° I.

PASSAGE OF SEAS.—BOSPHORUS—HELLESPONT—GULF OF SALAMIS.

Darius, (1) having determined on an expedition against the Scythians, gave orders to throw a bridge over the Thracian Bosphorus, or, as it is now called, the canal of Constantinople. This bridge was placed at Chalcedon, or, as Herodotus conjectures, nearly midway between Byzantium and the temple at the entrance of the Euxine, and was constructed under the direction of Mandrocles, a Samian, who executed it so much to the satisfaction of Darius, that he made him many valuable presents. With the produce of these presents Mandroclos caused a representation to be made of the Bosphorus with the bridge thrown over it, and the king seated on a throne, reviewing his troops as they passed. This he afterwards consecrated in

(1) Herodotus—Melpomene.

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the temple of Juno, with an inscription paraphrased by Beloe thus—

> Thus was the fishy Bosphorus inclos'd,
> When Samian Mandrocles his bridge impos'd:
> Who there, obedient to Darius' will,
> Approv'd his country's fame, and private skill.

This is perhaps one of the earliest instances of a votive offering, and of an artistical commemoration of an engineering work.

Xerxes the successor of Darius, in his previously mentioned campaign against the Greeks, also had occasion to pass the same sea, but at another point. (1) While he was preparing to go to Abydos, numbers were employed in throwing a bridge over the Hellespont from Asia to Europe. The coast toward the sea from Abydos, between Sestos and Madytus in the Chersonese of the Hellespont, is described as rough and woody; the distance from Abydos heing seven stades, or nearly a mile. The work however commenced at the side next Abydos. The Phœnicians used a cordage made of linen, the Egyptians the bark of the biblos. The bridge was no sooner completed than a great storm arose which destroyed the whole work; which when Xerxes heard, he ordered, as is well known, the Hellespont to be flogged, and a pair of fetters to be thrown into it. The engineers got worse off, for they were sentenced by the king to be beheaded. Our historian goes on to say, with some näiveté, that a bridge was then constructed by a different set of engineers—which we should naturally imagine; for it is difficult to conceive how men who were beheaded, could very easily preside at works *à la Saint Denis*. The mode employed, as far as it can be made out, was to connect together ships of different kinds, some long vessels of fifty oars, others three-banked galleys. These were arranged in a double row, one set transversely, but the other in the direction of the current. When these vessels were firmly connected to

(1) Herodotus, Polyhymnia.

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each other, they were secured on each side by anchors of great strength; they left however openings in three places, sufficient to afford a passage for light vessels, which might have occasion to sail into the Euxine or from it. Having performed this, they extended cables from the shore, stretching them upon large capstans of wood, for which purpose they did not employ a number of separate cables, but united two of white flax with four of biblos. These were alike in thickness, and apparently so in goodness, but those of flax were in proportion much the more solid, weighing not less than a talent to a cubit, in expression showing that the ancients knew how to appreciate the qualities of cordage. When the pass was thus secured, they sawed out rafters of wood, making their length equal to the space required for the bridge; these they laid in order across upon the extended cables, and then bound them fast together. They next brought unwrought wood, (fascines qy?) which they placed very regularly upon the rafters: over all they threw earth, which they raised to a proper height, and finished all by a fence on each side, that the horses and other beasts of burden might not be terrified by looking down upon the sea. Two ways were thus made, one on each set of boats; on one of these ways, namely, the northern, the infantry and cavalry passed, and over the southern the camp-followers and the baggage. The bridge was afterwards destroyed by a storm.

At a subsequent period of the campaign, Xerxes contemplating flight, for the purpose of amusing the Athenians, he made an effort to connect the island of Salamis with the continent, joining for this purpose the Phœnician transports together to serve both as a bridge and a wall.

BRIDGE.—EUPHRATES—BRICKS.

Babylon, (1) being divided by the river Euphrates into two distinct parts, whoever wanted to go from one side to the

(1) Herodotus, Clio.

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other was obliged to pass the water in a boat. To remedy this general inconvenience, and it is mentioned by the historian as an expedient not usual, Nitocris, Queen of Babylon, determined upon building a bridge, from which period we may date the formation of permanent bridges as a part of engineering. Having procured a number of large stones, she changed the course of the river, directing it into a canal prepared for its reception, and so into a large marsh or reservoir. The natural bed of the river being thus made dry, the embankments on each side near the centre of the city were lined with bricks, hardened with fire. Upon this we may remark that the Babylonians used two kinds of bricks, the common brick, baked in the sun, and another brick burned in a furnace; this latter kind was most probably used on this occasion, as the more durable. Nitocris then, with the stones before prepared, erected a number of piers, strongly compacted with iron and lead; on these piers a platform was laid, which was removed at night to prevent communication between the different quarters of the city. The bridge being completed, the river was allowed to return to its natural bed. This work, according to Diodorus Siculus, was five furlongs in length.

EMBANKMENTS.—EUPHRATES—ACES—SLUICES.

Nitocris, just mentioned, is said to have been the author of several other remarkable works, some of which are however, doubtful. Being fearful of the ambition of the Medes, she is said, for the purpose of preventing communication with them by the Euphrates, to have diverted the course of the river above Babylon, by sinking a number of canals, and giving it a winding shape. To restrain the river on each side, she raised banks, which are described as wonderful on account of their enormous height and substance. A large lake or reservoir is also attributed to this queen, its circumference being stated at fifty miles, but it is more than probable that her works were confined to reclaiming part of a natural marsh, or to securing the banks; these she lined with stones brought thither for that purpose.

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Herodotus relates in his third book an account of operations on the river Aces, on which doubt has been thrown, but which, whether true or false, will be equally interesting as illustrating the engineering opinions of the ancients. He says that there is in Asia a large plain surrounded on every part by a ridge of hills, through which there are five different apertures. It formerly belonged to the Chorasmians, who inhabit those hills in common with the Hyrcanians, Parthians, Sarangensians, and Thomaneans; but after the subjection of these nations to Persia, it became the property of the great king. From these surrounding hills there issues a large river called Aces: this formerly, being conducted through the openings of the mountain, watered the several countries before mentioned. But when these regions came under the power of the Persians, the apertures were closed, and gates placed at each of them, to prevent the passage of the river, from which expression we infer that the Persians were acquainted with the use of sluices. Thus on the inner side, from the waters having no issue, the plain became a sea, and the neighbouring nations, deprived of their accustomed resource, were reduced to extreme distress from the want of water. In winter they, in common with other nations, had the benefit of the rains, but in summer, after sowing their millet and sesame, they required water, but in vain. Not being assisted in their distress, the inhabitants of both sexes hastened to Persia, and presenting themselves before the palace of the king, made loud complaints. In consequence of this, the monarch directed the gates to be opened towards those parts where water was most immediately wanted, ordering them again to be closed after the lands had been sufficiently refreshed; the same was done with respect to them all, beginning where moisture was wanted the most. This, however, was only granted in consideration of a large donation over and above the usual tribute.

That the Persians were well acquainted with the operation of damming, appears also by other instances. Xerxes having examined the Peneus, a river of Thessaly, inquired whether it could be conducted to the sea by any other channel, and received from his guides, who were well acquainted with the

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country, this reply: «As Thessaly, O King, is on every side encircled by mountains, the Peneus can have no other communication with the sea.» «The Thessalians,» Xerxes is said to have answered, «are a sagacious people. They have been careful to decline a contest for many reasons, and particularly as they must have discerned that their country would afford an easy conquest to an invader. All that would be necessary to deluge the whole of Thessaly, except the mountainous parts, would be to stop up the mouth of the river, and thus throw back its waters upon the country.»

(CIVIL ENGINEER.)

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ADVENTURES OF DEERSLAYER.

DEATH OF THE RED MAN. (1)

Day had fairly dawned before Deerslayer opened his eyes. This was no sooner done than he started up, and looked about him with the eagerness of one who suddenly felt the importance of accurately ascertaining his precise position. His rest had been deep and undisturbed ; and when he awoke, it was with a clearness of intellect, and a readiness of resources that were much needed at that particular moment. The sun had not risen, it is true, but the vault of heaven was rich with the winning softness that « brings and shuts the day, » while the whole air was filled with the carols of birds, the hymns of the feathered tribe. These sounds first told him the risks he ran. The air, for wind it could scarcely be called, was still light, it is true, but it had increased a little in the course

(1) From the forthcoming romance, entitled « The Deerslayer, » by Mr. Cooper.

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of the night, and as the canoes were mere feathers on the water, they had drifted twice the expected distance; and, what was still more dangerous, had approached so near the base of the mountain that here rose precipitously from the eastern shore, as to render the carols of the birds plainly audible. This was not the worst. The third canoe had taken the same direction, and was slowly drifting towards a point where it must most inevitably touch, unless turned aside by a shift of wind, or human hands. In other respects nothing presented itself to attract attention, or to awaken alarm. The castle stood on its shoal, nearly abreast of the canoes, for the drift had amounted to miles in the course of the night, and the bark lay fastened to its piles, as both had been left so many hours before.

As a matter of course, Deerslayer's attention was first given to the canoe ahead. It was already quite near the point, and a very few strokes of the paddle sufficed to tell him that it must touch before he could possibly overtake it. Just at this moment, too, the wind inopportunely freshened, rendering the drift of the light craft much more rapid and certain. Feeling the impossibility of preventing a contact with the land, the young man wisely determined not to heat himself with unnecessary exertions; but, first looking to the priming of his piece, he proceeded slowly and warily towards the point, taking care to make a little circuit, that he might be exposed on only one side, as he approached.

The canoe adrift, being directed by no such intelligence, pursued its proper way, and grounded on a small sunken rock, at the distance of three or four yards from the shore. Just at that moment Deerslayer had got abreast of the point, and turned the bows of his own boat to the land; first casting loose his tow, that his movements might be unencumbered. The canoe hung an instant on the rock; then it rose a hair's breadth on an almost imperceptible swell of the water, swung round, floated clear, and reached the strand. All this the young man noted, but it neither quickened his pulse, nor hastened his hand. If any one had been lying in wait for the arrival of the waif, he must be seen, and the utmost

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caution in approaching the shore became indispensable; if no one was in ambush, hurry was unnecessary. The point being nearly diagonally opposite to the Indian encampment, he hoped the last, though the former was not only possible, but probable; for the savages were prompt in adopting all the expedients of their particular modes of warfare, and quite likely had many scouts searching the shores for craft to carry them off to the castle. As a glance at the lake from any height or projection would expose the smallest object on its surface, there was little hope that either of the canoes could pass unseen; and Indian sagacity needed no instruction to tell which way a boat or a log would drift when the direction of the wind was known. As Deerslayer drew nearer to the land, the stroke of his paddle grew slower, his eye became more watchful, and his ears and nostrils almost dilated with the effort to detect any lurking danger. 'Twas a trying moment for a novice, nor was there the encouragement which even the timid sometimes feel when conscious of being observed and commended. He was entirely alone, thrown on his own resources, and was cheered by no friendly eye, emboldened by no encouraging voice. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the most experienced veteran in forest warfare could not have conducted himself better. Equally free from recklessness and hesitation, his advance was marked by a sort of philosophical prudence, that appeared to render him superior to all motives but those which were best calculated to effect his purpose. Such was the commencement of a career in forest exploits, that afterwards rendered this man, in his way, and under the limits of his habits and opportunities, as renowned as many a hero whose name has adorned the pages of works more celebrated than legends simple as ours can ever become.

When about a hundred yards from the shore, Deerslayer rose in the canoe, gave three or four vigorous strokes with the paddle, sufficient of themselves to impel the bark to land, and then quickly laying aside the instrument of labour, he seized that of war. He was in the very act of raising the rifle, when a sharp report was followed by the buzz of a bullet that passed so near his body as to cause him involun-

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tarily to start. The next instant Deerslayer staggered, and fell his whole length in the bottom of the canoe. A yell—it came from a single voice—followed, and an Indian leaped from the bushes upon the open area of the point, bounding towards the canoe. This was the moment the young man desired. He rose on the instant, and levelled his own rifle at his uncovered foe; but his finger hesitated about pulling the trigger on one whom he held at such a disadvantage. This little delay probably saved the life of the Indian, who bounded back into the cover as swiftly as he had broken out of it. In the mean time Deerslayer had been swiftly approaching the land, and his own canoe reached the point just as his enemy disappeared. As its movements had not been directed, it touched the shore a few yards from the other boat; and though the rifle of his foe had to be loaded, there was not time to secure his prize, and to carry it beyond danger, before he would be exposed to another shot. Under the circumstances, therefore, he did not pause an instant, but dashed into the woods and sought a cover.

On the immediate point there was a small open area, partly in native grass, and partly beach, but a dense fringe of bushes lined its upper side. This narrow belt of dwarf vegetation passed, one issued immediately into the high and gloomy vaults of the forest. The land was tolerably level for a few hundred feet, and then it rose precipitously in a mountain-side. The trees were tall, large, and so free from under-brush that they resembled vast columns irregularly scattered, upholding a dome of leaves. Although they stood tolerably close together for their ages and size, the eye could penetrate to considerable distances; and bodies of men even, might have engaged beneath their cover with concert and intelligence.

Deerslayer knew that his adversary must be employed in re-loading, unless he had fled. The former proved to be the case, for the young man had no sooner placed himself behind a tree than he caught a glimpse of the arm of the Indian, his body being concealed by an oak, in the very act of forcing the leathered bullet home. Nothing would have been easier than to spring forward and decide the affair by a close

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assault on his unprepared foe; but every feeling of Deerslayer revolted at such a step, although his own life had just been attempted from a cover. He was yet unpractised in the ruthless expedients of savage warfare, of which he knew nothing except by tradition and theory, and it struck him as an unfair advantage to assail an unarmed foe. His colour had heightened, his eye frowned, his lips were compressed, and all his energies were collected and ready; but, instead of advancing to fire, he dropped his rifle to the usual position of a sportsman in readiness to catch his aim, and muttered to himself, unconscious that he was speaking.—

«No, no — that may be red-skin warfare, but it's not a Christian's gifts. Let the miscreant charge, and then we'll take it out like men; for the canoe he *must* not, and *shall* not have. No, no; let him have time to load, and God will take care of the right!»

All this time the Indian had been so intent on his own movements that he was even ignorant that his enemy was in the wood. His only apprehension was, that the canoe would be recovered and carried away before he might be in readiness to prevent it. He had sought the cover from habit, but was within a few feet of the fringe of bushes, and could be at the margin of the forest, in readiness to fire, in a moment. The distance between him and his enemy was about fifty yards, and the trees were so arranged by nature that the line of sight was not interrupted, except by the particular trees behind which each party stood.

His rifle was no sooner loaded than the savage glanced around him, and advanced incautiously as regarded the real, but stealthily as respected the fancied position of his enemy, until he was fairly exposed. Then Deerslayer stepped from behind his own cover, and hailed him.

«This-a-way, red-skin; this-a-way, if you 're looking for me,» he called out. «I 'm young in war, but not so young as to stand on an open beach to be shot down like an owl, by daylight. It rests on yourself whether it 's peace or war atween us; for my gifts are white gifts, and I 'm not one of

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them that thinks it valiant to slay human mortals, singly, in the woods.»

The savage was a good deal startled by this sudden discovery of the danger he ran. He had a little knowledge of English, however, and caught the drift of the other's meaning. He was also too well schooled to betray alarm, but, dropping the butt of his rifle to the earth, with an air of confidence, he made a gesture of lofty courtesy. All this was done with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to consider no man his superior. In the midst of this consummate acting, however, the volcano that raged within caused his eyes to glare, and his nostrils to dilate, like those of some wild beast that is suddenly prevented from taking the fatal leap.

«Two canoe,» he said, in the deep guttural tones of his race, holding up the number of fingers he mentioned, by way of preventing mistakes; «one for you—one for me.»

«No, no, Mingo, that will never do. You own neither, and neither shall you have, as long as I can prevent it. I know it 's war atween your people and mine, but that 's no reason why human mortals should slay each other, like savage creatur's that meet in the woods; go your way, then, and leave me to go mine. The world is large enough for us both; and when we meet fairly in battle, why, the Lord will order the fate of each of us.»

«Good!» exclaimed the Indian; «my brother missionary—great talk; all about Manitou.»

«Not so—not so, warrior. I 'm not good enough for the Moravians, and am too good for most of the other vagabonds that preach about in the woods. No, no,—I 'm only a hunter, as yet, though afore the peace is made, 'tis like enough there 'll be occasion to strike a blow at some of your people. Still, I wish it to be done in fair fight, and not in a quarrel about the ownership of a miserable canoe.»

«Good! My brother very young—but he very wise. Little warrior—great talker. Chief, sometimes, in council.»

«I don't know this, nor do I say it, Indian,» returned Deerslayer, colouring a little at the ill-concealed sarcasm of

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the other's manner; «I look forward to a life in the woods, and I only hope it may be a peaceable one. All young men must go on the war-path, when there's occasion, but war isn't needfully massacre. I've seen enough of the last this very night to know that Providence frowns on it; and I now invite you to go your own way, while I go mine; and hope that we may part fri'nds.»

«Good! My brother has two scalp—grey hair under t' other. Old wisdom—young tongue.»

Here the savage advanced with confidence, his hand extended, his face smiling, and his whole bearing denoting amity and respect. Deerslayer met his offered friendship in a proper spirit, and they shook hands cordially, each endeavouring to assure the other of his sincerity and desire to be at peace.

«All have his own,» said the Indian; «my canoe, mine; your canoe, your'n. Go look; if your'n, you keep; if mine, I keep.»

«That's just, red-skin; though you must be wrong in thinking the canoe your property. Howsever, seein' is believin', and we'll go down to the shore, where you may look with your own eyes; for it's likely you'll object to trustin' altogether to mine.»

The Indian uttered his favourite exclamation of «good!» and then they walked side by side towards the shore. There was no apparent distrust in the manner of either, the Indian moving in advance, as if he wished to show his companion that he did not fear turning his back to him. As they reached the open ground the former pointed towards Deerslayer's boat, and said emphatically—

«No mine—pale-face canoe. *This* red-man's. No want other man's canoe—want his own.»

«You 're wrong, red-skin,—you 're altogether wrong. This canoe was left in old Hutter's keeping, and is his'n according to all law, red or white, till its owner comes to claim it. Here 's the seats and the stitching of the bark to speak for themselves. No man ever know'd an Indian to turn off such work.»

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« Good! My brother little old — big wisdom. Indian no make him. White man's work. »

« I 'm glad you think so, for holding out to the contrary might have made ill blood atween us ; every one having a right to take possession of his own. I 'll just shove the canoe out of reach of dispute at once, as the quickest way of settling difficulties. »

While Deerslayer was speaking he put a foot against the end of the light boat, and giving a vigorous shove, he sent it out into the lake a hundred feet or more, where, taking the true current, it would necessarily float past the point, and be in no further danger of coming ashore. The savage started at this ready and decided expedient, and his companion saw that he cast a hurried and fierce glance at his own canoe, or that which contained the paddles. The change of manner, however, was but momentary, and then the Iroquois resumed his air of friendliness, and a smile of satisfaction.

« Good! » he repeated, with stronger emphasis than ever. « Young head, old mind. Know how to settle quarrel. Farewell, brother. He go to house in water—muskrat house—Indian go to camp ; tell chiefs no find canoe. »

Deerslayer was not sorry to hear his proposal, for he felt anxious to join the females, and he took the offered hand of the Indian very willingly. The parting words were friendly ; and, while the red man walked calmly towards the wood, with the rifle in the hollow of his arm, without once looking back in uneasiness or distrust, the white man moved towards the remaining canoe, carrying his piece in the same pacific manner, it is true, but keeping his eyes fastened on the movements of the other. This distrust, however, seemed to be altogether uncalled for, and, as if ashamed to have entertained it, the young man averted his look, and stepped carelessly up to his boat. Here he began to push the canoe from the shore, and to make his other preparations for departing. He might have been thus employed a minute, when, happening to turn his face towards the land, his quick and certain eye told him at a glance the imminent jeopardy in which his life was placed. The black, ferocious eyes of the savage were glancing on him,

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like those of the crouching tiger, through a small opening in the bushes, and the muzzle of his rifle seemed already to be opening in a line with his own body.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Deerslayer as a hunter did him good service. Accustomed to fire with the deer on the bound, and often when the precise position of the animal's body had in a manner to be guessed at, he used the same expedients here. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single moment, and a single motion; then aiming almost without sighting, he fired into the bushes where he knew a body ought to be, in order to sustain the appalling countenance, which alone was visible. There was not time to raise the piece any higher, or to take a more deliberate aim. So rapid were his movements; that both parties discharged their pieces at the same instant, the concussions mingling in one report. The mountains, indeed, gave back but a single echo. Deerslayer dropped his piece, and stood, with head erect, steady as one of the pines in the calm of a June morning, watching the result; while the savage gave the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing a tomahawk. Still Deerslayer moved not, but stood with his unloaded rifle fallen against his shoulders, while, with a hunter's habits, his hands were mechanically feeling for the powder-horn and charger. When about forty feet from his enemy, the savage hurled his keen weapon; but it was with an eye so vacant, and a hand so unsteady and feeble, that the young man caught it by the handle at it was flying past him. At that instant the Indian staggered, and fell his whole length upon the ground.

«I know'd it—I know'd it!» exclaimed Deerslayer, who was already preparing to force a fresh bullet into his rifle; «I know'd it must come to this as soon as I had got the range from the creatur's eyes. A man sights suddenly, and fires quick, when his own life's in danger; yes, I know'd it would come to this. I was about the hundredth part of a second too quick for him, or it might have been bad for me! The riptyle's bullet has just grazed my side—but say what you

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will for or again 'em, a red-skin is by no means as sartain with powder and ball as a white man. Their gifts don't seem to lie that-a-way. Even Chingachgook, great as he is in other matters, isn't downright deadly with the rifle.

By this time the piece was reloaded, and Deerslayer, after tossing the tomahawk into the canoe, advanced to his victim, and stood over him, leaning on his rifle in melancholy attention. It was the first instance in which he had seen a man fall in battle—it was the first fellow-creature against whom he had ever seriously raised his own hand. The sensations were novel; and regret, with the freshness of our better feelings, mingled with his triumph. The Indian was not dead, though shot directly through the body. He lay on his back motionless, but his eyes, now full of conciousness, watched each action of his victor—as the fallen bird regards the fowler—jealous of every movement. The man probably expected the fatal blow which was to precede the loss of his scalp; or, perhaps he anticipated that this latter act of cruelty would precede his death. Deerslayer read his thoughts; and he found a melancholy satisfaction in relieving the apprehensions of the helpless savage.

«No, no, red-skin,» he said; «you 've nothing more to fear from me. I am of a Christian stock, and scalping is not of my gifts. I 'll just make sartain of your rifle, and then come back and do you what sarvice I can. Though here I can't stay much longer, as the crack of three rifles will be apt to bring some of your devils down upon me.»

The close of this was said in a sort of a soliloquy, as the young man went in quest of the fallen rifle. The piece was found where its owner had dropped it, and was immediately put into the canoe. Laying his own rifle at its side, Deerslayer then returned, and stood over the Indian again.

«All inmity atween you and me 's at an ind, red-skin,» he said; «and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury. My gifts are white, as I 've told you; and I hope my conduct will be white also!»

Could looks have conveyed all they meant, it is probable Deerslayer's innocent vanity, on the subject of colour, would

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have been rebuked a little; but he comprehended the gratitude that was expressed in the eyes of the dying savage, without in the least detecting the bitter sarcasm that struggled with the better feeling.

«Water!» ejaculated the thirsty and unfortunate creature; «give poor Indian water.»

«Ay, water you shall have, if you drink the lake dry. I 'll just carry you down to it, that you may take your fill. This is the way, they tell me, with all wounded people—water is their greatest comfort and delight.»

So saying, Deerslayer raised the Indian in his arms, and carried him to the lake. Here he first helped him to take an attitude in which he could appease his burning thirst; after which he seated himself on a stone, and took the head of his wounded adversary in his own lap, and endeavoured to soothe his anguish in the best manner he could.

«It would be sinful in me to tell you your time hadn't come, warrior,» he commenced, «and therefore I 'll not say it. You 've passed the middle age already, and, considerin' the sort of lives ye lead, your days have been pretty well filled. The principal thing, now, is to look forward to what comes next. Neither red-skin nor pale-face, on the whole, calculates much on sleepin' for ever; but both expect to live in another world. Each has his gifts, and will be judged by 'em, and I suppose you 've thought these matters over enough, not to stand in need of sarmons when the trial comes. You 'll find your happy hunting-grounds, if you 've heen a just Indian; if an unjust, you 'll meet your desarts in another way. I 've my own idees about these things; but your 're too old and exper'enced to need any explanations from one as young as I.»

«Good!» ejaculated the Indian, whose voice retained its depth even as life ebbed away; «young head—old wisdom!»

«It 's sometimes a consolation when the ind comes, to know that them we 've harmed, or *tried* to harm, forgive us. I suppose natur' seeks this relief, by way of getting a pardon on 'arth; as we never can know whether He pardons, who is all in all, till judgment itself comes. Now, as for myself,

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I overlook altogether your designs ag'in my life; first, because no harm came of 'em; next, because it 's your gifts, and trainin', and I ought not to have trusted you at all; and, finally and chiefly, because I can bear no ill-will to a dying man, whether Heathen or Christian. So put your heart at ease, so far as I 'm consarned; you know best what other matters ought to trouble you, or what ought to give you satisfaction in so trying a moment.»

It is probable that the Indian had some of the fearful glimpses of the unknown state of being which God in mercy seems at times to afford to all the human race; but they were necessarily in conformity with his habits and prejudices. Like most of his people, and like too many of our own, he thought more of dying in a way to gain applause among those he left, than to secure a better state of existence hereafter. While Deerslayer was speaking, his mind was a little bewildered, though he felt that the intention was good; and when he had done, a regret passed over his spirit that none of his own tribe were present to witness his stoicism under extreme bodily suffering, and the firmness with which he met his end. With the high, innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior, before he becomes corrupted by too much intercourse with the worst class of the white men, he endeavoured to express his thankfulness for the other's good intentions, and to let him understand that they were appreciated.

«Good!» he repeated, for this was an English word much used by the savages—«good—young head: young *heart*, too. *Old* heart tough; no shed tear. Hear Indian when he die, and no want to lie—what he call him?»

«Deerslayer is the name I bear now, though the Delawares have said that when I get back from this war-path I shall have a more manly title, provided I can 'arn one.»

«That good name for boy—poor name for warrior. He get better quick. No fear *there*,»—the savage had strength sufficient under the strong excitement he felt, to raise a hand, and tap the young man on his breast—«eye sartain—finger lightning—aim, death—great warrior, soon. No Deerslayer—Hawkeye—Hawkeye—Hawkeye. Shake hand.»

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Deerslayer—or Hawkeye, as the youth was then first named, for in after years he bore the appellation throughout all that region—Deerslayer took the hand of the savage, whose last breath was drawn in that attitude, gazing in admiration at the countenance of a stranger, who had shown so much readiness, skill, and firmness, in a scene that was equally trying and novel. When the reader remembers it is the highest gratification an Indian can receive to see his enemy betray weakness, he will be better able to appreciate the conduct which had extorted so great a concession, at such a moment.

«His spirit has fled!» said Deerslayer, in a suppressed, melancholy voice. «Ah's me!—Well, to this we must all come, sooner or later; and he is happiest, let his skin be of what colour it may, who is best fitted to meet it. Here lies the body of, no doubt, a brave warrior, and the soul is already flying towards its heaven, or hell, whether that be a happy hunting-ground, or a place scant of game; regions of glory, according to Moravian doctrine, or flames, or fire. So it happens, too, as regards other matters! Here have old Hutter and Hurry Harry got themselves into difficulty, if they haven't got themselves into torment and death, and all for a bounty that luck offers to me in what many would think a lawful and suitable manner. But not a farthing of such money shall cross my hand. White I was born, and white will I die; clinging to colour to the last, even though the King's Majesty, his governors, and all his councils, both at home and in the colonies, forget from what they come, and all for a little advantage in warfare. No—no, warrior; hand of mine shall never molest your scalp, and so your soul may rest in peace on the p'int of making a decent appearance, when the body comes to join it, in your own land of spirits.

Deerslayer arose as soon as he had spoken. Then he placed the body of the dead man in a sitting posture, with its back against the little rock, taking the necessary care to prevent it from falling, or in any way settling into an attitude that might be thought unseemly by the sensitive, though wild notions of a savage. When this duty was performed, the young man stood gazing at the grim countenance of his fallen

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foe in a sort of melancholy abstraction. As was his practice, however, a habit gained by living so much alone in the forest, he then began again to give utterance to his thoughts and feelings aloud.

«I didn't wish your life, red-skin,» he said, «but you left me no choice atween killing, or being killed. Each party acted according to his gifts, I suppose, and blame can light on neither. You were treacherous, according to your natur' in war, and I was a little oversightful, as I'm apt to be in trusting others. Well, this is my first battle with a human mortal, though it's not likely to be the last. I have fou't most of the creatur's of the forest, such as bears, wolves, painters and catamounts, but this is the beginning with the red-skins. If I was Indian born, now, I might tell of this, or carry in the scalp, and boast of the expl'ite afore the whole tribe; or, if my inimy had only been even a bear, 't would have been nat'ral and proper to let everybody know what had happened; but I don't well see how I'm to let even Chingachgook into this secret, so long as it can be done only by boasting with a white tongue. And why should I wish to boast of it, after all? It's slaying a human creatur', although he was a savage; and how do I know that he was a just Indian; and that he has not been taken away suddenly to anything but happy hunting-grounds. When it's onsartain whether good or evil has been done, the wisest way is not to be boastful — still, I *should* like Chingachgook to know that I haven't discredited the Delawares, or my training.»

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THE SURGEON'S SONG.

The Turn-Key may tell, in his darksome cell
How the Murderer moans in his sleep;
When the measured toll
Hath entered his soul,
Of the Bell so stern and deep:
He may brag, I ween, of the Sights he hath seen,
He may brag of his Fetters bright,
But a braver sheen hath the Scalpel keen,
In the Surgeon's hand so white.

The Hangman may vaunt, in his blithesome chaunt,
How the starkest limbs grow weak—
Of the Felon's Eye—
Of the Agony—
The Struggle—the stifled Shriek;
He may brag, I ween, of the Sights he hath seen,
He may brag of his Halter strong;
But braver yet is the Tourniquet,
And the Bandage soft and long.

The Sexton may boast of the howling Ghost,
That sits by the Templar's grave,
Of the Worm so fat,
And the swinking Rat,
That feast in the Coffin brave:

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He may brag, I ween, of the Sights he hath seen,
He may brag of his Pick and Spade;
But I delve more deep, more gold I reap,
With the glittering Lancet-blade.

The Soldier hath stood, through a day of blood,
Like a rock in a roaring gale;
With stealing tread
Glide I to his bed—
Why turneth his cheek so pale?
He may brag, I ween, of the Wars he hath seen,
He may be brag of his Lion-Might—
One touch so bland, of the Surgeon's hand,
And he screams like a tortured Sprite.

On the Bride's pale cheek is a feverish streak,
And her eye hath an awful glow;
For with fiery fang,
The Cancer-pang
Is at work in her breast of snow:
She may brag, I ween, of how fair she has been,
She may brag of her Suitors gay—
When my Knife she shall spy, and my peering Eye,
For a quiet grave she'll pray.

All yield then of right, the Fetter bright,
The Halter, and the Spade,
The Soldier's Lance,
And Beauty's Glance,
To the Surgeon's polished Blade:
Then sing «Long Life to the gallant Knife,»
With his pale and thirsty gleam—
His slender form may he ever warm
In the darksome living Stream!

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THE SPANISH GIPSIES.

—« It would appear as though gipsies, both men and women, came into the world for no other end or purpose than to be thieves: their parents before them are thieves, they grow up among thieves, the art of thieving is their study, and they finish with being thieves, rogues and robbers in every sense of the word; and the love and practice of theft are in their case a sort of inseparable accidents, ceasing only with death. » Such is the sweeping judgment passed upon the *Gitànos* or gipsies of Spain by Cervantes, at the opening of his beautiful tale the *Gitanilla*. This censure it is true, is not borne out in the progress of the story by the conduct of the fascinating heroine Preciosa, even though her fictitious grandmother is said to have instructed her « in all her gipsy tricks, and devices for fraud and robbery: » but the graces and virtues of that all-accomplished fair-one can hardly be alleged in their exculpation, since the *denouement* discovers her to be (like Victor Hugo's Esmeralda, of whom she is the prototype) no true daughter of Egypt, but the stolen child of a Spanish grandee. Sevère, however as is the denunciation of Cervantes,

(1) The Zincali; or an account of the Gipsies of Spain; with an Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a copious Dictionary of their Language. By George Borrow, late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain. 2 vol. 12mo. London. 4 1.

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it falls far short of the list of enormities attributed to the Gitános in the present work, by one who has enjoyed such opportunities of observing the manners and scrutinizing the feelings of that wild and singular race, as have rarely, if ever before, fallen to the lot of a *Busno*, (1) or stranger; and whose devotion to *Gitanismo*, could only be accounted for on the supposition of the gipsies themselves, by his soul having, in some previous state of being, inhabited the corporeal tenement of one of their *errate* or blood. For twenty years, as he informs us, he has been in constant habits of familiar intercourse with the *Roma*, (2) «who are certainly,» (as he naïvely observes,) a very mysterious people, come from some distant land no mortal knows why; and who made their first appearance in Europe at a dark period, when events were not so accurately recorded as at the present time.»

This *vexata quæstio* of the origin of the gipsies, and the causes which prompted their migration into Europe, has been left by Mr. Borrow almost untouched; and the few allusions he has made to it do not throw much light on the subject (3). At the present day the Spaniards in general consider the Gitános as descendants of the Moriscos, apparently for no other reason than their dark complexion, their disregard of Christianity, and their having a peculiar language among them-

(1) The word used in Spanish *Romany*, or gipsy-tongue, to indicate all who are not gipsies—in the English dialect the phrase is *Tororo*.

(2) *Rom*, pl. *Roma*, «the husbands or married men,» is the *national* designation of the gipsies in all parts of the world, though they bear other local names in different countries. May not the vulgar phrase *rum* be originally identical with this word—a «*rum*-looking» man, implying one with the features of a gipsy?

(3) A quotation is given at vol. I p. 3[illegible] from the life of Timour by Arabsha, as demonstrating the existence of gipsies at Samarkand at that period, and their extirpation by Timour. The word *Zingar*, however, on which this inference rests, is found only in a single known MS., and is dismissed as erroneous by the editor Manger: and even if we admit it, its more obvious signification would be «men of *Zungaria*» or western Moguliston. In fact, notwithstanding the author's high attainments as an Oriental *linguist*, his acquaintance with Eastern *history* does not appear to be very accurate. At vol. II. p. 113, note, we are told that Timour, who was a bigoted Moslem from his cradle, «abandoned the old religion of the *steppes*, a kind of fetish or sorcery, and became a Mahometan, to obtain popularity among these soldiers. (Turcomans and Persians.)

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selves, unintelligible to the other natives of Spain. But the close affinity of all « the seven jargons or dialects of this language, however disguised or corrupted by that or other nations, to the Sanscrit stock, points out India as their veritable father-land; while the large proportion of Sclavonian words incorporated with it shows that they halted in the eastern regions of Europe, (where they are still most numerous,) for some years before they continued their progress towards the west; and this is nearly the sum of what is certainly known of their earlier history. Some have imagined them to have been natives of Moultan and Guzerat, driven from their native land by the sword of Timour; but this hypothesis cannot well be reconciled with the date of their appearance in Europe, which coincides so nearly with the conquests of that scourge of Asia, as scarcely to afford due time for the performance of their long pilgrimage It may also be urged as improbable, that they should have directed their flight through Persia, then immediately subject to the Tartar conqueror, instead of choosing the safer route towards the Dekkan, where his destroying arms never penetrated. The *Zincali* themselves, as might be expected from a degraded race without writings or records, « are unable to give any rational account of themselves, and preserve no recollection of the places where their forefathers wandered. In default of traditions of their own, they have even adopted the fables current among the hated *Busné*; from which they have concocted the following wild legend of their expatriation from *Chal* or Egypt—in allusion to the popular belief which attributes to them an Egyptian descent :—

« There was a great king in Egypt, and his name was Pharaoh (1). He had numerous armies, with which he made war on all countries, and conquered them all. And when he had conquered the entire world, he became sad and sorrowful; for as he delighted in war, he no longer knew on what to employ himself. At last he bethought him on making war on

(1) This tradition appears to be current also in Hungary, as one name for the *Czigany* there is *Pharaoh nepek*, «Pharaoh's people.»

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God: so he sent a defiance to God, daring him to descend from the sky with his angels, and contend with Pharaoh, and his armies; but God said, I will not measure my strength with that of man. But God was incensed against Pharaoh, and resolved to punish him; and he opened a hole in the side of an enormous mountain, and he raised a raging wind and drove before it Pharaoh and his armies to that hole; and the abyss received them, and the mountain closed upon them: but whosoever goes to that mountain on the night of St. John, can hear Pharaoh and his armies singing and yelling therein. And it came to pass, that when Pharaoh and his armies had disappeared, all the kings and the nations which had become subject to Egypt, revolted against Egypt, which having lost her king and her armies, was left utterly without defence; and they made war against her, and prevailed against her, and took her people and drove them forth, dispersing them all over the world.» So that now, say the *Chai,* (Egyptians or people of Chal) «*Apilyela gras Chai la panee Lucalee*— Our horses drink the waters of the Guadiana.»

> «Our horses should drink of no river but one;
> It sparkles through Chal, 'neath the smile of the sun;
> But they taste of all streams save that only, and see!
> Apilyela gras Chai la panee Lucalee.» (1).

Though the present volumes are devoted almost wholly to those of the gipsy race inhabiting the Peninsula, we find from the notices scattered through the work that the personal researches of the author have equally extended to those of Great Britain (2), Russia, Hungary, and, in fact, every country where

(1) Though the biblical origin of this strange fiction is sufficiently evident, it is not without some points of resemblance to those mythological tales of India, in which Bali and other mortals, intoxicated by the possession of universal rule on earth, are overthrown in a vain attempt to rival and subdue the heavenly powers

(2) On the British gipsies, we will only quote the following passage as it serves to illustrate a well-known and delightful work:— «The name Carraplo is a favorite among the gipsies. It excited the curiosity of the amiable White of Selborne, who conceived it to be partly Greek, from the termination *aplo* or *oplo*, which put him in mind of «polis». Carraplo, however, means a *smith*, a name very appropriate to a gipsy. The root is *carraw*, to strike, hammer,» &c.

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they are found, and we regret that he has not more frequently enabled us to judge, by references to their comparative condition in these various remote lands, how far the odious colours, in which he paints the crimes and dark malignity of the *Zincalo* of Spain, are mitigated in their brethren of the more northern climes. The demoralized state of society in Spain, the notorious corruption of justice, and the open opposition to the law in which many of the lower orders live, would scarcely have a favourable effect on a race, whose natural tendency was to prey upon those around them; it was not from the example of the *manolo*, the *contrabandista*, or the *bragante*, that the Gitáno would learn honesty or the love of good order. But the Russian Gipsies or *Zigany* are principally remarkable for their skill in music, and the matchless mélody of their voices; and Mr. Borrow records the spontaneous tribute paid by Catalani herself, to the powers of a *cantatrice* of this race, who sung in her presence at Moscow. Those of Hungary are equally eminent in this respect; and many of our readers must be familiar with Mr. Paget's amusing account of the gipsey band at Füred, and its youthful leader, who had instructions on the violin from Strauss himself, and had furthermore learned, «what certainly he had not intended to teach, a most perfect imitation of those extraordinary movements by which the body of the great waltz-player seems convulsed during his performance, and which our little *Czigany* took off so admirably, as to keep his audience in a roar of laughter.» The Hungarian gipsies, indeed, seem to have become rather favorites with Mr. Paget (1), in spite of their dirt, and their vagabondism; and we should be unwilling to believe that the pretty gipsey-girl Lilla, by whose good-humour and alacrity the party were extricated at Hunyad, was all the while pouring forth, *sotto voce*, a string of muttered curses on the *Busnà*, like the hag encountered by Mr. Borrow in the inn at Tarifa.

(1) The same agreeable traveller records, however, a remarkable instance of the aversion with which the peasants regard them:—«As I was travelling after my return from Turkey, my servant turned round, as we met a gang of gipsies, and exclaimed, 'After all, sir, *our negroes* are not so ugly as those in Turkey!'

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But none of these redeeming points appear to relieve the gloomy traits of the gipsey out-casts of Spain, who are here pourtrayed, in truth, as deceivers, from the day of their sojourn south of the Pyrenees. Their first appearance there was early in the fifteenth century, and the rapidity with which they overspread the land, is reasonably explained by the influx of fugitives from the fierce proscription directed against "those accursed Bohemian sorcerers" (as they were styled) in the neighbouring kingdom of France. But the sunny provinces of the south, Valencia, Murcia, and especially Andalusia, soon became, as they are to this day, the head-quarters of the Zingali; and attempts have been made to show, from this circumstance, that they originally reached Spain by the route of Northern Africa and the Straits of Gibraltar; but this hypothesis is shown by Mr. Borrow to be irreconcilable with known facts; and indeed rests on no better ground than the vicinity of their present haunts to the shores of Morocco. There is indeed a race somewhat numerous in Barbary, who are called by the Moors, "those of *Dar-Bushi-Fal*, a word equivalent to prophesying, or fortune-telling,) and to whom many gipsey peculiarities are ascribed, such as their pretended practice of sorcery, their speaking a language different from either Shilhuh or Arabic, and known to none but themselves &c. But whether these people are *Rèma*, or a distinct tribe, is a still undecided point.

The number in the gipsy community in Spain, and the frequently unsettled state of the country, made them more formidable disturbers of the public peace than they have shown themselves, where the arm of the law is stronger and more universal. In companies or gangs, headed each by its own chief or *count*, they roamed through the south of Spain, encamping in remote and thinly-peopled districts, where, free from the prying *surveillance* of alcade or alguazil, they might carry on their traffic in horses or mules, and exercise the various trades of jockeys, smiths, and fortune-tellers, which constitute their principal avocations in every region to which they have penetrated. This life was diversified by the occasional robbery or murder of a traveller on the high-way; but

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their depredations were sometimes carried on, on a more extensive scale. Congregated in troops of several hundreds, they sacked the villages and small towns, committing atrocious excesses, and retreating, when hard pressed by troops sent against them, into the friendly shelter of the *sierras*, or mountain-ranges, which intersect Spain in every conceivable direction. One of their most memorable out-breaks of this sort was in 1618, when a band of more than eight hundred scoured the country between Castile and Aragon, and were with difficulty dispersed by the soldiers dispatched for that purpose. But the darkest of their crimes in those early and lawless periods would be, if we admit the deductions of our author, the death of the ill-fated and beautiful Maria de Padilla, the heroine of Toledo, which she long defended against the forces of Charles the Fifth, during the rebellion of the Castilian *Comunéros* in 1552, after her husband and all his leading associates had perished, either on the scaffold, or in the fatal field of Villalar. One stormy night, however, she escaped in disguise, leading her son by the hand, from the city, which immediately surrendered; and from that moment nothing is certainly known of her fate. But Guevara, and other historians of the time, make mention of a tawny and frantic slave who was a great sorceress, by whose predictions the Padilla was much swayed, and who is believed to have been the companion of her flight to the hills above Toledo, then, as now, a favourite haunt of the gipsies. There can be little doubt that this tawny slave, with her lying prophesies, was a genuine Gitàna; and it was quite in character for this being to assist her mistress, or rather her victim, in making her escape,—not from love, not from fidelity! She had no pity for the Busnee or her fair boy! She and her gang among the hills thought only of the jewels which the Padilla might bring with her; so that the poor unfortunate Padilla, trusting to make her escape by means of them and her *frantic slave*, perished with her young son by hokhano baro (1)." Such is

(1) Gipsey-craft—literally, *the great trick*—the root of our words, *hoax*, *hocus* &c. Vol. I. *N*° cxi.

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the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Borrow; and though the proofs may appear somewhat insufficient, it is certainly singular that, though the Gitános are almost wholly without traditions of former days, the name of Maria de Padilla is still popularly remembered among them, and even occurs in the magic rhymes which they chant on particular occasions.

Though the main body long remained faithful to the tents, and the wandering life of their forefathers, many were found who relinquished, at least for a time, this rude independence, and became dwellers of towns and cities, where the *Gitànerias*, or gipsy quarters, soon became known as public nuisances, the nurseries of every species of crime and fraud, where robbers and their booty were securely harboured, and whence issued the sibyls who told the *baji* or *buenaventura* to credulous females of all ranks, and practised that sort of *hokkano baro* by which the plundered victims were led to expect the infinite multiplication of their gold and silver, if duly concealed, and left under the directions of the fortune-tellers. But «the Gitánerias at evening-fall were frequently resorted to by individuals widely differing in station from the inmates of these places—the young and dissolute nobility and hidalgos of Spain.... The gipsy women and girls were the principal attraction to these visitors: wild and singular as these females are in their appearance, there can be no doubt that they are capable of exciting the most ardent passion, particularly in the bosoms of those not of their race, which passion of course becomes the more violent when the almost utter impossibility of gratifying it is known. Such visitors however, were always encouraged to a certain point, and by this, and various other means, the Gitános acquired connexions which stood them in good stead in the hour of need.»

But all these misdoings were not suffered to pass without vehement reclamations from the orderly part of the community. «*Los Gitànos son muy malos*,—the gipsies are very bad people,—was the cry of both town and country; and in addition to the well-authenticated crimes of being thieves, robbers, cheats, and pretended sorcerers, other charges, less clearly substantiated, were brought against them, the principal of

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which was cannibalism! This last accusation, however, was never fully brought home, though divers credible witnesses asseverated it, and a zealous judge in Estremadura, Don Martin Fajardo by name, extracted confessions from various Gitános, by a judicious application of the rack, of multiplied instances of this atrocity, even to the extent of their having killed and eaten a Franciscan friar! whereupon they were released from the rack and executed.» But the other grave offences specified above, were sufficiently notorious to afford abundant cause for the frequent royal edicts launched against them; the first of which bears date as early as 1499, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. By these they were forbidden, under the severest penalties, to continue the use of their peculiar language, to wander over the country, or to practise their usual callings as horse-dealers, tinkers, or smiths; and were recommended to establish themselves in towns as fixed residents, and to conform in all points to ordinary usages. The zeal of the monarchs was stimulated by various learned doctors, who urged in recondité treatises the duty and necessity of wholly thrusting forth this lawless and heathen race from the boundaries of Spain, as the Moriscos had already been expelled: but strange to say, neither their supposed sorceries nor their avowed hatred of Christianity, ever drew down on them the vengeance of the Inquisition. A *ci-devant* inquisitor of Cordova, in answer to a question from Mr. Borrow, assured him «that he was not aware of one case of a Gitáno having been tried or punished by the Inquisition:» adding, «that the Inquisition always looked upon them with too much contempt to give itself the slightest trouble concerning them; for as no danger to the state, or to the Church of Rome, could proceed from the Gitános, it was a matter of perfect indifference to the holy office, whether they lived without religion or not.» The gipsies were therefore by the successors of Torquemada, «resigned to the secular arm,» in a more literal and humane sense than when the same phrase was employed to denote the delivery of the victims of the holy office to the *san-benito*, the stake, and the scaffold.

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The secular arm, indeed, was by no means idle; but in spite of edicts, judges, and doctors, little was effected towards the suppression of the nuisance. This arose partly from the covert protection afforded to the Gitános by those to whose vices they pandered; partly from the venality of the executive, but more than all from the desperate tenacity with which the gipsies themselves clung to their original mode of life, and evaded obedience to any law, except their own *lùri*, or custom—the *lex non scripta* which regulated this nation of out-laws. The greatest crimes, according to the gipsy code, were a quarrelsome disposition, and revealing the secrets of the brotherhood. They were forbidden to eat, drink, or sleep in the house of a Busno, or to marry out of their own sect; they were likewise not to teach the language of Roma to any but those who, by birth or inauguration, belonged to that sect. They were enjoined to relieve their brethren in distress, at any expense or peril. They were to use a particular dress, which is frequently alluded to by Spanish laws, but the particulars of which are not stated (1); and they were to cultivate the gift of speech to the utmost possible extent, and never to lose anything which might be obtained by a loose and deceiving tongue—to encourage which they had many excellent proverbs. For example—«The poor fool who closeth his mouth never winneth a dollar,»—«The river which runneth with sound beareth along with it stones and water.» The persecution directed against them had thus (as usual) no other effect than that of drawing the bonds of the Gitánismo closer; but under Charles III, a more enlightened policy was adopted towards these refractory subjects. The penal laws against the gipsies were revoked by an edict promulgated in 1783; which, though reciting and confirming the former prohibitions against vagrancy, and the practice of unlawful arts, placed them, in all respects, on the same footing with other

(1) At the present day the usual dress of the Gitànos is a sort of compound of that of the *chalan*, or jockey, and the Andalusian *majo;* the women are distinguished from Spanish females, principally by never wearing the mantilla. Ladies in Madrid often wear, as a sort of fancy dress, the short many-flounced *saya* or petticoat, which they call dressing à *la Gitana;* but the costume is Andalusian, not gipsy.

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Spanish subjects. Since these humane enactments, the spirit of Gitánismo has been on the decline. «Since the law no longer compels them to stand back to back for mutual defence, they are no longer the people that they were;» and the fierce spirits who regret the turbulence of past times, complain that «*el krallis ha nicobado la liri,*»—the king has destroyed the ancient law, which was a bond of union among their people.» The more wealthy among them now affect the manners and society of the Spaniards, neglecting to aid those of their brethren who are in poverty or in prison, and striving to obliterate the remembrance of their own gipsy descent. There are still a few *barbales,* or rich men who are not ashamed of the *errate,* or blood, and these exercise over the others almost as great influence as the rabbins do over the Jews—«their bidding is considered law; and the other gipsies are at their devotion;» while the renegades from Gitánismo are viewed with equal abhorrence, and held up to general execration. «There was a time» (said a gipsy at Badajoz to the author, whom he took for a brother Gitáno) «when the house of every Zincalo, however rich, was open to his brother, though he came to him naked, and it was then the custom to boast of his *errate.* It is no longer so. Those who are rich keep aloof from the rest, will not speak in Calo, and will have no dwellings but with the Busné. Is there not a false brother in this *foros,* (town); the only rich man among us, the swine, the *balichow* (hog)?—he is married to a Busnee, and would fain appear as a Busno! Tell me one thing brother; has he been to see you? The white blood, I know he has not! Who have come to see you, brother? Have they not been such as Paco and his wife—wretches without a house?» A similar feeling pervades their rhymes and ballads—

«The gipsy fiend of Manga mead,
Who never gave a straw,
He would destroy, for very greed,
The old Egyptian law.

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Within his dwelling sits at ease
Each wealthy gipsy churl;
While all the needy ones they seize
And into prison hurl.»

This Paco (diminutive for Francisco,) and his father-in-law Antonio, the speaker quoted above, cut rather a conspicuous figure in the author's adventures at Badajoz; and the portrait of the former, at his introduction, is too *bizarre* and characteristic a sketch to be omitted. «He could be scarcely thirty; and his figure, which was about the middle height, was of Herculean proportions; shaggy black hair, like that of a wild beast, covered the greatest part of his immense head; his face was frightfully seamed with the small-pox, and his eyes, which glared like those of ferrets, peered from beneath bushy eyebrows; he wore immense mustaches, and his wide mouth was garnished with teeth exceedingly large and white. There was one peculiarity about him which must not be forgotten — his right arm was withered, and hung down from his shoulder a dry and sapless stick, which contrasted strangely with the huge brawn of the left. A figure so perfectly wild and uncouth, I have scarcely ever before seen.» The other, Antonio, «exhibited in his appearance a goodly compound of gipsy and bandit; his complexion was dark as pepper, and his eyes full of sullen fire....» «I am,» (said he,) «Zincalo, by the four sides. I love our blood, and I hate that of the Busné. Had I my will, I would wash my face every day in the blood of the Busné; for they are made only to be robbed and slaughtered!» This amiable personage had joined the armies of the *Londoné*, or English, in the Peninsular war, against the *Gabiné* (French) invaders; and one of the passages of his military career, as related by himself, is a remarkable instance of the *freemasonry* still existing between the Romany of remote lands. Many Hungarian gipsies (*) had entered Spain

(*) We have known instances of even the English gipsies entering the army and serving as soldiers, but it appears more common in Hungary than elsewhere, and Mr. Paget, who notices this, says that they are reported to make pretty good soldiers.

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with the legions of Napoleon, and greatly astonished their Peninsular brethren, whom they sought out whenever opportunity offered, by their superior attainments in all sorts of Romany lore. In a battle near the frontier of France, Antonio was on the point of falling before the bayonet of a *Majoro* (Magyar or Hungarian) in the French ranks; when, as the knee of his foeman was on his breast, «I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met; and I gave a loud shriek, and cried Zincalo! Zincalo! and I felt him shudder; and he relaxed his grasp and started up, and he smote his forehead and wept, and then he came and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead; and he took my hand and called me brother and Zincalo; and he produced his flask, and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived; and he raised me up, and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and he said, «Let the dogs fight and tear each other's throats till they are all destroyed—what matters it to the Zincalo? they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?' The recognition in this case was apparently effected by the «gipsy glance,» which is elsewhere said to differ in its peculiar and indescribable expression from that of any other human being: but the profound erudition displayed by his new friend, in their subsequent conversation, seems to have made even a deeper impression on Antonio than the boon of his life. «He told me secrets which made my ears tingle, and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite Zincalo, but as for him, he knew the whole *cuenta* (reckoning or craft;) the Bengui Lango (lame devil Asmodeus,) himself could have told him nothing but what he knew!»

But it was not always in this humble capacity that the Gitanos took part in the struggle for Spanish independence. Chaléco of Valdepenas, a gipsy of the half blood, who introduced himself on Mr. Borrow's acquaintance at Madrid, had been a distinguished leader of *bragantes*, or guerilla horse, at that stirring period; and subsequently received the rank of captain of infantry in the regular army, with an *unproductive* claim for half-pay. Though the pretext on which he introduced himself was an enquiry relative to a *Gabicole* or gospel in the Romany tongue,

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his conversation with his unwilling host was a mingled tissue of blasphemies, and narratives of the atrocities whichhe had committed when a *bragante* in La Mancha; where he and his comrades used to tie their prisoners to the olive-trees, and putting their horses to the full speed, tilt at them with their spears! Mr. Borrow seems to have considered this mode of punishment as owing its origin to the inventive ingenuity of his friend: but it was in fact nothing more than a revival of an ancient national pastime, much in vogue in the good old times of Ferdinand and Isabella; the persons then usually destined to be *acanavaleados* (the term applied to this sort of tournament by Abacca and other early writers) being the renegade Christians found in the Moorish towns when taken. We should be glad to ascertain whether this worthy was the same guerilla, *Chaléco,* whom we have elsewhere heard or read of, and who in a memorial of his services, which he presented to the government, boasted of having waylaid single-handed in a ravine a patrol of French cavalry, nine of whom he killed or wounded by the discharge of his *trabuco,* or blunderbuss, loaded nearly to the muzzle, his own collar-bone being at the same time broken by the recoil! and who another time sent as a present to Villafranca a quantity of ears, cut from prisoners whom he had slaughtered for the occasion! The intercourse between this estimable character and our author determined at length not very amicably; and the speedy fulfilment of the ill-boding prediction launched by Chaléco, on his departure, against Mr. Borrow's Basque servant, Francisco, is one of the most curious instances on record of the accomplishment of gipsy baji or fortune-telling.

At the present day, the modification of the gipsy character, introduced by the wise law of Charles III, has led to the relinquishment, by the great majority, of that wandering mode of life which the former penal laws ineffectually strove to suppress. Few, and those of the lowest of the race, are now destitute of fixed habitations; and though in their way to fairs and other public gatherings, (of which they are as assiduous attendants as their brethren among the English,) they are frequently found bivouacking in large numbers among the

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heaths and wood-lands, these accidental encampments must not be confounded with the systematic vagabondage of former days. Their head-quarters are usually in the cities and large towns of the southern provinces, where their habitations are distinguished by filth and uncleanliness of all sorts, (1) from those of the poorer Spaniards. Here they ply the various arts by which their subsistence is earned. The men are frequently *chalandes,* or jockeys, selling and exchanging horses and mules, often stolen, or altered in colour and appearance to prevent recognition; and they engross throughout Spain the trade of the *esquilador,* whose province is to trim the tails, fetlocks &c. of these animals — an operation to the due performance of which great importance is attached by the Spanish grooms, and for which are required various descriptions and sizes of *cachas,* or shears (2). Another of their favourite occupations is the working in iron—a trade which for some reason, was strictly forbidden them by the ancient laws—but which is now again extensively practised, by those of Granada, where the Gitános are very numerous, and like the Spanish inhabitants of that once proud and glorious city, mostly sunk in abject poverty and misery. The rocky sides of the Alpuxarras are perforated in every direction by deep and winding caverns, in the most inmost recesses of which, according to popular belief, Boabdil and his Moorish Chivalry lie bound in magic slumbers till the day predestined for the recovery of Spain by the true believers: while the entrances re-echo from the frequent strokes of the hammers of the Zincali, many of whom have taken up their abode in these excavations. «Gathered round the forge (3)

(1) Mr. Paget gives a similar account of the *Czigany edres,* or gipsy tents in Hungary: it seems indeed, to be a gipsy characteristic all over the world.

(2) The larger *cachas* are frequently used also as weapons. «I once snipped off with them the nose of a Busnò, and opened a greater part of his cheek, in an affray near Trujillo,» said Paco of Badajoz.

(3) The following Gitáno metapher, descriptive of the *sparks* spreading from the anvil, bears great resemblance to the mystic *concetti* which fill the works of Jelal-ed-deen Roomi, and other *Sufi* poets of the east: — «More than a hundred lovely daughters I see produced at one time, fiery as roses; in one moment they expire, gracefully circumvolving!»

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their bronzed and naked bodies, illuminated by the flame, appear at night like demons; while the cave, with its flinty sides, and uneven roof, blackened by the charcoal vapours which hover about it in festoons, seems to offer no inadequate representation of fabled purgatory.» Another of their favorite haunts is the Triana, a suburb of Seville, noted as early as the days of Cervantes as the resort of contrabandists, robbers, and bad characters of all sorts; and here is the grand focus of the trade in English goods, smuggled over the lines from Gibraltar, in which many of the Gitános are principal agents.

But the gipsy men in Spain, as in England and other lands, are but «vulgar and mechanical knaves,» when compared with the *calees* or women, the tales of whose subtlety and adroitness in despoiling the Busné, fill many a page in the present work. «I have known a Gitána (said Paco, above mentioned,) gain twenty ounces of gold by means of the *hokkano baro* in a few hours; while the silly gipsy, her husband, would be toiling with his shears for a fortnight, trimming the horses of the Busné, and yet not be a dollar richer at the end of the time.» To them is committed the task of beguiling, by soft speeches, and insidious flattery, the wives and daughters of the Busné, and of practising on their credulity by the lying predictions of chiromancy. The *baji* or good fortune promised on these occasions differs little in its main ingredients from that told by the roadside wanderers of England: lovers and husbands for young maidens, and for wives, perhaps, not seldom a second brilliant marriage after the death of a detested partner. Another glittering boon with which the eyes of the dupes are occasionally dazzled, is the hope of discovering some of those hidden treasures which are popularly believed to have been concealed all over Spain, under the guardianship of occult talismans, by the departing Moors. This last sort of mystification comes more properly, however, under the head of the *hokkano baro* noticed above, and is usually performed (as we now and then hear of it in this country) by prevailing on the victim to deposit money or articles of value in a retired spot, with certain forms of cabalistic cere-

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mony, on the assurance that after a given period the offering will be found doubled or indefinitely augmented by the spirits of the earth, compelled by the potency of the gipsy charm to resign the hoards committed to their custody. The execution of this «great trick» is of course somewhat hazardous, requiring dexterous management of the defrauded party, and a favourable concurrence of external circumstances; but the self-possession and ingenuity of the clever *calee* are almost infinite, and the plundered Busnee is often soothed into a belief that her own impatience and want of faith are the true causes of the disappearance of the dollars and gold ounces which have been *spirited away* by the Gitána. Numerous are the minor sources of revenue known to this industrious sisterhood: one of the most productive is *ustilar à pastesas*, (a Romany phrase implying the purloining change from a shop-counter:) and in this useful accomplishment an amiable acquaintance of the author, Aurora by name, was so distinguished a proficient as to have often, while receiving change for a gold ounce, stolen the whole value, amounting to sixteen dollars. The sale of philtres, charms, and noxious drugs, constitutes another branch of their profits; but all these pursuits are subordinate to the grand trade of fortune-telling, in which the Gitánas stand alone and unrivalled. It is on this pretext that they gain the entrée of the palace of the grandee, and the humble dwelling of the artizan, scrutinizing the localities, and laying plans for future depredations—and rarely is a door inexorably shut against them. It is the boast, indeed, of the skilful *calees*, that there is no house, however exalted the inmates, into which they cannot contrive to make their way: and one of the anecdotes recorded by our author proves, that even the abode and presence of royalty is not always free from the intrusion of these swarthy sibyls. The performers on this occasion were Pepita and La Chicharona, two notorious Gitánas of Madrid; and the son of the former (who was La Chicharona's husband,) having got *into trouble* about a horse, and been condemned to ten year's imprisonment and hard labour at Malaga, they determined, if possible, to obtain an interview with the queen-regent Christina, and

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gain a remission of the sentence by their gipsy palaver, «knowing well» (as they themselves said) «what to say!» For a month they haunted the environs of the palace without success—but the conclusion must be given in their own words.

«One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances. 'We have seen Christina, my son', said Pepita to me. — 'Within the palace?' I enquired. — 'Within the palace, O child of my *garlochin'*, (heart,) answered the Sybil; 'Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would; I told her *baji*, and Chicharona danced the *Romalis* (gipsy dance) before her',—What did you tell her?'— 'I told her many things,' said the hag, 'many things which I need not tell you; know however, that amongst other things, I told her that the *chabori* (little queen) would die, and then she would be queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and it was her *baji* to die Queen of France and Spain, and to be beloved much, and hated much.'—'And did you not dread her anger, when you told her these things?'— 'Dread her, the Busnee!' screamed Pepita; 'no my child, she dreaded me far more; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me; and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away she gave me this *baria* of gold, and Chicharona this other, so at all events we have *hokkano'ed* the queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busnee!'» The land of her present sojourn may yet give Christina cause to remember part of this prediction, though the appointed time for its fulfilment is already past, as the interview took place in 1887.

Chicharona and Pepita, with the two daughters of the latter, (known by the engaging sobriquets of *La Tuerta* «the one-eyed,» and *La Casdami,* «the scorpion,») fill a considerable space in the sketches of Gitano manners and conversation, and appear to have been very highly finished specimens of the race. La Tuerta had even carried her zeal for the spo-

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lation of the Busné so far as to assume the dress and arms of a man, and rob on the road as a *salteador* or high-wayman, relating with infinite *gusto* the atrocities she had assisted in this capacity to commit. None of the male Gitános appear, indeed, to have carried out the principles and practice of Gitánismo to the same extent as this accomplished damsel, who verily is represented as having been, like the amiable mother of the Caliph Vathek, «as wicked and unscrupulous as a woman could be, which is not saying a little; for the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition.» But if the females among the Gitános are pre-eminent in that malignity and almost fiendish hatred of all human beings not belonging to their own blood, which might almost be supposed to indicate a closer affinity to the *ghouls* and evil genii of eastern fiction, than to the great family of the children of Adam—in that sex is also most conspicuous that one redeeming virtue of chastity and conjugal fidelity, which stands them instead of both law and religion, and to which they adhere more pertinaciously than any other race on the face of the globe (1). From this sacred pledge is derived their national appellation of *Roma*, or husbands and wives; and so strictly is its inviolability instilled from infancy into their minds, that a *faux-pas* with a Busno is almost unknown in the traditions of Gitánismo, and the few instances on record were invariably followed by the disappearance of the culprit, who atoned for the loss of her lacho (2), or honour, by death from the knives of *cachas* of her tribe.

If the *fiancée* be pronounced unblemished in the ordeal, the nuptials are suffered to proceed; and the whole property of the bridegroom is not unfrequently consumed in the three days of mad revel with which the event is celebrated, and during which both Zincali and Busné are welcomed with equal

(1) This is not peculiar to the Spanish Gitànas, but is the universal law of the race, wherever the people of *Roma* have wandered, a writer on the English gipsies says— «The mutual attachment subsisting between the nominal husband and his wife is so sincere, that instances of infidelity on either side occur but seldom; and when otherwise; the parties are deemed very wicked by the gipsies themselves.»

(2) We give this important word as spelled by Mr. Borrow—by the English and Russian gipsies it is sounded *ladja*.

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and indiscriminate hospitality. Infidelity in after life on the part of the woman is almost unknown, even with those of her own tribe, or when their husbands have been separated from them, (as not unfrequently happens,) by banishment, to the *presidios*, or penal garrisons in Africa; and when placed in isolated situations, apart from the *surveillance* of their tribe, they display no less firmness in repelling the advances made them. Yet these same women, paragons of chastity as they are in their own persons, make no scruple of aiding (for hire) the intrigues of the Busné, as procuresses and go-betweens; and their songs and dances, both in their own festivals and in their exhibitions before Spanish spectators, are as licentious as those of the most abandoned of the Egyptian dancing-girls. Whence then arises this extraordinary care, (contrary to what too frequently prevails in civilized communities,) to preserve the *substance* of virtue, when they are utterly careless about its *appearance*? Mr. Borrow does not attempt to unravel this enigma; but we cannot help suspecting that it is in some way connected with their Eastern origin, and may be traced, however remotely, to the observance of *caste*, and the prohibitions of the Hindoo law against the intermixture of races. (1) We throw this out, however, merely as a hint, leaving it to be worked out by abler Orientalists than ourselves.

But if this veneration for the *lacha* be in truth a relic of the faith held by the *Roma* in past times, and in their eastern father-land, it must be admitted, that with the exception of the indistinct and shadowy ideas of the metempsychosis, to which we have previously alluded, it is the only vestige they have retained of either that religious creed or any other. No tribe or nation on the face of the earth, seems to be so utterly destitute of even the outward form or profession of any kind of worship or belief: the very superstitions, by means of which they impose on their dupes, they do not themselves place credence in; and a sort of mysterious reverence for the

(1) Their care to preserve the purity of their race, might in itself have confuted the unfounded charge so often brought against them, of stealing children, and bringing them up as gipsies. It is indeed *primâ facie* absurd, that a needy wandering race should burden themselves with such a useless incumbrance.

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magical properties which they hold to be inherent in the *Bar Lachi*, or loadstone, is almost the only indication of any faith in supernatural influences. Some, indeed, pay external respect to the symbols of Christianity: but La Tuerta whom we regard as the *beau-ideal* of a Gitána, openly professed to the author her disbelief in a Supreme Being. «If I go to church,» said she, «it is but to spit at the images. I spat at the *bulto* (statue) of Maria this morning, and I love the Corojai (Moors) and the *Londoné* (English) because they are not baptized!»—It may be asked, whether the author, whose mission to Spain was directly connected with the distribution of the Scriptures, made no efforts for the conversion or improvement of his adopted brethren? Zeal on his part was certainly not wanting; he succeeded in translating a considerable part of the New Testament into their tongue, now and then procuring the assistance of some of them in improving his version; but their only motive seems to have been surprise at finding that the language could be written or read; and the printed copies were valued only as charms, which, like the Bar-Lachi, would preserve them from danger on their thieving expeditions! The attempt at addressing a Gitáno congregation by personal exhortations, was even more ludicrously unsuccessful, and reminds the reader of the well-meant efforts of Dr. Primrose in the jail:—«When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint: not an individual present but squinted — the genteel Papa, the good-humoured Chicharona, the Casdami, &c., &c.—all squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the *burla* (trick,) squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies!»

With this naïve account of his promising penitents, we must take leave of Mr. Borrow and his entertaining pages, recommending to the attention of etymologists, the extensive collection of gipsy rhymes, and the copious vocabulary of their language, which occupies the greater part of the second volume. If the details of gipsy life here depicted, present, as he candidly admits, «little that is edifying in a moral or a Christian point of view,» they are certainly more novel and interesting

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than three-fourths of the books of travels which crowd our libraries; and have afforded the Busné a better insight than they have ever yet enjoyed, into the feelings and customs of a remarkable people, the previous information respecting whom might have been pretty nearly summed up in the report made by an honest East-India captain, on the savage inhabitants of a group of islands he had been sent to survey:—*Religion*—Apparently none. *Manners*—None. *Customs*—Not fit to be described.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

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THE DUCK VICTIM,

A SPORTING LEGEND OF THE PONTINE MARSHES.

By Arthur Vansittart, Esqre.

(«The English Turfite in Italy.»)

«Et quos pestifera Pontini uligine campi,
Qua Saturæ nebulosa palus restagnat, et atro
Liventes cœno per squalida turbidus arva
Cogit aquas Ufens, atque inficit æquora limo.»
Silius Italicus. Lib. VIII. l. 379.

Feasting and revelry were at their height, in the saloons of the — embassy at Rome. *Convives* from various climes were congregated around the minister's generous board, which groaned beneath the costliest offerings of earth and ocean.

Among those who were bidden to the feast was a Frenchman, deservedly considered one of the master spirits of our age; a man whose pencil has achieved him an imperishable fame, and who stands alone and unapproachable in the delineation of those scenes of glory, of which the history of his native country furnishes so many, and such bright examples.

It was my care to secure a seat next to him at table: for frequent communion had ripened into intimacy, an acquaintanceship of no recent date.

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The *chef de cuisine* of his excellency, celebrated even among the *Cordons Bleus* of the highest renown in European courts, this day not only fully sustained his reputation, but even out-heroded Herod in devising a «carte» abundant in all things that are accounted rarest and most exquisite.

«By the shield of Minerva (1), you are to blame,» I exclaimed, perceiving that my talented neighbour shook his head mournfully, and waved away, with a very perceptible shudder of abhorrence, a most delicate *salmi de canard sauvage*, languishing in a rich brown sauce, which was proffered to his acceptance by one of the tribe of gilded popinjays who flitted to and fro. «A more exquisite *salmi* was never devised. I marvel much whence his excellency procures his truffles. These, revelling in racy Chambertin, are not of Italia's soil, I swear, but must rather claim descent from the sunny beech-woods of fair Provence, or smiling Languedoc.»

«Restrain your enthusiasm,» he said. «It is neither from caprice, nor from the whim of the moment, that my antipathy to wild ducks springs; but from the recollections of severe and bitter experience. I abhor,» added he with decided, but whimsical energy, «I abhor the very name of a wild-duck! I have had duck enough, to embitter the remainder of my days, should I even attain unto the good old age of Methusalem.»

«I comprehend perfectly,» said I, «*et premit altum corde dolorem*. You have fallen into the clutches of some ruthless barbarian, who martyrizes his friends with the atrocious compounds and concotions of a female cook. Luke-warm water into which greasy plates have been hastily plunged for ablution, ushered in as soup; fish in the last stage of corruption; bad mutton and worse calf's-head; and for the second course, two effigies worthy of an *auto da fe*, branded as roasted ducks.»

«A truce to your jesting,» said he, hastily interrupting

(1) The famous dish known as the shield of Minerva, which conferred upon Vitellius, the proverbial gourmand of antiquity, the reputation of being the master cook of his age—was composed of the livers of a thousand young eel-pouts, the brains of as many pheasants, the soft roes of as many lampreys, and a variety of other ingredients, too numerous to be particularised.

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me, « ten thousand times worse than that was the calamity that befel me. »

« Worse than that! nay then, to the protection of the gods do I commend thee, for commiseration is but an empty name. »

« I was in company, » said he, « with some three or four of your compatriots, who had but lately returned from a sporting expedition into the Pontine Marshes. They boasted much of their wonderful success; vaunted not a little the hecatombs of game which they had immolated; extolled the address, and eulogised the attentions of Il Grand Cacciatore di Sua Santità Il Papa, at whose excellent hostelrie they were quartered; and with exaggerated representations of their feats, and recitals of their achievements, they so inflamed my imagination, that my curiosity was excited, and ardour aroused, to essay the delights of la grande chasse. »

« And what sport had you? » exclaimed a young Attaché on leave of absence from a northern mission, who bored all his acquaintance to death by flavouring every sentence he uttered with a Latin quotation. »

« Sport, pardieu! what had been sport to others was but death to me. »

« *Auribus teneo lupum:* you caught a Tartar, I opine. »

« The only Tartar that I caught, » he replied, « was emetic of tartar, and a Maremma ague to boot. As soon as my plans were matured, and my arrangements effected, I started in my britchka to post some fifty miles over abominable roads, and through execrable marshes, exhaling malaria, rheumatism, putrid fevers, and every malady that flesh is heir to. »

« Umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cœlo. »

exclaimed the Attaché.

« After some hours travelling, » continued the Frenchman, « a sudden turn in the road revealed a miserable and gloomy-looking hovel perched on the banks of a pool of stagnant water. *Eccola! eccola! la locanda! eccelenza!* yelled forth

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the postilion in an ecstacy of delight, as he pulled his foaming steeds back on their haunches, and cracked his long knotted whip, whirling the ponderous thong around and around his head, until a chorus of echoes and reverberations resounded through the pestilential wastes. A dozen men rushed forth from the gloomy den of thieves. Partly carried, partly forced along, I was borne into an inner chamber. The dirt which encrusted the brick pavement, had been the accumulation of centuries; and the removal of it would have defied the powers and the skill of the son of Alcmena. Mine host, in whose hands I was but a babe, deposited me in a ricketty and reed-bottomed chair, opposite to a huge open fire-place, wherein green sticks, mingled with damp reeds, frizzled, and fumed, and fretted, emitting volcanoes of smoke, which effectually annihilated my powers of vision for a season. When I recovered my sight, I perceived I was alone. My solitude, however, was but of brief duration, for soon after, in shuffled a shrivelled and withered hag, well fitted to enact one of the weird sisters of Macbeth; so weighed with age was she, not only in appearance but in reality; and so unnaturally hideous to boot. She spread a black and greasy cloth over a yet blacker and more greasy table—thrust under my very nose an earthen dish, reeking of abominations and unclean things, and bade me in a horrible patois, eat, drink, and be comforted; she then scuttled away; but returned again shortly, with two caraffes of suspicious-looking liquor, and a brace of gigantic drinking-cups of horn, and completed the *service de table* by producing a mis-shapen lump of clay baked in the sunbeams, which would have puzzled a connoisseur to decide whether it were not originally destined for a tile. Lying upon it, wrapped up in a foul scrap of coarse dingy canvass, were a knife, a fork, and a spoon.....
Bah! I shudder at the bare remembrance of those utensils, so black and repulsive were they in appearance, and so foul and greasy to the touch.»

«Loathsome as was the banquet, the ancient Hebe was infinitely more so. She grinned a ghastly grin, displaying her black jaw-bones, from which all teeth, tusks, and stumps had been exiled for some fifty years. The old hag chuckled,

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and smirked, rubbing together her skinny hands, which resembled vulture's claws rather than attributes of humanity—patted me on the shoulder, asked if I were not a famosissimo cacciatore—passed her claws through my hair—swore that I was a bellissimo giovine, and indulged in many other playful demonstrations of tenderness. I did not swoon away with horror and disgust, as the horrible conviction flashed on my brain, that unwillingly I had inspired the old beldame with an unholy passion, and dreading every moment to be clasped in her foul embrace, I endeavoured to dispel my fearful anticipations, by recalling to memory the heroism and the indomitable firmness of the righteous Joseph, when he yielded not to the wife of Potiphar; and I magnanimously resolved in emulation of his virtues, to sacrifice each and every garment to my enamoured Circe, rather than unresistingly submit to be her victim. Fortunately, however, the trial was spared me; for the hag perceiving the undisguised abhorrence with which I shrank from her caresses, became infuriated at my want of sympathy, and abandoned me to my own meditations.»

«I was now alone. The suspicious-looking dish was before me: sentiments of intense curiosity crept over my mind, a craving longing to taste; an unnatural desire to analyze the mysterious compound. I plunged my fork and spoon into a bowl of water, and cleansed the encrusted metal from accumulated impurities. I dived down to the bottom of the mysterious mess; I carefully extricated from the reeking mixture a small portion, closed my eyes, commended myself unto providence, and swallowed—ye gods! what did I not swallow? Bull's liver, garlic, and toad-stools were the least among the abominations! In an agony of loathing I seized the caraffe that stood nearest me, emptied it its contents into a horn, and frantic with desperation, took a long deep draught of red wine, in the vain hope of stifling the poisonous odours of the infernal bestiality which fatal curiosity had tempted me to taste. As I withdrew the horn from my lips, every tooth in my head chattered, and I was momentarily deprived of my breath, and paralyzed, by the indefinable sourness of the beverage. With more haste than caution, I had recourse to the other flask. Its

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contents were vile corn brandy, as scorching as liquid fire. To fill the cup of my annoyances to overflowing, shouts of boisterous laughter and rude derision resounded through the hovel: a loud noise and a scuffling of feet was heard in the passage,—the door of the apartment was forced violently open, and in reeled my Swiss valet, as drunk as a fiddler, the poor devil having fallen into the hands of the barbarians below. They had inveigled him to their den, poisoned him with the vile bull's liver and garlic, and insisted on his pledging them in copious libations of the alcohol. Too much terrified to refuse, he was compelled to accept their savage hospitality, at the risk of losing his life, and with the certainty of losing his senses: and with eyes blood-shot, and staring out of his head, his brain on fire, and a reeling gait, he staggered into the room, his tongue deprived of the faculties of utterance—his mind of the light of reason, and his limbs of power and strength. Never was a more pitiable object seen! I loosened the poor wretch's cravat, dragged him on to a straw palliasse, and left him in a state of insensibility, unconscious of the bloody onslaught of a dense cloud of venomous musquitos.

«I was seated by the bed-side in the vain attempt of infusing Promethean fire into the inanimate carcass of my scoundrelly Swiss, when another actor made his first appearance on the scene. A gigantic personnage, a very Goliah of Gath, strode through the open doorway, and contemplating my philanthropical occupation with unsuppressed astonishment and mirth, gave the reins to the latter in a burst of laughter which shook the frail house to its foundations, and aroused me from my humane labours, as instantaneously and effectually as if I had been smitten by an electrical shock. I started to my feet, and faced my visitor with conflicting feelings of awe and dismay.

«'Ho! ho! ho!' was his abrupt salutation, bellowed forth in a voice as loud and clear as the blast of a trumpet. 'Ho! ho! ho! *Felicissima sera, Eccellenza!* Never mind that drunken beast: he has fire enough in his veins now I 'll warrant him, little as he had before. Such another bout to-morrow, and we 'll make a man of him. Ho! ho! ho!' and he roared with

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laughter until the walls trembled again. 'I am here, eccellenza, to learn what are your commands for the morrow; the lake abounds with wild-fowl, and the sport will be excellent. Is his eccellenza a keen sportsman?'

"'Very, very much so indeed', I stammered forth, scarcely knowing in fact what I responded; and my awe was in no degree diminished, by a scrutiny of my visitor's personal appearance. I have already mentioned that he was gigantic in stature; all the proportions also of his frame were herculean, and yet every limb was moulded in nature's most exquisite symmetry, and developed an extraordinary play of thews and muscles, which must have been forced into matured fulness by tremendous labour, severe exertions, and constant exercise. A dark handsome countenance, whose characteristic expression was reckless good humour blended with a mixture of resolution and ferocity, was shaded by a profusion of bushy locks, dark as the plumage of the raven's wing, huge shaggy whiskers, long curling mustachios,—and a peaked beard, after the fashion of the modern French Carlists. He resembled one of Salvator's heroes, arrayed as he was, in the fantastical costume in which the Cacciatori of the Maremme, and the Brigands of the Abruzzi, equally delight, and of a truth, a more picturesque costume cannot be devised; nor one more admirably adapted to display to advantage the grace and flexibility of limb for which the Italians are so deservedly celebrated.

"Picture to your imagination a man of gigantic stature and athletic proportions, attired in a short jacket of green Genoa velvet, belted by a silken scarf of gaudy hues, containing some two or three pistols, a *couteau de chasse,* and the deadly stiletto. The folds of the jacket, rolled back towards the shoulders, revealed, reposing on the carefully-plaited shirt of fine linen, amulets and charms in abundance; a massive gold chain with a cluster of rings attached, and a small hand in white coral, as a preventive against the evil eye; the slashed breeches of stout broad-cloth, richly and gaudily embroidered, fell but just below the knees, and the faultless symmetry of the muscular limbs were displayed in all the perfection of nature. Top this worthy with a high-peaked hat, encircled

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by a streamer of crimson ribbon—thrust a long-barrelled fowling-piece into his hands—and my excellent friend The Gran Cacciatore della Locanda dell' Aquila Nera in the Pontine Marshes stands before you.

Such was my unwelcome visitor, who stalked carelessly up to the table, poured half a pint of alcohol into a horn mug, tossed off the fiery liquor at one draught, drew a long deep breath, and then taking possession of my ricketty chair, which creaked and trembled beneath his heavy pressure, with his peaked hat fanned the green wood and the damp reeds into a momentary blaze. He then drew forth a clay pipe, filled it with most noxious weed, and smoked and puffed away as if unconscious of my very existence, until his head was encircled by a wreath of dense vapour. Anon, he stalked up to the bed on which the victim of intemperance lay prostrated. With one hand he raised up his head, with the other forced open his mouth, and then vomiting in betwixt the poor devil's jaws a torrent of smoke and flame sufficient to annihilate a salamander, with careless nonchalance let his head drop, exclaiming, 'Drunkards are always protected by providence! The bloated herring will do well!' He then addressed himself to me with infinite politeness. 'An hour or two before dawn,' said he, 'I shall have the honour of waking his eccellenza.' I will now send Rugorna to arrange his eccellenza's bed, and wish him *felicissima notte*.'

He vanished. — A few minutes, and Rugorna tottered in, staggering under the burthen of a heap of exceedingly foul linen, contrasted with which the contents of Falstaff's buck-basket would have been luxury. The old Hecate was in a state of unusual good humour and jocosity, and mumbled forth, with even more than usual garrulity, sundry witticisms on all the ideas that came uppermost in her mind. 'So! so! the capitano has been to pay your eccellenza a visit; he is delighted that your eccellenza is so keen a sportsman, and so capital a shot, and he anticipates grand sport. He has been examining your eccellenza's gun, but swears that it is not worth a *spazzano-forno* (hearth-rake), and that your eccellenza shall prove all his fowling-pieces to-morrow. What a fine man the

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capitano is! there is not a ragazza in the hamlet that is not in love with him; but he is fanciful, as all handsome men are, and many is the sore heart that he has made. To my taste he is somewhat over tall. I don't like tall men. No, not I! although in my time I had plenty of them as lovers, it is true. There was Policarpo, the shoemaker of Portici, who was barbarously guillotined at Salerno, for accidentally killing an English gentleman and his signora at Pœstum. There was tall Ludovico of His Holiness's body-guard, who even now, unhappy youth, slaves in the gallies at Ostia, for having in a merry mood, and out of pure fun, thrust his horrible old wife Jacintha into a heated oven: and as he forgot to let her out again, the shrew was of course baked to a cinder. Ai! ai! ai! I have had plenty of tall men in my time', continued the old crone with enthusiastic self-satisfaction, shaking and nodding her head delightedly at her amatory reminiscences, 'but a little, tight, well-made man like your eccellenza for me! With broad shoulders, and a good leg like your eccellenza's, for example.'

'This unequivocal declaration that I had found favour in her sight well nigh drove me distracted, and my apprehensions became too painfully oppressive, when the old hag, in wishing me farewell for the night, clutched my hand between her shrivelled talons with what she intended to be a tender squeeze, puckered up her wrinkled lips into an impassioned smile, and presented her copper-coloured cheeks for a salute, which ceremony I was obliged to perform, tho' with loathing and abhorrence.

'My Hecate had left the room. I was alone. The night was cold and stormy; the keen breeze crept through the gaping crevices of the window-frames, and whirled volumes of dense smoke, emitted by the damp firewood, through the gloomy apartment. I heaped piles of brushwood on the hearth, and endeavoured to fan the smoking mass into a blaze, which might aid to dispel the gloom that sat heavily on my thoughts. Vain however were my exertions! the cold increased in intensity; all the winds of heaven seemed to howl and rage against my prison walls, and my limbs quaked and shivered,

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as the feeble frame that they supported quailed beneath the inclemency of the bitter night. Although my destined couch resembled in nought that of the voluptuous Sybarite, who wept that a crumpled rose-leaf disturbed his slumbers, I nevertheless determined to woo balmy sleep; and casting off my garments, with a bound of desperation I plunged into bed. I clutched the sheets and coverlid over me, and instantaneously received a shock colder and more paralyzing than was ever produced by a shower-bath. I sprang from my bed, and stood with my bare feet trembling and shaking on the damp and clammy pavement. There was no remedy: hastily I clothed myself in the sporting apparel prepared against to-morrow, enveloped myself in the folds of a cloak, cast myself on the rude bedstead and fell asleep.

"Hours passed away. Unconscious of every thing, I was as one numbered among the dead, so profound was the lethargy, so death-like the sleep that paralyzed my senses.

* * *

"I started from the deep sleep of exhaustion, as the grasp of a heavy hand fastened on my shoulder, and the portentous 'Ho! ho! ho!' rang again in my ears: "'ho! ho! ho!' thou sleepest soundly, eccellenza." I leapt from the bed, and sprang upon my feet; around my bed stood a group of men composed of the *gran cacciatore* and four others, fac-similies of himself in attire and in appearance. Two held blazing pine torches in their hands, and all had fowling-pieces; and with their swarthy complexions, and dark flashing eyes,—their high peaked hats, and fantastic attire, displayed to even yet more fearful advantage by the red glaring light that streamed from the torches, they would have been a glorious study to a painter.

"'All is ready, eccellenza!' quoth the capitano. 'Shall we be off, for dawn waits for no man?" With a strong grasp he raised my unfortunate valet from the pallet on which he had passed any thing but a night of pleasure, to judge by his hard and painful breathings. He raised him to his feet,

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and then relaxing his hold, the miserable wretch fell like a log of wood to the ground, uttering a groan and a grunt for *eau-de-vie*.

« 'He has not yet slept off his drunkenness,' said one of the party; as he seized the prostrate carcass in his arms, and tossed it unceremoniously on the bed again.

« Leave the *baronne maledetto* (the accursed rascal) alone', quoth the capitano with a terrific oath; 'he will come to himself ere we return with his eccellenza;—and now to the sport. Forward my children, forward.'

« Obedient to his commands, the torch-bearers stalked away in front; two men seizing each an arm, hurried me down the ladder-like stairs, and lifting me into a skiff, moored at the very threshold of the dwelling, in a moment we cleft the dark and muddy waters of the pool, and dashed through fields of reeds and rushes exuberant in growth, and in extent one vast continuous forest. « *Benissimo, voi vedrete qualche cosa di bello!* (well done, you shall see some capital sport,) quoth the capitano, as the brawny rowers relaxed their exertions and rested on their oars; but his eccellenza can never take aim from this accursed egg-shell of a boat. Thy hand, my Leopoldo. »

« I was paralysed by their strong grasp: I was powerless as an infant in their arms; they raised me from my feet, and held me suspended in the air. Another moment, and I was plunged up to my waist in mud and water, with the gigantic reeds and bulrushes towering many feet above my head. This too an hour or more before day-break, in a dark, starless, January morning, — the icy waters in which I was immersed depriving my limbs of all sensation—and the keen piercing wind penetrating like iron into my soul, and congealing the very life-blood in my veins.

« Not for all the treasures of Araby the blest would I have been in your situation » exclaimed the Attache', « but why was mine excellent friend so complaisant as to expose himself to all these miseries without a remonstrance?

« Remonstrance! what would remonstrance have availed me? » he replied with bitterness. « The brigands treated me as a

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child, and I was indeed but a passive and unresisting infant in the hands of my stern masters. — Never shall I forget the miseries of that eventful night? presently faint sounds, wafted to us on the wings of the piercing breeze, broke in upon the dead silence. Whish! whish! whish! the sounds were as of a numerous flight of birds cleaving rapidly through the air. The capitano thrust a long and ponderous fowling-piece into my hands!—Whish! whish! whish! floated upon the night air louder and more distinctly than before. Eccole! whispered the capitano, pointing to a dark cloud floating over our heads, which appeared to be miraculously gifted with the power of locomotion. 'Eccole! aim steadily, and fire'. Mechanically I raised the fowling-piece to my shoulder, mechanically I pointed at the dark mysterious cloud that was skimming over my head: mechanically I pressed the trigger with my finger. Bang! splash, splash, splash! and a torrent of bodies fell into the waters around, *and over me,* over me, for in my trepidation of mind, and bewilderment of senses, I omitted to take a firm grasp of the ponderous fowling-piece, which leapt from my trembling hold, and with a fearful concussion recoiled, giving me such a tremendous blow on the chest, that I incontinently described a *summerset improvisamente* in the mud and water, to the infinite amusement and delight of my boon companions, who indulged in hearty laughter, and perpetrated sundry most excellent witticisms at my expense. After diverting themselves some seconds in witnessing my gambols in the foul element, and deriding my ineffectual efforts to extricate myself, they finally condescended to raise me to my feet, a dripping triton, drenched to the skin, gasping for breath and utterance, and with mouth and nostrils filled with mud and putrid water.»

«Finis coronat opus,» said the Attaché: «thus determined, I suppose, your wild-fowl shooting?»

«Far from it. To tear off my shooting-jacket and waistcoat, to envelope me in a sheep-skin pelisse, and to clap a high-peaked hat on my head, in lieu of my dainty Bandoni, which was sacrificed to the frogs and efts of the pool, was but the work of an instant. Another fowling-piece was forced upon my acceptance—the noise of a flight of ducks on the wing—

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the awful sounds, whish, whish, whish, were again wafted along by the night-breeze—and one report succeeded another, as gun after gun was thrust into my hands, and I unresistingly obeyed the directions of my brother sportsmen, and instinctively directed the muzzles of the infernal engines into the thickest of each cloud that swept past me. Splash, splash, resounded on the waters, as another and another duck fell headlong into the pool, the victims of my involuntary skill and prowess, *and these were the pleasures,* and *this the vaunted sport,* until the grey light of morn appeared stealthily creeping over the horizon.

«'Bravissimo! a maraviglia!!' exclaimed the Gran Cacciatore. 'A capital night's work have we made of it. Per Hercle, Illustrissimo, thou art a very Actæon, keen and zealous for the sport; and the bolts that thou launchest forth are like those of Jupiter Tonans, fraught with death and destruction! Tommaso and Anselmo will return hither to collect together the Caccia: but first let us escort your eccellenza to the Locanda.'

* * *

«All that passed afterwards is but as a faintly-remembered dream in my memory. My teeth gnashed together from the intensity of the cold; my tongue had lost the faculties alike of feeling and utterance; my limbs were stone-cold; circulation was checked, and the life-blood forced back on my heart. Of what passed afterwards, I remember nothing, but that some hours afterwards I awoke from a deep sleep—and found myself in the vile room of the Locanda, stretched upon my bed, with a pile of reeking sheep-skins thrown over me. Before an immense fire stood Rugorna, superintending the drying, or rather the scorching, of my sporting apparel. At the bed-side of my valet were two men; one my friend the Capitano, the other a little spare man in a brown fustian jacket, who united in his propriâ personâ the multifarious offices of physician, accoucheur, cow-doctor, veterinary surgeon, tooth-drawer, and druggist. The worthy held in his hand a pewter basin, into which the black blood flowed sluggishly from the bared arm

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of my drunken valet; who propped up in bed, with the hard corners of a portmanteau grinding against his back, exhibited a woful example of the pernicious effects of intemperance.

«I must be off,» I exclaimed, springing from my bed. «Will the Signora» (said I, apostrophizing the hag Rugorna) 'have the kindness to give me a bowl of coffee, and to order the postilion to prepare for instantaneous departure?'

«His eccellenza will surely tarry for another night's sport.'

«'*Sono desesperato!*' I replied, 'on some other occasion I shall be enchanted; but pressing business, affairs of importance, compel me now to return forthwith to Rome.'

«'But his eccellenza's cameriere is in a state of high fever,' expostulated the leech, 'it is impossible for him to travel.'

«'To your excellent care do I recommend him,' said I, and pray your acceptance of this trifle for the trouble he may cause you.'

«I made a handsome present to the capitano. Rugorna, delighted beyond all bounds at my liberality to her, overwhelmed me with blessings. I leapt into my carriage. Away it whirled. The Pontine Marshes were past. The gates of Rome are gained! and never shall I forget the sensations of delight that I experienced at finding myself again at my poor lodging in the Piazza di Spagna.»

«And what, sir, was the fate of the victim of intemperance?» asked a serious, hard-featured man, arrayed in black, who had listened to this narration with such intensity as to border on the ridiculous.

«Oh! he was only a Swiss—so what signifies it?» replied the Attaché; «*Uno avulso, non deficit alter.* If one scoundrelly Swiss be cut off, a thousand other mercenary vagabonds are waiting to draw on the dead man's boots.

«The rogue lost them not, however,» said the Frenchman, «but lives and flourishes. Towards the close of the third day after my return from La Grand Chasse, I was reclining in a luxurious fauteuil, enveloped in a short robe-de-chambre, with my slippered feet basking in the genial glow diffused by a blazing pile of beech logs. On a small table the Château Mar-

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gaux; and to impart zest and flavour to my potations were a serviette of roasted chesnuts, a jar of Guava jelly, and a compotier of West-Indian confitures. My meditations were disturbed by a boisterous knocking at the street-door. A heavy trampling of feet on the staircase shook the house. My *sanctum sanctorum* was rudely invaded, and my friend the Gran Cacciatore stood before me.

"I inquired to what fortunate circumstance I was indebted for the pleasure of his visit? and also if by any chance my precious valet was still in the land of the living?

"'Tis with him I came, illustrissimo,' was the reply, 'lest he should again fall into the snares of drunkenness. There is no vice so abominable, little Luigi,' said I, as the sly varlet last night topped off a bowl of undeniable punch. 'There is no vice more abominable under the sun,' said I, 'and none more degrading to the moral character of man than the love of the wine-skin! Ha! I hear even now the footsteps of the merry birboni on the staircase. Lo, they come!'

"In they came, the merry birboni! First, the gigantic Anselmo, with his brawny arm wound around the waist, and supporting the tottering footsteps of my recreant valet; who, with blood-shot eyes, black and blistered lips, and flushed face, resembled a fiend rather than a Christian. He dared not to encounter my severe looks, but staggered, *haud passibus æquis,* abashed and ashamed, into a corner. Then in strode the herculean Tommaso and the fierce Leopoldo, laden from head to foot with strings of wild-ducks. Proud of their booty, they strewed ducks, here, and there, and every where—on the fauteuils, on the ottomans, and on the carpet.

"His eccellenza had no idea that his sport had been so productive,' exclaimed the capitano, as with unfeigned astonishment I gazed to the right and to the left, and saw nought but ducks every where. 'And by the immortal soul of Pius Sextus, who, by cutting canals through the Pontine Marshes did more injury than any of his predecessors to the *poveri cacciatori,* and half ruined them in their honest calling—by the beatified soul of his holiness, one hundred and seventeen wild-ducks is no bad sport!

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"'But I, I, I, never shot all these ducks,' I stammered forth with diffident hesitation.

"'By the holy house of Loretto, excellenza did.—But time presses, and I must be off, or old Rugorna will wonder what has become of me.' *A rivederlo, Illustrissimo!* May you live a thousand years.' He shook my hand with an iron gripe, and stalked out of the room, followed by his gigantic satellites.

"There I stood, blowing and shaking my fingers in an agony of pain, and with conflicting feelings of wrath against my guilty valet, and confusion at the heaps upon heaps of ducks, which quenched the odours of my *esprit de millefleurs;* and reflected, that for days to come I should be obliged to have duck for breakfast, duck for luncheon, duck for dinner, duck for supper, duck in every form, and duck in every guise and disguise, to the end of the chapter, in addition to my original ducking.'

(SPORTING MAGAZINE.)

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RELIGION IN CHINA

The Chinese have no generic word for religion. The word *Keaou,* which means to teach, or the things taught, doctrine or instruction, is indeed applied by them to the religious sects of Taou and Budha, as well as to the ethical sect of Confucius. And they apply this same word also to Mahommedans and Christians. But they do not apply it to the *state religion*, for that does not consist of doctrines which are to be taught, learned, and believed, but of rites and ceremonies. It is entirely a «bodily service,» which, however, tacitly implies the belief of some opinions, though to have correct opinions, according to some prescribed rule or article of faith, forms no article of the system. The state religion as practised at the court of Peking, and by the provincial governments, is contained in the code of laws called Ta-tsing-hwyteen, and in the Ta-tsing-leuhle under the head *le,* rules of propriety and decorum of rites and ceremonies, and in the subordinate division *tse-sze*, sacrifices and offerings. From these two works we shall briefly specify:—first, the persons or things to whom these sacrifices are presented, or the objects of Government worship: secondly, the ministers or priests, who offer these sacrifices, and the preparation required of them for the performance of this religious service:—thirdly, the sacrifices and offerings, the times of presentig them:—

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and fourthly, the penalties for informality, or defective performance of the state religion.

First we are to speak concerning the objects of worship, or things to which sacrifices are offered. These are chiefly things, though persons are included. The state sacrifices are divided in three classes:— first the ta-sze or great sacrifices: — second, the chung-sze, or medium sacrifices: — and third, the seaou-sze, or little sacrifices. These last are also denominated keun-sze, the crowd or herd of sacrifices: the word keun, "a flock of sheep," being used as a noun for multitude. In the following list the first, the second, third and fourth, are the objects or classes of objects to which the greatest sacrifices are offered; from the fifth to the thirteenth are those to which the medium sacrifices are offered; those of the fourteenth and onward, have right only to little sacrifices.

1. Teen, the heavens or sky. This object of worship is otherwise called the azure heavens, and the hwang-kung-yu, the imperial concave expanse.
2. Tee, the earth. This, like the heavens, is dignified with the epithet imperial.
3. Tae-meaou, the great temple of ancestors. This title is used to include all the tablets contained therein, dedicated to the manes, or shades of the deceased emperors of the present dynasty. This triad of titles, teen, te, tae meaou, always at the grand sacrifices, are also worshipped apart. The lines or columns of Chinese characters being read from top to bottom, dignity is always expressed by the height of the title; which corresponds in some degree to our use of capital letters. Inferiority of rank or dignity is marked by the title being placed one or more characters lower. Heaven, earth, and ancestors, as objects of worship, and of equal rank and dignity, are placed on a level, and one or more characters higher than other objects, as the sun, moon or stars, &c. An idea of this may be conveyed to the reader, by the position of the words in lines, thus:—

Heaven, earth, and ancestors,
Sun, moon, stars, &c.

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4. Shay-tseih, the gods of the land and grain; these are the special patrons of each existing dynasty, and are generally located in the fourth place.
5. Jeih, the sun, called also ta-ming, 'the great light.'
6. Yué, the moon, called also yay-ming, 'the night light.'
7. Tseen-tae-te-wang, the names of the emperors and kings of former ages.
8. Seen-sze-Kungtsze, the ancient master Confucius.
9. Seen-nung, the ancient patron of agriculture.
10. Seen-tsan, the ancient patron of the manufacture of silk.
11. Teen-shin, the gods of heaven.
12. Te-Ke, the gods of the earth.
13. Tae-suy, the god of the passing year.
14. Seën-e, the ancient patron, of the healing art, together with choo-gin-kwei-che-tse, the innumerable ghosts of deceased philanthropists, faithful statesmen, eminent scholars, martyrs to virtue, &c.
15. Sing-shin, the stars, are sometimes placed next after the sun and moon.
16. Yun, the clouds
17. You, the rain
18. Fung, the wind
19. Luy, the thunder

These atmospheric divinities are placed in one column.

20. Woo-yo, the five great mountains of China.
21. Sze hae, the four seas; i. e. all the waters of the ocean.
22. Sze tuh, the four rivers.
23. Ming shan, famous hills.
24. Ta chuen, great streams of water.
25. Ke tuh, military flags and banners.
26. Taou loo che shin, the god of a road where an army must pass.
27. Ho paou che shin, the god of cannon.
28. Mun shin, gods of the gate.
29. How too che shin, the queen goddess of the ground.
30. Pih-keih, the north pole, &c.

From this specimen it is apparent, that in the Chinese state religion, the material universe, as a whole, and in detail, is worshipped, and that subordinate thereto they have gods

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celestial and terrestrial, and ghosts infernal; that they worship the work of their own hands, not only as images of persons or things divine, but human workmanship for earthly purposes, as in flags and banners, and destructive cannon. That the *material* universe is the object of worship appears not only from the names of those several parts which have been given above, but also from other circumstances. Thus the imperial high-priest, when he worships heaven, wears robes of azure colour, in allusion to the sky. When he worships the earth, his robes are yellow, to represent the clay of this earthy sod. When the sun is the object, his dress is red, and for the moon, he wears pale white. The kings, nobles, and centenary of official hierophants wear their court-dresses. The altar on which to sacrifice to heaven, is round, to represent heaven; this is expressly said. The altar on which the sacrifices to the earth are laid, is square, whether for the same wise reason is not affirmed. The «prayer boards,» chuh pan, are of various colours, for the same reason as the emperor's robes. In the worship of the heavens, a yellow ground with vermillion letters is used; in the worship of the earth, a yellow ground is used with black characters; for the worship of ancestors, a white ground is required, with black characters; for the sun, a carnation, with vermillion characters; and for the moon, a white ground with black characters.

We proceed now to the second part of our subject, and notice the sacred persons who perform the rites of sacrifice. The priests of the Chinese state religion are the emperor himself, who is the high priest, the «pontifex maximus;» and subordinate to him, the kings, nobles, statesmen, and pih kwan (as they phrase it) the centenary or crowd of civil and military officers. The joo keaou, or sect of philosophers, monopolize both civil and sacred functions. At the grand state worship of nature, neither priests nor women are admitted; and it is only when the sacrifice to the patron of silk manufactures takes place by itself, that the empress, and several grades of imperial concubines, princesses, &c., may take part.

It is required of the Chinese hierophants that they be free from any recent legal crime, and not in mourning for the

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dead. For the first order of sacrifices they are required to prepare themselves by ablutions, a change of garments, a vow, and a fast of three days. During this space of time they must occupy a clean chamber, and abstain,—1st. From judging criminals. 2nd. From being present at a feast. 3rd. From listening to music. 4th. from visiting their wives or concubines. 5th. From enquiries about the sick. 6th. From mourning for the dead. 7th. From wine. 8th. From eating onions, leeks, or garlic. «For,» says the annotator, «sickness and death defile, while banquetting and feasting dissipate the mind, and unfit it for holding communion with the gods.»

The victims sacrificed, and the things offered, form our third article. The animal or bloody sacrifices for heaven or earth are divided into the four following classes:—A heifer, or new tsze, «a cow's child.» 2nd. A bullock, or a new foo, a—«a cow's father.», 3rd. Oxen generally. 4th. Sheep or pigs. The things offered are generally silks, on which we do not dwell. The Greeks sacrificed the ox, hog, sheep, kid, cock, and goose. The victims were to be «sana et integra.» The different deities had the proper victims; Jupiter, an ox five years old; Neptune, a black bull, a hog, and a ram; Minerva, a heifer, and an ewe; Esculapius, a she-goat and a cock.» The Chinese also require, that the victims should be whole and sound, and they prefer an azure-black colour. For the grand sacrifices, the victims are to be purified nine decades; and for the herd or flock of sacrifices, one decade or ten days. We do not perceive any ceremonies connected with killing the victims. There are no wreaths or garlands as there were among the Greeks, nor, as among the Jews, any sprinkling of blood particularly mentioned. The victims seem to be simply butchered the day before they are to be offered, and dressed, and we rather think, ready to be distributed, (after being laid on the altar,) among the hungry participators of the tse fuh jow, «the sacrificed blessed flesh,» which the civil and military priesthood will no doubt relish after three days fast. The times of sacrifice are specified as follows:—those to heaven are offered on the day of the winter solstice: those to earth on the day of the summer solstice, and the others at

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regularly appointed times, which it is not important to detail in this sketch.

The ceremonies of this grand worship of nature, this 'natural religion' consist in kneeling, bowing, knocking the head against the ground, or in Chinese, pae kwei kow.

In those sacrifices in which the emperor officiates, in propria persona, he never knocks his head against the ground. What he requires of the greatest monarch on earth, he will not give to the greatest, «supremest» thing that he worships. The three kneelings and knockings of the head against the ground he turns into three kneelings and nine bows. The kow or pae, i. e. the knocking or bowing, seems to make a material, or rather a *feeling* difference in the estimation of his majesty.

The last topic on which we proposed to remark, is the penalty of informality. The punishment annexed to the neglect of the preparation, imperfect victims &c., is either forfeiture of salary for a month or longer, or a specified number of blows with the bamboo, which can be avoided by the payment of a very small sum of money. There is nothing to be feared but man's wrath; nothing but a forfeiture or a fine. The fines in these cases are rated according to the number of blows adjudged to the delinquent. But while such is the easy penalty of these philosophical legislators and hierophants, in cases where they themselves offend; the case is far different if any of the common people presume to arrogate the right of worshipping heaven, and announcing their affairs thereto, or of lighting lamps to the seven stars of ursa major &c.; they shall be punished *bona fide* with eighty blows or strangulation. For the state religion and the objects of worship proper for monarchs and philosophers are not to be desecrated and dishonoured by vulgar adoration. Ye vulgar plebians, go and worship things suited to your station; arrogate not the right of worshipping the supreme powers! *(Chinese Repository.)*

(NAUTICAL MAGAZINE.)

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MISCELLANEA.

Editorship of the New Monthly Magazine. Mr. T. Hood has succeeded Mr. T. Hook as editor of the New Monthly Magazine; and Mr. Colburn is, we see, rejoicing at the singular good fortune which has always attended this, his favourite child; nursed from its birth, we are told, by the first poet of the age, Mr. Campbell; dry-nursed, if that be the phrase, by the first novelist, Mr. Bulwer; and «brought out» by the first wit—no, not exactly *the first,* says the scrupulous little puritan paragraph, for in that sphere there were two suns—T. Hook and T. Hood. Here, however is only an additional cause for exultation and triumph, for the Magazine was long under the guiding protection of the one, and is now laughing under the sunny influence of the other. However, in our plain phrase, we will admit—that we know not where the worthy bibliopole could have found a more fitting successor. We have just got a glimpse of the first-fruits offering of the new editor, and already find traces of his pleasant pen in more places than the table of contents would indicate. (Athenæum.)

Retort uncourteous. — A keen sportsman, provoked by a cockney horseman who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness. «Sir!» said the offender, drawing up both himself and his horse, and

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assuming a very consequential look, «I beg to inform you, «that I did not come out here to be damned.»—«Why then, Sir, you may go home, and be damned.»

(SPORTING MAGAZINE.)

SEED CORN 2000 YEARS OLD.—At the annual dinner of the Middlesex Agricultural association, Mr. H. Pownall produced a head of corn, which he said had been grown in the neighbourhood of his residence, and stated, that he had that day shown it to Mr. Sherborn, of Bedfont, who, on examination, immediately pronounced it to be Egyptian corn, which Mr. Pownall said was the fact, as it had been grown from seed found within the covering of an Egyptian mummy, within which it had been enclosed for upwards of 2000 years.—

(FARMER'S MAGAZINE.)

ANECDOTES TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.—A certain Sheikh said to his wife: «I wish to have such a one as my guest,» naming one of the principal men of the city. «We can ill afford,» observed she, «to entertain a man of his rank; but if you must needs ask him, be sure to slaughter an ox, a sheep, and an ass.» «I can understand,» said the Sheikh, «the propriety of slaughtering the ox and the sheep, but I do not quite see what purpose is to be served by the ass.» «When the great and the noble,» replied his wife, «put their hand to your salt, it is fitting that the dogs of the quarter should likewise be regaled.»

—Mansûr said to an Arab of Syria: «Why do you not give thanks to God, that, since I have been your ruler, you have not been visited by the plague?» «God is too just,» replied he, to afflict us with two scourges at once.» Mansûr was mortified by this retort, and afterwards found some pretext for putting the Arab to death. (ASIATIC JOURNAL.)

GERMAN BOOKS.—The booksellers' catalogue for the fair of Leipsic this year, includes 3,977 works. The booksellers themselves are 592 in number. Leipsic takes the first rank in the list,—and Berlin the second. The Austrian states furnish collectively, only 285 works, 183 of which are from Vienna. Berlin, alone, has 423, and Prussia, altogether, 1.236.

(LITERARY GAZETTE.)

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PRACTICE—does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied—"That is odd enough, for I have been practising all night." (THE OMNIBUS.)

CHINESE ARMS.—'Lieut. Col. Knowles, commanding the detachment of Royal Artillery at present serving in China, has recently transmitted to this country a complete assortment of Chinese war-arms, with specimens of shot, and the costumes of the soldiers of the Celestial Empire. The whole of these articles, and a figure of a Chinese soldier in his tiger dress, have, within the last few days, been arranged in the Royal Repository at Woolwich, where the public have free admission to visit them. The following is an account of these interesting novelties: —

The appearance of the arms of the soldiers who serve the brother of the sun and moon, contrasts strangely with the other modern arms in the repository; and harmonizes more with the antique fire-arms deposited in the building. Part of the Chinese weapons remind us of the ancient bows and arrows of Robin Hood (1) and his merry-men, while the ordnance pieces exactly resemble those used in the 14th and 15th centuries, similar to those which have been found and are said to have belonged to the Spanish Armada. The largest piece sent home by Colonel Knowles, appears to be about seven feet long, and is formed of pieces of iron welded together, and hooped with rings throughout its whole length, about four inches distant from each other. Another piece, with a plain musket-shaped barrel, is about five feet long, and is mounted on three legs, presenting a similar appearance to the telescope used in this country, only it has an additional moveable leg at the breech to regulate the elevation. The charge of this piece is placed in a separate iron chamber, which, when loaded, is inserted at the rear end of the muzzle, and fired by a matchlock. The Chinese swords appear formidable, and in the hands of good soldiers would be very effective. They are in the form of Turkish sabres, but with less curve, and the handles are

(1) A celebrated outlaw of the 14th Century. Ed.

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about 15 inches long, evidently that they may afford room to hold with both hands at once, and cut with tremendous force. There are two swords of a different construction, the blades being only about 18 inches in length, fixed on handles five feet long, for cutting, or defending the men from the attack of cavalry; or, as there is a small tuft of hair attached to them, they may have been used to denote the rank of those who used them, as the serjeants of the British army were distinguished by their halberts. A most singular arm of the Chinese is formed exactly similar to the trident of Neptune, the centre prong being straight, and the two outer prongs slightly curved, but very sharp pointed. This weapon is fixed to the end of a pole about 10 feet long, similar in thickness to those used by British regiments of Lancers. The Chinese standard is cut in a sheet of iron in the form of the ace of spades, with a number of projections, representing flames of fire. The standard is fixed upon the top of a pole, and immediately underneath it is a circular piece of iron about six inches in diameter, hung round with hair about 9 or 10 inches in length. There are also, neatly arranged on the wall, two bows formed of bamboo and horn, and the contents of a sheaf of arrows, 120 in number, about 3 1/4 feet long each. On the table below are specimens of the shot used by the Chinese, very rudely cast; the largest being only four inches, and the smallest one inch, in diameter. The tiger dress of a soldier has been stuffed with straw, and placed against the wall, and presents a singular appearance, being a second edition of Sir John Falstaff, having nearly as substantial or bulky a corporation as that celebrated Knight. Attached to the costume, which is from top to bottom all one dark red colour, with fantastic stripes, painted black, to represent a tiger, is a hood, made to cover the head quite close, and fall down over a considerable portion of the face, with holes for the eyes; and two projecting representations of the ears of an animal. Amongst the articles is a dress, which belonged to an officer of high rank, and although it is rather the worse for wear, it still has the remains of finery about it, being of a dark ground, thickly studded with metallic ornaments, and flowered with

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embroidered figures in silk. It is intended to have this dress stuffed, to exhibit the costume of the Chinese officers; and altogether the articles transmitted by Colonel Knowles form a great acquisition to the Repository. (TIMES.)

STEEPLE CHASE.—A match for L200 a-side, made at Horncastle horse-fair in August last, between Mr. John Elmore's *Gay Lad* (formerly the property of Mr. Davy), and Mr. J. Anderson's *Croxby*, at 12st. each a-side, to be run over four miles of fair hunting country, came off on Thursday, the 2d inst. J. Hall, Esq., was the umpire, and Finchley was named as the rallying-point. The line chosen was well adapted for viewing the race from beginning to end, the start taking place from the second field from the church, near Mr. Parbury's, and extending along the side of the London road for about two miles, and then, after crossing the road, returning about the same distance to the winning-field adjoining the road, which was on a hill of difficult ascent for the nags at the end of their work. They had to cross the brook near Golder's Green, both in going and returning; and there were nearly 30 fences of ordinary character, but rendered difficult by the awfully heavy state of the ground, and the rottenness of it in the taking-off places. Flagging the ground and weighing having been settled, the horses were mounted, Mr. J. Mason appearing in a warm comfortable harlequin jacket as the steersman of *Gay Lad*, and Mr. W. M'Donough, in his usual colours, as the jock of *Croxby*. The latter horse, we hear, was not deemed sufficiently up to the mark at Newport Pagnell, and he was afterwards sent to Mr. Smith at Epsom, who brought him to the scratch, apparently in excellent condition. *Gay Lad* was severely hurt on the shin of the near fore-leg by getting into the brook at Newport, and it was thought by some that he would not be able to get through his work on this occasion: the betting was in favour of *Croxby* at six and seven to four, a week since, but by the training and care of Mr. G. Dockeray, who bled and physicked him, and bandaged his damaged leg, he was brought to the post looking well, although a little wasted. About a quarter past two o'clock, the word «go» was given, the betting being abou

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even. Mason judiciously took the headland of the two first fields, his opponent lying in the heavier ground to his right: every fence was beautifully taken, according to the best of their judgment; no follow my leader, but each taking a line of his own, about ten yards apart. It was evident *Gay Lad* was best through the deep. They alternately led to where they crossed the turnpike road, over which *Croxby* got first; from this point Mason led to Hamilton's farm-house some lengths, but in jumping a fence *Gay Lad* rushed to the wrong side of the flag, and Mason was compelled to turn him again over the fence, which he accomplished with great skill. *Croxby* here got a lead of thirty or forty yards, but Mason put on the steam, soon made good his ground, and gave his opponent the go-by. The pace now became terrific, *Gay Lad* leading down the hill to the brook, which both cleared beautifully. M'Donough now set to work, but could not get the lead, *Gay Lad* beating him at every stride up the hill to the last fence, which was well done by both, particularly *Gay Lad,* who cleared it, with some yards to spare, into the winning-field. A short struggle home, in which Mason made *Croxby* safe, and *Gay Lad* went in a gallant winner of three or four lengths. *Gay Lad* has thus proved himself a very stout horse through a deep and heavy country, nor was he distressed, while *Croxby* appeared dead beat. It may be remarked that Mr. Elmore showed his judgment as to the merits of his horse, for before they had gone two fields he laid Mr. Anderson L30 to L20 that he won, which Mr. A. of course lost. Both jockeys rode with great nerve and judgment, particularly Mason, who really appears to drop his horses where and how he pleases. Neither horse fell throughout the race, and every thing passed off well. The trial was for both horses most severe, and no one can doubt that the best horse won. (CHRONICLE.)

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ARTESIAN WELL AT SOUTHAMPTON. — We have the satisfaction to announce that this great undertaking is rapidly progressing towards a successful completion. The shaft is now sunk to the depth of 500 feet, being 40 feet in the chalk, and within 60 feet of the extreme depth required by the contract to be attained. By dint of great exertion on the part of the contractors, engineer, and workmen, the shaft has been sunk no less than 20 feet during the past week. As the work proceeds, the water, percolating through the flint strata, fast increases, and is found to be of the purest quality. Both engines are kept constantly employed raising the water from the entire depth. The brick lining was discontinued at the depth of 465 feet, as the chalk was found to be sufficiently firm and solid to be capable of sustaining the superincumbent weight, and the brick-work therefore became unnecessary. Should no unforeseen difficulty arise to retard the progress of the work, there is no doubt that the well will be completed about Christmas, and a never-failing supply of the purest water be thenceforward secured to the town.

(HANTS INDEPENDENT)

CAST-IRON ORNAMENTS OF BERLIN.—The raw metal of which they are manufactured does not cost more than 1s. 6d. (1r. 80cop.) per cwt.; but wrought into ear-rings, the value becomes 2,734l. 2s. 6d. (66,619 r.) per cwt., and made into shirt-buttons, about 3,000l. (72,000r.) per cwt. It would not be easy to point out any other metal in which art can increase the value of the raw material, 40,000—fold.

(MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.)

THE LAST CENSUS.—The total population of England, according to the census just completed, is 7,321,875 males, 7,673,633 females—total, 14,995,508: that of Wales, 447,533 males, 463,788 females—total 911,321: that of Scotland, 1,246,427 males, 1,382,530 females—total, 2,628,957; and that of the Islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alder-

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ney, Sark, Herm, Jethon, and Man 57,598 males, 66,481 females—total 124,079. These numbers, including 4,003 males and 893 females, ascertained to have been travelling by railways and canals on the night of 6th June, make the grand total 9,077,436 males, and 9,587,325 females. The population therefore of Great Britain amounts to 18,664,761 persons: the returns include only such part of the army, navy, and merchant seamen, as were, at the time of the census, within the kingdom on shore. The increase of the population, as compared with the returns of 1831, is at the rate of 14. 5 per cent for England; 13 per cent for Wales; for Scotland 11. 1; for the islands of the British Seas 19. 6; making the increase for the whole of Great Britain 14 per cent, being less than that of the ten years ending 1831, which was 15 per cent.—In 1811, the increase during the previous ten years in England was 14 ½ per cent. In 1821, the increase for England was 17 ½ per cent; and for Scotland 16 per cent. In 1831, the increase was for England 16 per cent; for Wales, 12 per cent; for Scotland, 13 per cent; and for the islands in the British Seas 15. 8 per cent. The number of houses in England; is, inhabited, 2,758,295; uninhabited, 162,756; building, 25,882. The number in Wales, inhabited, 188,196 uninhabited, 24,307; building, 2,760. In the islands of the British Seas, 19,150 inhabited; 865 uninhabited; and 220 building. Grand totals for the whole of Great Britain, 3,464,007 inhabited, 196,061 uninhabited, 30,631 building—altogether 3,682,629 houses.—In 1831, the number of inhabited houses was 2,866,595; uninhabited 133,331; building 27,553; total 3,027,479 houses. (TIMES.)

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Amongst the papers read was the following:—

«Description of the great aqueduct at Lisbon, over the valley of Alcantra,» by Samuel Clegg Jun.

This aqueduct was founded by king John the Fifth in 1713, and completed by the Marquis of Pombal, in 1755. It resisted uninjured the shocks of the great earthquake in that year, although it was observed to oscillate considerably. The most conspicuous part of the work is that which crosses the valley of Alcantra; it consists of thirty-two arches, with spans varying from 50 to 105 feet; the crown of the centre arch is 225 feet from the ground. The length of this portion is 3,000 feet. The sources from which the supply of water is derived, are situated in the high ground in the neighbourhood of Cintra and of Bella. They are eighteen in number; one of these tributaries is conveyed by a culvert from a distance of 15 miles. The main duct into which the tributary streams empty themselves, forms a tunnel of six feet wide, and seven feet high, ventilated by vertical shafts,

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at distances of a quarter of a mile apart. After passing over the great aqueduct, the main duct runs under ground for half a mile, is carried across the «Estrada do arco Cavalho» on seven arches of 40 feet span each, on the south side of which it continues beneath the surface, until it reaches the aqueduct of «Agua Livres» in Lisbon, and empties itself into the reservoir at its termination. This reservoir is 60 feet long, by 54 feet wide, and 27 feet deep. The quantity of water contained in it when the author took the measurements was 64,800 cubic feet. He was unable to obtain sections of the retaining-walls, but supposed them to be about 23 feet in thickness. The pipes through which the water is distributed to the neighbouring fountains, are of earthen-ware and stone, set in mortar. The velocity of its flow through the main duct is 75 feet per minute. The quantity discharged is about 73,000 gallons in 24 hours, during the winter months. Particulars were then given, relating to the construction of the aqueduct, translated from the documents preserved at the office of public works in Lisbon. From these it appeared, that no mechanical contrivances were used for hoisting the blocks of marble, but they were slung upon poles from men's shoulders, and carried up a series of inclined planes to the height required, though some of these blocks weighed upwards of three tons; and the cost of the entire aqueduct, which was about 21 miles long, with all the immediate and collateral works, and including the reservoir, was two millions and a half sterling. (ATHENÆUM.)

EMIGRATION.— The following is a statement of emigrant departures from the port of Liverpool, between the 1st January and 31st October: British colonies of North America, 3,870; United States of America, 34,908; Sydney, New South Wales, 5,648; Port Philip, 1,439; Swan River, 117: giving a total of 46,072.

(LIVERPOOL ALBION.)

IRON STEAM-BOATS.—I had the pleasure, at breakfast, of sitting next Mr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the inventor of the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye, that looks as if it might penetrate science, or anything else he chose to look into. He described the iron steamer now building; which has a larger tonnage than any merchant-ship in the world; and expressed an opinion that iron ships would soon supersede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and which, I trust, will soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will *go to America in seven days*.

(Miss Sedgwick's Letters, quoted in the PENNY MAGAZINE.)

INTERESTING ANATOMICAL EXAMINATION.—In July last, a very fine

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pair of chimpanzees was purchased by the committee of the Bristol Zoological Gardens, they having been brought direct from Africa to this port. The female died on the 5th inst., though not (as it has subsequently been found) of the usual disease, consumption, but of dysentery, to which she had been subject on her voyage, and to suffer from it till her death. Indeed, there was no remedy, for it was found impossible to administer any medicine. The keeper was in the habit of masticating her food, and feeding her from his mouth; but the moment any kind of medicine was attempted to be introduced, she rejected it, and even after it had been forced down her throat, she would throw it off her stomach. The body having been presented to the Bristol Philosophic Institution, was opened by Dr. Fairbrother, in the presence of some of the members. On being anatomically examined, its great similarity to the human frame was surprisingly apparent. The brain, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, spleen, kidneys, intestines, &c., were in form and shape almost exactly the counterpart of those in a human being; the heart in particular presented a peculiarity never found in any other of the monkey tribe; that is, it had nearly the same obliquity, and rested on the midriff in the same manner as in the human body: indeed, the only striking exception was in the organs of the voice, there being on the upper part of the ventricles of the larynx two small membranous bags or sacs, into which part of the air must pass from the lungs during respiration, so that the column of air is divided and diminished, and consequently the vibrations produced by its passage through the glottis are weakened, and the voice becomes inarticulate. If it were not for this singular provision, it is supposed that the chimpanzee would be capable of giving utterance to its feelings and wants in the same manner that man does.

(BRISTOL STANDARD.)

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

No. II.

ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We are not to seek for the elements of the language now spoken in England, amongst the Ancient Britons, the first inhabitants of the British Isles of whom we have any records, but rather in those of the different nations to which a considerable part of the country successively became a prey.

So early as the year 55 before the birth of Jesus Christ, Julius Cæsar landed in England, and, after a fierce struggle, and repeated invasions, the barbarous inhabitants were obliged to give way to the superior discipline of the Romans, and the greater part of the island was subdued. The conquerors were not however in sufficient numbers to have any great influence on the language of the people; and even if any change really did take place, it was doomed to be completely effaced by the horrors, to which the wretched natives were exposed, after the British possessions had been abandoned by the Romans.

The Angles and Saxons now flocked into the country in numerous bodies, overspreading the island, and carrying death

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and destruction wherever they came. The resistance of the Britons was long, continued, and bloody, and ended only in the almost total extirpation of the whole race (1). So great was the number of these barbarians, and so complete the annihilation of the Ancient Britons, that from the Frith of Forth to the coasts of Kent and Suffolk, the British language disappeared, except from Wales, where it still exists, and is commonly spoken by the inhabitants. The only language throughout the rest of the country was that of the conquerors; and the Saxon must therefore be considered as the root from whence first sprung the modern English.

These Saxons were, in their turn, exposed to the irruptions of other barbarians—the Danes—who eventually subjected the country to their dominion, during the reigns of Canute and his two sons: they had however no further influence on the language than the introduction of a certain number of Danish words, which may still be traced in it. The return of the English line, in the person of Edward the Confessor, restored the predominance of the Saxon; so that when the Normans entered the island, the Anglo-Saxon was almost universally spoken.

Of this language, now become a dead one, many considerable specimens still exist, the earliest of which is fixed at about 680. It is a fragment by Cædmon (2), preserved by Alfred, in his translation of Bede's history, and of which the following is an extract.

Nu we sceol herigean	Now we shall praise
Heafon rices (3) weard;	Heaven (5) kingdom's guardian;
Methodes mihte.	Creator mighty,
And his (4) mod gethanc,	And his mind's thoughts,

(1) Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, passim.

(2) Warton's History of English Poetry.

(3) «Weard,» guardian: the letters w, and gu, being identical; e: g: «ward-robe,» garde-robe,

(4) «Mod»—now «mood,» tone or character, state of mind.

(5) The termination «ric,» kingdom, the German «reich,» is retained in the word «Bishopric.»

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Weorc wuldor fœder!	Of works glorious father!
Swa he wuldres gehwœs	So he of every glory
Ece drihten	Eternal Lord!
Ord onstealde;	The beginning established;
He ærest gescop	He first shaped
Eorthan bearnum,	The Earth for the children, (of men)
Heofon to rofe,	Heaven for roof.
Halig scyppend!	Holy shaping, (creator)!
Tha middan geard,	The middle region,
Mon cynnes weard,	Of Man's kind the guardian;
Ece drihtene,	Eternal Lord,
After teode	Afterwards made
Firum faldan;	The ground for men;
Frea almihtig.	Ruler almighty.

Bedæ Op. IV. 24.

What degree of influence the Norman Conquest had on the language of the country, it would perhaps be very difficult to decide, though we should rather incline to the opinion of Hallam (1) that it was very slight. Even before this event the French language had become popular amongst the higher classes in England; and it is remarked that a greater number of French words were then introduced, than during the first hundred years after the Normans had made themselves masters of the country. The neglected state of learning in the English monasteries—then the only seats of knowledge—and which in the 8th century had been so flourishing, forced the nobility, and those who were desirous to study, to seek for education abroad; and they naturally repaired to the French colleges, then in some esteem. Fashion had also its effect, as the nobles, ashamed of their less civilized customs, manners, language, and habits, were generally ambitious of imitating every thing that was Frankish.

To all this the Conquest put a total stop. A most deadly hatred and sturdy opposition against the conquerors arose on all sides, and this, for a time at least, prevented any mixture of the two languages, even in spite of all the efforts of William. The laws were, by his order, administered in Norman-

(1) Hallam's Hist. of the Literature of Europe. 1st. Vol.

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French: children at school were forbidden to read in their native tongue, and were instructed in Norman-French only. But William's tyrannical attacks upon the language of the natives failed in the success he had anticipated: for in the earliest production of any consequence after the conquest,—Layamon's chronicle,—supposed to have been written about a hundred years after that event, all the change which had taken place in the Anglo-Saxon was the introduction of a few French words, and the suppression of some of the Saxon terminations. This epoch is therefore generally considered as the dawn of the English language.

Towards the close of the 13th century, we find many examples of translation from the French romances; and this perhaps may be considered as the period at which French words began to be so abundantly engrafted on the English language. This, however, does not seem to have been the case before; for as Hallam says (1), «though translation was the means by which words of French origin were afterwards more copiously introduced, very few occur in the extracts of Layamon hitherto published.»

In the reign of Edward III, the Commons, most of whom were of Saxon origin, had so far gained a superiority over the Barons, as to cause an act of parliament to be passed, by which all law-pleadings were to be carried on in English. The Saxon language had now undergone a very considerable change, not only by the introduction of French words, but even in its forms and terminations. To trace this is impossible (2), all that we know is that it took place gradually, and left us the rude elements of that now spoken.

Having thus brought the language down to a period when it may be comprehended by the general reader, we shall proceed to exemplify its further progress by extracts from some of our best writers, as the simplest mode of showing its march through the course of centuries.

Passing over the other poets of this period, our first extract shall be from Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and a

(1) Hist. of the Literature of Europe. 1st. Vol.

(2) Dr. Johnson's Hist. of the English Language.

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genius of the highest order, who flourished in the latter end of the 14th Century, and was justly considered as the most elegant writer of his time:

(1) Ther was, as telleth Titus Livius,
A knight, that [2] cleped was Virginius,
Fulfilled of honour and worthinesse,
And strong of frendes, and of [3] gret richesse.
This knight a doughter hadde by his wif;
No children had he [4] mo in all his lif.
Fair was this maid in excellent beautee,
Aboven every [5] wight that man may see:
For Nature had with soveraine diligence
[6] Yformed hire in so gret excellence,
As tho she [7] wolde sayn: lo, I nature,
Thus can I form and [8] peint a creature,
[9] Whan that me list; who can me [10] contrefete?
Pigmalion? not, though he aye should forge, and [11] bete,
Or grave, or peinte: for I dare well sain,
Apelles, Zeuxis, [12] shulden werche in vain,
Other to grave, or peinte, or forge, or bete,
If they presumed me to contrefete.
For He that is the [13] former principal,
Hath maked me his vicaire general,
To form and peinten earthly creatures,
Right as me list, and [14] eche thing in my [15] cure is
Under the [16] mone, that may wane and waxe.
And for my [17] werk right nothing wol I [18] axe:
My lord and I ben ful of one accord
I made [19] hire to the worship of my lord;
So do I al [20] min other creatures
[21] What colour that they han, or what figures.
Thus semeth me that Nature wolde say.
This maid of age [22] twelf yere was and tway,
In which that nature hadde [23] swiche [24] delit:
For right as she can peint a lily [25] whit,
And red a rose, right with swiche peinture
She peinted hath this noble creature,
Ere she was born, upon hire [26] limmes free,

(1) Canterbury Tales.

[2] Called. [3] Great. [4] More. [5] Person. [6] Formed her. [7] Would say. [8] Paint. [9] When it pleases me. [10] Counterfeit. [11] Beat, forge. [12] Should work. [13] Chief creator. [14] Each. [15] Care. [16] Moon. [17] Work. [18] Ask. [19] Her. [20] My. [21] Whatever colours they have. [22] Twelve years and two. [23] Such. [24] Delight, [25] White. [26] Limbs.

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Wheras by right swiche colours shulden be:
And Phebus [1] died hath her tresses [2] grete,
Like to the [3] stremes of his burned hete;
And if that excellent were hire beautee,
A thousand fold more vertuous was she.
In hire ne lacked no [4] condition
[5] That is to preise, as by discretion.
As wel in [6] gost as body, chast was she,
For which she [7] floured in virginitee;
With all humilitee and abstinence,
With all [8] attemperance and patience,
With [9] mesure eke of [10] bearing and array,
Discrete she was in answering alway.
Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I sain,
Hire [11] facounde [12] eke ful womanly and plain:
No contrefeted termes hadde she
To [13] semen wise, but after hire [14] degree
She spake, and all hire wordes more and lesse
[15] Souning in vertue and in [16] gentillesse.
[17] Shamefast she was in maidens shamfastnesse,
Constant in [18] herte, and ever in [19] besinesse.

THE DOCTOUR'S TALE.

The prose style, always more slow in its formation than the poetic, would of course be considerably inferior to the poetry of this time. We extract from Wickliffe's translation of the Bible:

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A mann hadde twey sones: and the yonger of ([20]) hem seide to the fadir, «Fadir, geve me the porcioun of catel that fallith to me;» and he departide to ([21]) hem the catel. And not after manye dayes, whanne alle thingis weren gederid togider: the yongere sone wente forth in pilgrimage, into a fer cuntree, and ther he wastid hise goodis in lyvynge riotously. And after that he hadde endid alle thingis, a strong hungur was maad in that cuntree, and he bigan to have nede. And he wente and ([22]) drough him to oon of the cyteseynes of that cuntree, and he sente him into his toun to feed swyn. And he coveitide to fille his ([24]) wombe of this coddis that the hoggis eeten,

[1] Dyed. [2] Large, abundant. [3] Streams of his burning heat. [4] Quality. [5] That deserves praise. [6] Mind. [7] Bloomed. [8] Modesty. [9] Reserve. [10] Behaviour, deportment. [11] Speech. [12] Also. [13] Seem. [14] Rank. [15] Sounding. [16] Good-breeding. [17] Bashful. [18] Heart. [19] Employment.

([20]) Them. ([21]) Him. ([22]) Drew. ([24]) Belly.

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and no man gaf him. And he turnede agen into himself: and seide, «how manye hirid men in my fadir's hous had plente of looves: and I perisch here thorow hungur. I schal rise up and go to my fadir, and I schal seye to him: fadir I have synned unto hevene and before thee, and now I am not worthi to be clepid (1) thi sone; make me as oon of thin hirid men.» And he roos up and cum to his fadir; and whanne he was yit afer, his fadir (2) seigh him and was stirid by mersy, and he ran, and fel on his necke and kisside him. And the sone seide to him, «fadir, I have synned unto hevene and bifore thee: and now I am not worthi to be clipid thi sone!» And the fadir seide to the servantis (3), swithe brynge ye forthe the first stole: and clothe ye him, and gyve ye a ring in his hond: and schoon on hise feet. And brynge ye a fat calf and sleygh ye: and ete we, and make we feeste. For this my son was dead, and hath lyved agen: he perischide and is founde: and all men begunen to bi merie. But his eldre sone was in the feelde; and whanne he cam, and (4) neighede to the hous, he herde a symfonye and a croude. And he clepide oon of the servantes: and axide what thise thingis weren. And he seide to him, «thi brother is comen: and the fadir slough a fat calf, (5) for he resseyvede him soaf!» And he was wrooth, and wolde not come yn: therfor his fadir gede out: and bigan to preye him. And he answerde to his fadir: and seyde; «lo so manye yeeris I serve thee: and I nevere brak thi commandement, and thou never gave to me a Kide that I with my frendis schulde have etun. But aftir that this thi sone hath divouride his substance, thou hast slayn to him a fat calf.» And he seide to him, «sone thou art evermore with me: and alle my thingis ben thine. But it bihofte to make feest and to have joye: for this thi brother was deed and lyvyde agen, he perishide and is founden.

We will now proceed to examine what progress the language had made in the 16th Century; for both the literature and language had been considerably retarded by the long and bloody Civil Wars of the houses of York and Lancaster. Our extract will be from Sir Thomas More, who has the merit of being amongst the first who ventured on prose, with an intention of purifying the style; and he so far succeeded as to have been considered a model for imitation down to the time of James I.

(1) Called. (2) Saw. (3) Quickly. (4) Approached. (5) Because.

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A letter written with a cole by Sir Thomas More to hys doughter maistris Margaret Roper, within a whyle efter he was prisoner in the Towre.

«Myne own good doughter, our Lorde be thanked I am in good helthe of bodye, and in good quiet of minde: and of all worldly thynges I no more desyer then I have. I beseche hym make you all mery in the hope of heaven. And such thynges as I somewhat longed to talke with you all, concerning the worlde to come, our Lorde put theim into your myndes as I truste he dothe, and better to, by hys holy spirite: who blesse you and preserve you all. Written with a cole by your tender loving father, who in hys pore prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babes, nor your nurses, nor your good husbandes, nor your good husbandes shrewde wyves, nor your fathers shrewde wyfe neither, nor our other frendes. And thus fare ye hartely well for lacke of paper.

«Thomas More, Knight.»

The above letter was written towards the middle of the 16th century: we will now take the latter end, and extract from Spenser and Shakspeare, remarking that the apparent greater antiquity in the style of the former arose probably from the subject of his poem—allegorical—which perhaps led him to the adoption of many words then growing obsolete.

(1) A MAN OF HELL, THAT CALLS HIMSELF DESPAYRE.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked (2) wight
His dwelling has, low in a hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff (3) ypight;
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave;
On top whereof (4) ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghosts did wayle and howle.

And all about, old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,

(1) Faery Queene. Book I.
(2) Man. (3) Placed. (4) Always.

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Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs.

. . . . . .

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground;
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His grislie locks, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deedly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes through penurie and pine
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind, and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts.
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet (1) welled afresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

THE FEAR OF DEATH (2).

Aye, but to die; and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the (3) delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

(1) Flowed.
(2) Shakspeare--Measure for Measure. Act III. Scene I.
(3) Accustomed to ease and delight. Warburton.

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We have still perhaps another stage in the language half a century later; we select Milton's

DESCRIPTION OF SATAN (1).

He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Arch-Angel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkly so, yet shone
Above them all the Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride;
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned
For ever more to have their lots in pain;
Millions of spirits for his faults amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt.

The following extract from Jeremy Taylor will give an idea of the progress the language had now made in prose.

(2) For nothing can please a man, without love; and nothing can sweeten felicity itself, but love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the Apostles, or of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, surely he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise. But if a man dwell in love; then the eyes of his wife are fair as the light of heaven, and she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his care, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and return home to his gardens

(1) Paradise Lost. Book I.
(2) The Marriage Ring, a Sermon.

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of chaste retirement. No man can tell, but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance, in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges: their childishness, their innocence, their stammering, their little angers, their imperfections, are so many little emanations of joy and gladness to the heart of him who delighteth in their presence and society.

It was not however till the latter end of the 17th century, that our language seems to have attained the utmost perfection of which it is susceptible, when the great reformer Dryden introduced what was then called the new versification. From this period down to the present day, the poetic language has undergone no material change. Our space will allow us only to quote the following passage from his celebrated Ode:

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bonds of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud with a furious joy,

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And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy:
Thäis led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

But it was not only as a poet that Dryden excelled; his prefaces and dedications may be generally quoted as models of elegance and beauty in prose. The following passage, as well as a multitude of others from the same source, has perhaps never been surpassed in vigour and harmony of expression.

(') «There are no factions,» says the poet, addressing his patron, «though irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their affection to your Lordship. Titus was not more the delight of human kind. Universal empire made him only more known, but could not make him more beloved. I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the East, at your first rising above the hemisphere. I was soon sensible of that light when it was just shooting out, and beginning to travel towards the meridian. I made my early addresses to your Lordship, and there bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of the writer than the skill; when I was drawing the outlines of an art without any living master to instruct me in it—an art which had been better praised them studied here in England; wherein Shakspeare had written rather happily than knowingly and justly; when thus I was sailing in a vast ocean before the use of the loadstone or a knowledge of the compass, I had the presumption to dedicate to your Lordship. Yet was I stronger in prophecy than in criticism: I was inspired to foretel you to mankind as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.»

The eighteenth, as well as the present century, abounds in poets and prose writers of the highest eminence, whom it would be useless to quote, as their works are in every body's hands: we should not however pass over the names of Swift and Addison, who may be considered as models of English purity and simplicity.

(') Dedication of Juvenal to the Duke of Dorset.

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We cannot conclude this short notice, without saying a few words on the sententious pomp of Dr. Johnson's prose style. Himself gigantic, both morally and physically, he is well represented by his style—admirable in his own hands:—but we cannot help thinking that it has, in some respects, had an evil influence on our language, as it is unfortunately but too easily imitated by men of little genius, who dazzle the unlearned, by making a parade of words, in order to conceal the poverty of their ideas.

We should do better, perhaps, to apply ourselves to the style of Addison as a model, in favour of which we shall conclude by quoting what Dr. Johnson himself says in its favour: « Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. »

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THE COST OF A REPUTATION.

A PARABLE.

« No, no, the post-chaise is at the door;—it is too late, » cried I to my mother and sisters,—I will not say how many years ago,—when about to set out for Sedan, bearing urgent letters of recommendation to the Duc de C., who was enjoying his ministerial holidays at a country-seat in that neighbourhood. « You cannot surely have expected, my dear mother, that, at twenty years of age, I should sit down tamely contented with— »

« Twenty thousand livres per annum, — a cheerful happy home, with the best hunting, shooting, fishing, and prettiest sisters in the provinces, » interrupted the youngest of the girls. « Bernard! Bernard!—think twice before you sacrifice the happiness of such a destiny to idle dreams of vain ambition. »

« Think of your poor cousin Henrietta, who loves you so dearly, » remonstrated another of my sisters.

« Think of the example shown you by the best of fathers, » added my mother in a graver voice.

« My dear mother,—my dear girls, » cried I respectfully kissing the hand of the former, as I prepared to take my leave,—« You should have spoken thus earnestly two months ago, before I addressed my first letter of solicitation to the Duc de C. Great men and great ministers are not to be trifled with. My visit has been announced, and I must go. Some day or other you will rejoice that I had courage to tear

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myself from among you, and create for the honour of the family a reputation destined to ennoble the obscure patronymic of my fathers. In youth we owe ourselves to the world, in order that, in later years, the world may repay the loan with its esteem. The public distinctions, essential to my happiness, once achieved, I will return straight to the chateau, marry my cousin Henrietta, and remain happy and contented among you for the remainder of my days.»

«But why not be happy and contented now?» still pleaded the three girls.

«In inglorious obscurity? — never! You will be twice as proud of me, my dear little girls, when, four years hence, I return with epaulettes on my shoulders,—a gay colonel from Versailles!»

«But if you should be killed in battle in the interim, my good brother?» pleaded my little favourite Ann.

I muttered something about «glory,»—«renown,»—«fame,» the usual claptraps of the occasion,—kissed them hastily all round; and, to avoid further importunity, jumped into the carriage. There was no arguing with their shrewd good sense and strong affection.

A day or two afterwards I was at Sedan, a garrison town, where I was not sorry to obtain some insight into the pleasures and habits of a military life, previous to taking the first step in my career. Already I foresaw a tremendous crown of laurels impending over my head. The exigencies of war were just then direfully active. In half a dozen years I might be a general officer,—in a dozen more, perhaps, a field-marshal! So, at least, I assured myself, every time my servant touched his hat, addressing me by the ignominious title of «Monsieur le Chevalier.» Even Henrietta almost ceased to occupy a place in my memory, so warmly were my hopes engrossed by my brilliant prospects.

The fortifications of Sedan, the roll of its drums, the martial air of its very citizens, who cock their hats in the street, as much as to say to strangers visiting the town, «We are the countrymen of Turenne!»—did not tend to refrigerate my military ardour. I hated to find myself nothing in the eyes

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of the garrison. « Some day or other, » said I to myself, « these people shall become familiar with my name. » To be famous was the height of my ambition.

I supped that night with the mess of a regiment of cuirassiers quartered at Sedan, with one of the young officers of which I had a family connexion. Among young fellows of our age it soon transpired that I was on my road to the chateau of the Duc de C.; that I was forthwith to accompany him to Versailles, where he was to present me to the king; and take care of my promotion; and so unanimous were my companions in congratulating me upon my great good fortune, and predicting that, in a few years, I should be at the head of a regiment, that I felt prouder than ever of having found courage to extricate myself from the peaceful ignominy of a country life, and the arms of my pretty cousin Henrietta.

I ventured to enquire the road to the residence of the Duc de C., for which I was to set out early in the morning.

« Any one will show you the way, » cried one of the officers, — « It is the famous chateau where Field-marshal Fabert breathed his last; and one of the finest places in the neighbourhood. «

« Fine as it is, however, » added another, « I know plenty of provincials hereabouts who would not set foot in it to command the interest at Court of the Duc de C.! »

« Or even the good fortune of Marshal Fabert! » added another. Then finding me insufficiently versed in the feats and triumphs of the said marshal, they proceeded to relate the eventful history of one, who, from a printer's boy, had risen to the highest military rank in Europe;—eventually refusing, from the hands of Louis XIV., letters-patent of nobility, and the insignia of the order of the Holy Ghost.

« In Fabert's life-time, » observed one of the officers, « his rapid rise, and unexampled successes, gave grounds to a popular belief, that he was indebted to magic for his unvarying good fortune. »

« Nay, to this day, » added another, « the peasants expressly point out the tower in which the general held his colloquies with the Evil One. »

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« *Colloquies?* » retorted a third; « did you never hear the story of the general's death-bed? The demon to whom he had pledged his soul is said to have made his appearance at the chateau during the last moments of Fabert, disappearing at the very instant of his decease. »

« Carrying off, of course, in his Satanic pouch, » added his comrade, with a hearty laugh, « the forfeited soul of the brave soldier who had outlived so many battles! »

« Laugh, and welcome, my dear fellow, » remonstrated one of the younger officers; « but I can tell you that scarcely a farmer in the district of Sedan but firmly believes that every month of May, about the anniversary of Fabert's decease, the general's black man, (as they familiarly denominate his Satanic Majesty,) reappears at the chateau! »

« I congratulate you, my dear sir, » rejoined the more sceptical of the set. « If you remain long enough the inmate of the Duc de C., you may hope to enjoy the excitement of an adventure. »

A thousand idle jests resulted from this sportive hint; but though I joined heartily in the merriment of the mess-table, I confess it was not without a certain uneasy sensation that, through the misty rain of a spring morning, I descried the turrets of the chateau of the Duc de C. the following day. I tried to make myself believe that awe at approaching the presence of a man so honoured with the friendship of His Majesty, was the sole cause of my nervous tremour. But in spite of my better reason, the idea of Marshal Fabert's Black Man was not without its influence.

The chateau was surrounded with vast forests, while a cheerless-looking lake extended its dingy mirror in the foreground. Nothing inviting in its aspect! My mind was, however, too full of castles in the air, to admit of dwelling long upon the ominous features of the place.

On presenting myself at the gates of the old, Gothic manor-house, I was courteously welcomed; but the groom of the chambers informed me, it might be some hours before I received an audience of the Duke, who had slept the preceding night at a neighbouring country-seat. Refreshments were

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offered me; and I was installed in a sort of old armoury on the ground-floor, on the walls of which a few curious military trophies were interspersed with boars' heads, stags', heads, and all the modern attributes of the chase. There were also certain old family portraits, which, at the close of a couple of hours, I began to think remarkably disagreeable companions.

Scarcely had I come to this conclusion, when a pannel of the wainscot slid gently aside, and a human head suddenly intruded into the room; of which, independent of its singular mode of apparition, the aspect was sufficiently appalling,—the features being wasted, the complexion cadaverous, and the coal-black hair wild and shaggy. Still there was something so strikingly intellectual in the face, that it was impossible not to feel interested, rather than terrified.

« What are you doing here? » enquired a deep, but tremulous voice, issuing from the almost livid lips of the intruder.

« Waiting for the Duc de C., » replied I, with as much self-possession as I could manage to assume.

« And do you fancy that you are the only person waiting for him? » rejoined the stranger. « But the hour will come!—his, and thine, and mine; the watcher watcheth for evermore! The forests of the earth are green, and the skies of heaven are blue; but there is a worm that never dies, and a fire that is never quenched. The fatal hour is at hand! This very night, and I shall have ceased to exist! »

God forgive me! — but there was something in this announcement not altogether disagreeable. I was far from sorry to hear my singular visitor avow himself to be a mere mortal, subject to the penalty of vulgar clay. And as he had now passed the threshold, and entered the armoury, I perceived that, though wild in aspect, he was, after all, a well-dressed young man, about thirty years of age, apparently labouring under the consequences of severe indisposition or severe affliction.

« If you are waiting for the Duc de C., come into my room, where you will be better accommodated than here, » said he, probably discerning in my countenance tokens of sympathy in

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his condition; and I accordingly followed him through the secret door, which he closed carefully after us, into a small secluded suite of rooms, of which he did the honours with the ease and politeness of a man of the world. Having taken a seat by my side, and struggled for some minutes with his emotions, as if striving to recover strength and coherency for further explanations, he thanked me for my frank confidence in his good intentions.

«You are entitled,» said he, «to a full explanation of the strange circumstances under which we have met. Grant me your patience awhile. By the time I have related my dreadful history, the Duke will probably be at liberty to receive you.

«I was born, sir, an inmate of this chateau—the youngest of three brothers; to the eldest of whom were apportioned the wealth and honours of the House of C. Nothing remained for me but the wretched insignificance of churchmanship. I was destined to become an Abbé, dependent for preferment upon ministerial patronage. But with the blood and name of my heroic ancestors, I inherited their lofty ambitions! Glory was my idol. Earnest purpose of shining in the world already fermented in my bosom. I was resolved to make myself heard of, or to be heard of no more. So absorbed was my soul by this overpowering yearning after distinction, that the pleasures of life became indifferent. I lived only in the future. The present was comparatively of small account.

«Yet such was the clash and brilliancy of contemporaneous celebrities,—such an influx of literary and military glory diffused its radiance on every side,—that I attained my thirtieth year without accomplishing my end. I was still the obscure denizen of our family estates,—totally eclipsed by the poets, statesmen, and warriors of the day. I was in despair. At certain moments of profound despondency, suicide presented itself as my sole refuge from my bitter consciousness of insignificance. The purport of my life seemed frustrated. To what end an existence so obscure, so colourless as mine?

«I was alone in my family.—My elder brothers were already distinguished in the world. My only confident at home

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was an old negro attached from time immemorial to the house of C. I say from time immemorial, advisedly; for so little was recollected of his first connexion with the family, that many people pretended he had been originally seen in this chateau at the moment of the decease of Field-marshal Fabert.»

I could not altogether repress a start of surprise at this announcement. My companion enquired what was the matter; but it was not for me to refer to the singular intelligence I had received the preceding evening from my friends the cuirassiers.

«One day,» resumed he, «when more than usually overpowered by the dispiriting sense of my own nothingness, I exclaimed aloud, 'I would sacrifice ten years of my life to accomplish a first-rate literary reputation!'

«'Ten years is a large amount to pay for such a trifle!' observed Iago, who happened to be in attendance upon me, — smiling as he spoke, till his two glaring rows of white teeth became frightfully apparent.

«'Large,—but not more than it is worth,' I persisted. 'I say again, that I would thankfully give ten years to become a popular author.'

«'Done!' replied the negro, with his wonted sang froid— (for he was the coolest fellow I ever beheld.) 'I accept your ten years. In return, know that your wish is already half accomplished.'

«You may conjecture my astonishment at hearing him propose this singular engagement. But conceive my surprise when, a few days afterwards, I learned by the post, that a work of mine, transmitted to Paris the preceding year for publication, had actually been crowned by the Academy! My pledge was scarcely given, and I was already a person of note!

«I flew to the capital,—and was received on all sides with open arms. The most distinguished men of the day were proud to make my acquaintance. Their praises, their examples, their counsels, encouraged my enthusiasm, as well as perfected my taste. Every successive work that emanated from my pen, was pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. I had assumed a suppositious name, in order to distinguish myself from

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my brothers; and scarcely a newspaper in which it was not twenty times repeated! My works were translated into every European language. My books were in every hand. It was only yesterday, sir, that you yourself——but no matter.»

My feelings were, by this time, painfully excited. Into *whose* presence had I thus singularly intruded? *Who* was this mysterious stranger? Was it Diderot? — Marmontel? — D'Alembert?—Voltaire? I began to regard my companion with a degree of respect, exceeding even my previous compassion.

«To a spirit so ardently constituted as mine,» resumed he, after a heavy sigh, «even this excess of literary honour soon became insufficient for happiness. I said to myself after all,—what is there at all manly, what is there ennobling in all this waste of pens and ink! The occupation of the demi-gods, ere earth was peopled with mere mortals, was conquest. Military renown is the only glory worth achieving. To be a great general, to become the leader of an army, were well worth the sacrifice of ten years of one's existence.»

«'You continue to bid high,' cried Iago, who was still in my service. 'But once more I accept your terms. *Ten years*, and you shall become a hero!'»

My countenance, I conclude, now began to evince tokens of incredulity; for the stranger suddenly exclaimed, «You do not believe me? Would that *I* too could be incredulous! For I swear to you by all that is holiest in the universe, from the moment when, on the faith of this mysterious compact, I entered the army, I had only to plan expeditions, to have them crowned with success beyond my most sanguine expectations. History is at hand to confirm my asseverations. My name was again an assumed one; but there was no illusion in the provinces it was my fate to attach to the sovereignty of France;—in the fortresses which ceded to my besiegement,—in the redoubts which I carried,— in the banners which I brought back to the feet of my king. *These*, at least, were real; and these still survive to attest all I have been!»

The stranger was now pacing the room with impetuous footsteps; and as I contemplated his movements, I could not forbear exclaiming to myself, «Who on earth have I before

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me? Is it Coigny?— is it Richelieu?— or can it be Marshal Saxe *in propria personâ?*»

After striding backwards and forwards in silence for some moments, he suddenly threw himself anew into the seat by my side.

«Iago assured me, during the intoxication of my military triumphs,» he resumed, «that I should soon become disgusted with the fickle breath of popular applause. 'Sooner or later,' pleaded the negro, 'you will begin to understand that nothing is really important that has not a *real* value. The positive, —the tangible, is the one thing needful.' And he was so far justified in his prognostications, that I actually made him a tender of five additional years, on condition of obtaining the command over enormous riches.»

«And he *fulfilled* his part of the compact?» cried I, with a scarcely repressed smile of incredulity.

«With gold,—jewels,—houses,—lands,—all,—all that passes with mankind under the name of wealth, did he endow me,» cried my companion, clasping his hands with frantic emotion. «Nay, when I rose this very morning, all these were still my own. I was rich,—I was great,—I was powerful! I said now to my soul, take thine ease! I was happy,—I had no fears—no anxieties. If you doubt my word, enquire of Iago. Iago will be here presently, and confirm all I have related.»

I shuddered at these wild assertions, for there was something terribly real in the air of horror with which he rushed to a time-piece on the chimney-piece, and anxiously ascertained the hour.

«This morning, when I opened my eyes,» he resumed, addressing me in a portentous whisper, «I found myself so weak and dispirited, that I hastily summoned my *valet de chambre* to my assistance. Merciful Powers!— It was Iago who appeared in his place! My soul sank within me as he accosted me.»

«Yet his appearance, you say, was ever the precursor of triumph and good fortune,» said I, desirous to tranquillize the agitation of the invalid.

«I asked him the cause of my sudden illness,» continued

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he,—«I told him that only last night I retired to rest in perfect health!

«'It is not sickness,—*it is death!* replied the negro, with his usual frightful grin, 'Surely you are prepared?'

«For *death?*—at MY age?» cried I, gasping for breath.

«'It is not MY fault if you have been too much absorbed in your personal vanities to take heed of the lapse of time,' replied the negro, with a bitter sneer. 'Providence accorded you, as the term of your natural life, exactly threescore years. You were thirty when we first entered into our engagements.»

«Iago,» cried I, anticipating the horrible announcement that was to follow.

«'And during the five ensuing years,' he continued, with his usual facetious insolence, 'you expended in speculations an extra allowance of five and twenty. You have consequently lived out your sixty years. You will find me tolerably correct in my arithmetic; for know, that every moment subtracted from *your* life, is added to my own; and *I*, at least, recognise the value of human existence!'

«Such, then, was the motive of your pretended zeal!» cried I with indignation.

«'Greater men than yourself have shown themselves more grateful,' coolly rejoined the negro: 'Fabert, for instance, who was one of my protégés, paid me a somewhat higher price for his reputation.'

«Iniquitous monster!» cried I, «You have deceived me,—defrauded me.»

«'Nay, nay,—you have only cheated yourself!' replied Iago. 'Count upon your fingers, and you will find me exact in my balance. Thirty-five years of real existence, and twenty-five expended in procuring the means of distinction;—total of the whole, sixty! Admit that you have lived your day. Prepare for immediate dissolution.'

«He was about to leave the room, when I rushed towards him, and clung to his garments.

«Only one more day!» cried I; «only, only one!»

«'Not half a one,' he coolly replied. 'Reflect, that I am

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the loser of every minute's grace you obtain! Your time is over.'

«An hour—a single hour!» I persisted—feeling the powers of life weakening and weakening as I spoke.

«'Hark ye!' cried the negro, pretending to be softened by my earnestness—'You have hitherto negociated with me like a gentleman; and liberal treatment is due to you in return. What will you give for two hours of the life you now appear to value so highly?'

«Anything—everything!» I exclaimed; for already I felt my blood stagnating in my veins, and the dews of death rising on my forehead. «Willingly will I sacrifice all the fame I have achieved. Take my gold — my lands. Life — life!—I only ask for the breath of life!»

«'You only ask for that of which you have been so prodigal!' cried the negro, with a horrible chuckle. 'But see how tender-hearted I am growing. I accept your offer. Live till evening! But remember you have nothing further here or hereafter to offer as a bribe. At sunset, therefore, be prepared for the worst!'

«So saying, he left me!» continued the stranger, wildly. «He left me—and when we meet again, I must resign myself to death—must cease to enjoy the breath of spring—the harmonies of nature — the joys of life and love! Behold!» he continued, dragging me to the window, and pointing to a group of ragged peasants traversing the parks— «to-morrow, yonder people will be inhaling the pure breezes—will be sunned under the glowing orb of Heaven—*while, for me, all will be at an end!* And to have sacrificed five and twenty years of such blessings—such pure and delicious enjoyments—for the vain acquirement of an uncertain renown; to be praised by those I know not, those whom I care not to know! Oh! what a price have I paid for that which is in itself valueless! What prodigality!—what waste! But why lose the few moments allotted me in idle murmurs! Let me rather enjoy, for the last time, the glorious spectacle of triumphant nature!»

So saying, he threw open the windows opening towards the park, and rushing forth, took his way towards the plantations.

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While watching his precipitate departure, I found myself touched upon the shoulder; and, on turning round, found a grave middle-aged man, wearing the insignia of the St. Esprit, standing beside me. I had no difficulty in recognising the Duc de C.

«I have a thousand apologies to offer you, Monsieur le Chevalier,» said he, «for the inadvertence of my servants in leaving you exposed to an interview with my unfortunate brother; whose mental infirmities are the cause of his seclusion in this retired chateau, and of my annual visit to the place. It was to consult a physician, celebrated for his skilful treatment of lunatics, who is on a visit in this neighbourhood, that I last night absented myself from home. I have now, however, the satisfaction of bidding you welcome; and to-morrow we will take our departure for Versailles. All that my friendship or recommendations can ensure, towards forwarding your advancement in life, depend upon! The enthusiastic ambition of military distinction expressed in the letters I have had the pleasure of receiving from you, excites my earnest interest in your behalf. To such views the times are highly favourable. Rapid advancement awaits you. In the course of ten years, or so ——»

«*Ten years,* Monsieur le Duc?» was my involuntary ejaculation; «ten years subtracted from the sum total of life! Pardon me! — Within these walls I have received a lesson more valuable than even the patronage you thus generously promise. To-morrow, instead of proceeding to Versailles, I retrace my steps homewards! Accept my grateful thanks—my humble apologies. Fame has lost its charm in my estimation; since I have learned to recognise the value of human life, and the costs of ambition!»

«This is my brother's doing!» cried the Duke, but more in sorrow than in anger. «The singular delusions of his monomania, have already more than once sufficed to deter young aspirants of my acquaintance from embracing a public career. But is it possible that you will allow the hallucinations of a lunatic to influence you in a step so momentous?»

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« Wisdom is a thing of too precious a quality, Monsieur le Duc, » replied I, « to admit of our being over-fastidious in examining its origin. All we have to do is, to accept such lessons, and be thankful. »

The Duc de C. was perhaps not sorry to be thus easily rid of one of the numerous candidates for his interest at court: for, after a night's hospitality, he suffered me to return home without further remonstrance.

Happy journey—auspicious return! I felt that I could not travel too rapidly; for I was returning to the bosom of my family—the arms of Henrietta.

The following May, I had nothing to dread from the apparition of the black man. Already I was a contented country-gentleman: a happy husband and father! The price of fame had inspired me with a due appreciation of the value of human life.

(TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.)

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ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Mesmerism is not yet quite extinct in France, and has been deemed by Mr. Gerdy worthy of another confutation. The time of the Academy of Medicine has been again wasted by a discussion on this absurd delusion. The mesmerists have pretended that their acolytes could *sèe* with the nape of the neck, the back, the navel; read through stone walls, boards, or bandages; and divine the contents of letters concealed in people's pockets. The somnambulists have sometimes condescended to tell what was going on in the Moon. *Lucidity* is one of their vulgar attributes; and as it is, unlike some of their other tricks, susceptible of being tested, Mr. Burdin offered a prize of 3000 francs to any mesmerist who should produce a somnambulist capable of reading with the eyes bandaged. The time fixed for the achievement of this feat was *three* years, which have recently expired; and to the great discomfiture of the crest-fallen disciples of Mesmer, although all the celebrated professors of the art led adepts into the arena, not a single individual was found within the *three years* able to read, even through a thin sheet of paper. They have lost the prize; and have been driven in disgrace from Paris, to seek dupes in the credulous provinces and country-towns of the kingdom.

It would, of course, be a mere coincidence, that this should be the precise time chosen for the *début* of a new French mesmerist in England. The Burdin prize has been lost; the exposure of the somnambulists has been made by Mr. Gerdy,

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and the whole fraternity was scouted in Paris a few weeks since.

We had *Baron* Dupotet in London a year or two ago. The *Baron* had acquired some *notoriety* in his own country; had written a volume on the subject; and performed some grand experiments, which were proved by *a brother mesmerist* to be fallacious, after many months of laborious investigation.

We make these observations in justice to the French nation, to whom medicine, as well as the other sciences, has been indebted for so many valuable discoveries. Every time mesmerism has been examined, it has been repudiated by the scientific academies of France. Although a mesmerist might prove that he had exhibited his tricks in France, he might not prove that he had ever deceived either a French commission or a single man of science. The *Courrier de l'Europe*, a weekly paper, published in London, and conducted with great talent, speaks of one mesmerist with a reserve which the English journals would do well to imitate.

Mr. Frappart, who made some noise in Paris, unluckily challenged Mr. Gerdy to be a witness of his pupil's performances. Mademoiselle Pigeaire *played at cards and read* with her eyes bandaged: the eyes were covered with a cotton bandage, a pad of cotton-wool, and a band of black velvet, fixed to the skin with strips of court-plaster. When somnambulism was induced, the young lady complained of uneasiness and pain in the head; raised and depressed her eyebrows violently; struck her head with her hands; and led Gerdy to suppose that the bandages were displaced before vision was effected, particularly as she always appeared to direct her eyes towards the object, and saw only when her head was turned in a particular direction.

Under these circumstances, Frappart, who had grossly flattered and then grossly abused Mr. Bailly, the president of the Academy of Medicine, addressed a letter to Mr. Gerdy, inviting him to witness these facts, the first of which *never* failed. The letter is characteristic of the mesmerists; it begins in the following strain:—*Monsieur, vous le savez, généralement en ce monde, il y a cent bêtes pour un homme d'esprit, et cent*

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hommes d'esprit pour un homme de cœur. He was in search of such sincere men, and had been informed he should find one in Mr. Gerdy; if so, Mr. Gerdy would consent to see, and to *certify* what he saw; he expected this from the *magnanimity* of his character, and requested in reply, a *oui, nettement exprimé*, or a *non, bien positif.* Mr. Gerdy actually replied to this epistle, and consented with his medical friends to have the experiments performed at his own residence. Callyste (the patient) was *mesmerised,* and Mr. Gerdy applied the bandage, which was speedily displaced by the contractions of the muscles of the eyebrows and face; Mr. Gerdy replaced it, and Callyste displaced it several times; until at last the somnambulist, in his *deep* sleep; said he should never see if he were disturbed every instant. He attempted to play at cards; failed; and tore off the bandage in an ill-humour.

Mr. Frappart requested a second trial, and hoped Mr. Gerdy would name another place for the meeting; he feared that the experiment would fail, from the excitement Callyste might experience, where the former experiments had *failed;* he entreated Mr. Gerdy *not to interfere* — not to tie the *bandage too tight*—not to touch it after it had been once fixed. Mr. Gerdy and his friends refused to be present on such terms; imperfect, unsatisfactory experiments could only amuse the idle curiosity of the public. Callyste was led again, with his eyes bandaged, and in a state of assumed somnambulism, to Mr. Gerdy's residence; he removed the bandage by the ordinary grimaces, and Mr. Gerdy replaced it with equal obstinacy; until Callyste flew at last into a passion, and left the house, declaring that it was impossible to see, as the bandage was every moment interfered with: a truth too evident to be disputed.

In March last, Frappart again addressed Mr. Gerdy. In his letter he said, « Last year I was beaten; the experiments failed « twice in succession: you accepted my proposals then; I repeat « them now, as I have, or believe I have, a phenomenon to « exhibit. Shall I be more successful? I know not. If you « will devote forty minutes to the examination, one of us will « be a gainer: *I shall be undeceived, or you will be shaken:*

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« *(je serai détrompé ou vous serez ébranlé).* » Your mesmerists have the true Napoleonian style—*notæque per oppida buccæ.* Mademoiselle Prudence was the performer. The efforts to deceive were equally palpable.

EXPERIMENTS

PERFORMED ON

ELISABETH AND JANE O'KEY,

AT THE HOUSE OF

MR. WAKLEY, BEDFORD-SQUARE,

In August, 1838.

At the wish of several professional gentlemen, who had witnessed many of the experiments which had from time to time been performed on Elizabeth and Jane O'Key by Dr. Elliotson, with a view to prove the influence of mesmerism on the human frame, an appointment was made for the attendance of the girls at the house of Mr. Wakley, in Bedford Square.

Mr. W. had not invited any persons to witness the experiments, but Dr. Elliotson had asked Baron Dupotet, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Herring, and Mr. Clarke, to be present, and those gentlemen, with Mr. Wakley and Mr. G. Mills (who had drawn up the accounts of the various experiments performed by Dr. Elliotson at University College Hospital, which had appeared in this Journal), formed the spectators on this occasion.

Experiments on Elizabeth O'Key.

After some of the often-repeated experiments had been performed by Dr. Elliotson, with various results, it was proposed by the doctor that the metal, *nickel*, should be used, the effects of which he said had been found by him to be, and would now prove to be, quite astounding. A piece of nickel was produced by the doctor, of about three quarters of an ounce in weight, and of an oval form, and also a piece of lead, of nearly the same shape and smoothness, but somewhat larger. Elizabeth O'Key was then seated in a chair, being, as was stated, in the « ecstatic delirium. » A piece of thick pasteboard was placed in front of her face, and held in that situation by two of the spectators. By the contrivance it was rendered im-

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possible that she could see what was passing either below or in front of her. Mr. Wakley being seated directly opposite to the girl, and at a short distance from her, received the lead and nickel from Dr. Elliotson, in order that he might rub the two on her hands in such a manner that from merely touching the substance, or from its from, it would be impossible for her to decide which of the two was being used. Dr. Elliotson had, as has been stated, previously described the effect of the magnetic nickel to be of a most extraordinary character, and said at the same time, with much earnestness, that the lead might always be applied with impunity, as no magnetic effect ever resulted from the application of that metal to the skin.

The substances were then applied to the hands of the girl. First the lead was applied to each hand, alternately, but in a manner which might have led the girl to believe that both metals were used. No effect whatever resulted from these applications. After the expiration of a considerable period, the nickel was employed, having been received from Dr. Elliotson, who for some time had held it in his hand, in order to charge it strongly with the magnetic influence.

By this proceeding the metal was necessarily heated to the temperature of the skin. Mr. Wakley had previously thought it right to hold the *lead* in *his* hand, and heat it in a similar manner. In consequence of this obviously necessary precaution, no indication was offered to the mind of the girl by which it could be guided, during the experiment, by the mere *temperature* of the substances which were employed.

The nickel was now used, precisely as the lead had been applied. There was a pause. The expected results did not appear. After, probably, a minute had elapsed, the lead was again used; and then again; and after the last application of the nickel, the lead having been repeatedly employed during the interval, the face of the patient became violently flushed, the eyes were convulsed into a startling squint, she fell back in the chair, her breathing was hurried, her limbs were rigid, and her back and abdomen assumed the position which are produced in an attack of opisthotonos. In this state she remained during nearly a quarter of an hour. Certainly that time elapsed before the condition of the patient appeared to warrant a repetition of the experiment. A short conversation then ensued between Dr. Elliotson and Mr. Wakley, as to the cause and reality of the symptoms. The doctor contended that the effects clearly resulted from the application of the magnetised nickel, but that they had not come on with their usual rapidity. Mr. Wakley expressed a contrary opinion, and wanted to know of what value the experiments could be, if there were nothing like *certainty* in the results, and if the ef-

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fects were to be attributed to one metal so long after another had been employed, as on that occasion. Ultimately it was determined that another experiment should be tried with the nickel, Dr. Elliotson suggesting that that metal, in its magnetised state, should alone be employed.

Mr. Wakley was now again the operator, and before the experiment was tried, he stated privately to Mr. Clarke, that instead of using nickel only, he would not on this occasion employ any nickel; and desired Mr. Clarke to take notice of the fact, that he would put aside the nickel, unperceived by any other person, the moment that it should be handed to him by Dr. Elliotson, and before either of his (Mr. W.'s) hands should be allowed to come in contact with those of the patient. The experiment was then again performed. Mr. Wakley had taken the nickel from Dr. Elliotson, and put it on one side, when it was taken, unseen by any other person, by Mr. Clarke, who placed it in his waistcoat-pocket, and walked with it to the window, there remaining during the performance of the experiment. Mr. Wakley employed both hands, but his fingers were so held that it was impossible for any person, excepting the operator, to know *what* he was holding. Presently, on applying the substance which he held in his left hand to the right hand of the patient, the pasteboard being again held before the eyes of the girl, Mr. Herring, who was standing near, said, with much sincerity of feeling, in a whisper, but loud enough to be heard at a short distance, «Take care: don't apply the nickel too strongly.» Scarcely had these words escaped from his lips, when the face of the girl again became violently red; her eyes were fixed with an intense squint; she fell back in the chair; a more evident distortion of the body ensued than in the previous paroxysm; the contractions of the voluntary muscles were more strongly marked, producing a striking rigidity of the frame and limbs; and the shoulders were thrown back to the utmost, the spine displaying as complete a bow as in an attack of opisthotonos. In a word, the severity of all the syptoms appeared to have undergone a marked increase. Dr. Elliotson again observed, that «no metal other than *nickel* had ever produced these effects; that they were most extraordinary:» in fact, that «they presented a beautiful series of phenomena.» This paroxysm lasted during upwards of half an hour, and was admitted by all who were present to be much more violent than the one which had preceded it.

Mr. Wakley now suggested that the girl should retire into an adjoining room, where her sister was waiting, as he was anxious to make a statement to Dr. Elliotson in her absence. The girl objected to depart, and therefore her sister was called from the adjoining room,

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and the gentlemen retired into that room. Mr. Wakley then said to Dr. Elliotson, «that he felt it to be his duty to state that the doctor was entirely deceived respecting the character of the experiments, and the cause of the symptoms. That all present had been witnesses of the violent effect which appeared to result from the application of the nickel to the hand, and had heard Dr. Elliotson state that such extraordinary symptoms could be produced by no other magnetised metal, whereas he had *not used* NICKEL *on that occasion.* He had *not even approached her with it;* but that, on the instant that it was handed to him by Dr. Elliotson, he had put it aside, unobserved, and had merely rubbed upon the skin of the girl a piece of lead and a farthing, which he had respectively held in either hand, but that the metals were so held that he was certain that no person could discover what he was applying.»

Dr. Elliotson replied, that «he saw the nickel used; that Mr. W. must have touched her with that metal without knowing it himself;» Mr. W. objected, «that he was certain of the fact, and that there was a gentleman present who could confirm the accuracy of his statement,—a witness, in fact, who had the nickel at that moment in his pocket, and had stood with it at the window during the whole of the time that he was applying the lead and the farthing to the hands of the girl.»

Dr. Elliotson again declared that this was impossible, when Mr. Clarke produced from his pocket the piece of nickel, and said that it had really been there during the whole of the experiment, and that it had not been near the girl during the entire trial.

After a somewhat lengthened conversation, Dr. Elliotson suggested that the experiment with the nickel should be tried once more. This proposition was consented to: and during the performance of the experiment Dr. Elliotson remained in the other room, while Mr. Wakley, Mr. Herring, and Mr. Clarke went to the patient to renew the operation. Again was the nickel handed privately to Mr. Clarke, and the lead and farthing were applied as before, with the pasteboard held in front of the patient's face. In three or four minutes there was a reappearance of the flushed countenance, the starting eyes, the rigid limbs, the bent back, and the distorted frame, although *no nickel had been used,*—nothing, in short, but the lead and the farthing.

A report of these results was conveyed to Dr. Elliotson and the gentlemen who had remained with him, when Dr. Elliotson said that the occurrence was most extraordinary; that he could not at that moment account for it; and that he had no doubt that an explanation would soon be found which would remove all appearance of anomaly in the results. He would, he said, again suggest that the nic-

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kel should be reemployed, and as this request was so urgently made, Mr. Herring, Mr. Wakley, and Mr. Clarke again visited O'Key, for the purpose of proceeding with the trial; but, *instead of using the nickel*, the lead and farthing were *again* employed, with the *same results as before*. There was another fit. Afterwards, when the girl had recovered from the apparent paroxysm, Mr. Wakley suggested that the magnetised nickel should be rubbed over both hands freely, on the skin, in different places, but not exactly in the manner in which the lead and farthing had been employed. *No effect was produced by this application of the nickel.*

On hearing a further report of the effects which appeared to arise from the use of the lead and the farthing, and the *absence* of effects when the nickel was really used, after the other experiments had been concluded, Dr. Elliotson candidly admitted that he «could not explain how the thing had occurred; it was most extraordinary, but still he had not the slightest doubt that the whole would yet admit of a satisfactory explanation.»

Mr. Wakley, on the other hand, contended that what had been done was, in his opinion, perfectly conclusive with reference to the character of the supposed phenomena, and that he did not consider that a single additional experiment could ever be necessary in connection with such an enquiry.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Wakley was obliged to leave the room to see a person on business, and before he could return, Dr. Elliotson, who was pressed for time, left, with Mr. Wood. The doctor took with him the nickel and lead, not knowing, probably, that it was intended to use them again. When Mr. Wakley returned, after an absence of about half an hour, he suggested that, although Dr. Elliotson and Mr. Wood had left, it might be well, for the purpose of presenting a brief report to the profession on the subject, to repeat, with all the necessary precautions against imposition, some of the experiments which had been so often reported in THE LANCET, made with mesmerised water, gold, &c. He then sent to Mr. Garden's for a lump of nickel, and had a musket-ball beaten into the shape of the piece of nickel which had been used in the previous experiments. There were now present, besides Mr. Wakley, who conducted the experiments, Mr. Farr, Dr. P. Hennis Green, Mr. George Mills, and Mr. Clarke. Subsequently Mr. Hale Thomson and Mr. B. Tipper joined the party.

Jane O'Key.

It was arranged that the experiments should commence, on this occasion, with Jane O'Key, her sister being at the time labouring

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under the exhaustion of the apparent fit which had followed the use of the metals, and very few observations having as yet been made on Jane. Both sisters were kept in the adjoining room while the experiments were arranged, and thence brought in as soon as the preparations were severally completed. The new investigation occupied about five hours, and consisted of the following series of experiments: —

Experiment 1.—Six wine-glasses, nearly filled with tepid water, had, a considerable time previously, been placed on a table at a distance from each other, at the end of the room, no person having been allowed to touch or go near them. The whole were unmesmerised. Jane O'Key being then called in, was requested to drink from each of them successively, every person but herself keeping away from the table and the glasses. She complied.

No effect was produced, and she was then requested to retire.

Experiment 2.—The same six glasses, the water in the *fourth* having been strongly mesmerised, that is, according to the opinion of the believers in the doctrine, she was again called in, and partook of the water in the whole of the glasses.

No effect was produced.

Experiment 3. — The same six glasses remained on the table. On this occasion the *fourth* glass, which had previously been mesmerised, was placed in the position of the first on the table, and was again mesmerised, the first being carefully shifted to the place of the fourth. All the others remained in their previous positions, and were untouched. She was again introduced, and drank from each.

No effect was produced from either, and she withdrew.

Experiment 4.— The six glasses remained on the table, untouched and unapproached by any one. After a few minutes had elapsed she was again called in, and drank of the water in each.

No effect was produced, and she withdrew.

Experiment 5. — On this occasion the mode of proceeding was changed. The water was now *strongly mesmerised in the whole of the six glasses*. She partook of the whole.

Not the slightest effect was produced, and she retired.

Experiment 6.—Six glasses, were again used, containing fresh water. None of them were mesmerised. She was again called in, and drank from the whole of them.

No effect was produced, and she retired.

Experiment 7.—Six glasses were again used. *All six were strongly mesmerised* by Dr. Green and Mr. Farr, who for a considerable time kept three fingers of each hand in the water of every glass. She came in and drank every drop from each glass.

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No effect whatever was produced, and she withdrew.

It was now considered by Mr. Wakley that nothing could be more conclusive in refutation of the supposed influence of what has been denominated *mesmerised water*, on Jane O'Key, than the foregoing experiments, and that it was quite useless to pursue them any further. This opinion was shared by every person present. (1) The investigation was then directed to the alleged influence of gold.

Experiment 8.—Five unmesmerised sovereigns had long been placed at some distance from each other on the table. One of them had been warmed in water at a temperature of 80 degrees; care being taken not to touch it with the fingers. Jane O'Key was now again called in, and directed to take up each separately. This she did.

No effect was produced, and she retired.

Experiment 9. — The whole five sovereigns being suffered still to remain *unmesmerised*, she was recalled, and desired to take them all up, one after the other, retaining each in her hand until she had taken up the whole. She did so.

When she had seized the whole of them, in this manner, her hand appeared to be *spasmodically fixed*. This effect having been produced by *unmesmerised* sovereigns, it was thought right to reverse the proceeding, and mesmerise the whole of the sovereigns on the next trial.

Experiment 10. — The five sovereigns were all *mesmerised* under the influence of all the gentlemen present, by the formation of a «mesmeric battery.» Jane O'Key was then again introduced, and took them up, and squeezed them, one after the other.

No effect was produced, and she retired.

Experiment 11.— The five sovereigns were again *all strongly mesmerised*. She was called in again, and desired to take them up and squeeze them. She did so.

No effect was produced, and she retired.

Experiment 12.—A sovereign, from another table, which had not been touched by the hand for a considerable time, and was completely *unmesmerised*, was now pushed on the floor, and slightly warmed by placing over it a jug which contained hot water. It should be stated here, in explanation of this experiment, that Jane O'Key, when desired by Dr. Elliotson to pick up a mesmerised sovereign from the ground, has almost invariably become «fixed,» as she picked it up, time after time, in a gradation of attitudes, until the supposed in-

(1) It should here be stated that Jane O'Key, at this time, appeared to be highly sensible to manipulations made in her view. She was repeatedly, during the day, fixed, or sent to sleep, by passes made before her, by pressure on the palms, by the touch of a «mesmerised» gold watch, and by pointing to her face.

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fluence of the magnetism was alledged to have died away. In the experiment now before us the sovereign had been slightly and guardedly *warmed*, and she was requested to take it up.

She did so, and walked away with it, when her hand became *fixed*, as the spectators watched for an effect, and the arm turned upwards behind her back, with the clenched fist placed between the shoulders. In this state she walked about the room, and on being asked what had become of her hand, she said that she did not know. After the hand was loosened she was requested to retire.

Experiment 13.—A sovereign which had long been untouched was knocked from the table with a stick, on to the floor, *thoroughly unmesmerised*. She was again called in, and requested to pick it up. She did so.

She was immediately *fixed*, while her hand was a few inches above the floor. On letting the metal drop she was again requested to raise it, and, on complying, a second time became *fixed*, with her hand a few inches higher from the floor. Having again let it fall, she was requested to pick it up a third time. She did so, and, for a third time, became *fixed* by the *unmesmerised* sovereign.

After this exhibition, and those which had preceded it, Mr. Wakley considered that it was quite unnecessary to perform another experiment with gold. Every person present concurred in opinion with him.

Experiment 14.—The girl was placed on a chair, and the pasteboard was held before her face. Mr. Wakley then took two flattened bullets, one in each hand, and rubbed them alternately on each hand of the same patient, Jane O'Key, six or seven times.

No effect was produced.

Experiment 15. — The eyes were then carefully covered with a thick bandage of silk, and the lead was rubbed several times along the inside of both lips.

No effect was produced.

Experiment 16.—A piece of *mesmerised nickel* was now applied to the insides of both lips.

No effect was produced.

Experiments 17, 18, 19.—This experiment was *repeated* three times more, with the *same result*.

Experiments 20, 21, 22. — The *magnetised nickel* was now rubbed freely along the backs and the palms of the hands, unseen by the patient, *three* times, with the *same result*.

It was now agreed by all the gentlemen present, that it would be useless, and even ridiculous, to subject the alleged magnetic powers

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of Jane O'Key to a single additional test. The analysis was complete, and the conclusions were self-evident.

Elizabeth O'Key.

Experiment 23. — Six glasses of water were placed on the table, with all the precautions that were used in the case of Jane O'Key. Not a single glass was now mesmerised. Elizabeth O'Key was now called in, and requested to drink from each glass. She did so.

She became *fixed* on restoring the *fourth* glass to the table. She then retired.

Experiment 24. — The same water and glasses were allowed to remain; but the *fourth* glass, which had just stupified her, was removed to the place of the second, and the second to the place of the fourth. She was again called in, and drank from the whole of the six glasses.

No effect was produced by either glass, and she again retired.

Experiment 25. — The same six glasses remaining as in the last experiment, the patient was again called in, the whole of the water being unmesmerised. She drank from each.

No effect was produced, and she retired.

Experiment 26. — The glasses and water again remained exactly in the *same state* as in the last experiment. No person had approached or touched either of them during the girl's absence from the room. She was again called in.

On drinking from the *fifth* glass she became fixed for a few seconds, with her finger touching her forehead. On recovering from this state she retired.

Experiment 27.—The *same* six glasses, and the *same* water, *unmesmerised*, as in the last experiment, were again used. No one had approached them. It was, however, agreed that Mr Wakley and Dr. Green should stand, for a few seconds, near to the corner of the table on which the third and fourth glasses were placed, and then hastily quit that spot, so that on her coming into the room she might see them leave it.

On drinking from the *third* unmesmerised glass, she apparently became firmly fixed, with the glass in her hand, and after a few seconds fell backwards, as if dead, on the floor.

Experiment 28. — The same six glasses were again employed, with *unmesmerised* water, and she was again called in, and drank from them all.

No effect was produced, and she retired.

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Experiment 29. — Fresh water, at a temperature of 80 degrees, was now put into the six glasses, and the water in all the six was strongly «mesmerised» by fingers long held in the glasses, and by breathing on the water. She was again immediately called in, and voluntarily drank nearly the whole of the water, leaving only about an ounce in the last glass.

She was neither «fixed,» nor «stupified,» nor sent to «sleep» by the act, but on reaching the *fifth* glass she complained of sickness, by no means an improbable result, considering that in this experiment alone, she had swallowed altogether hardly less than a pint of warm water.

The girls had now been under experiment from nearly nine A. M. till late in the evening; and as Elizabeth O'Key was evidently suffering from a sensation of sickness, and as there did not exist amongst the spectators two opinions as to the character and causes of the symptoms which had been observed, the experiments ceased, and the girls left Bedford Square for the hospital. After the girls had departed, Mr. Wakley made a few remarks on what had been witnessed, and declared that, in his opinion, the effects which were said to arise from what had been denominated «animal magnetism,» constituted one of the completest delusions that the human mind ever entertained,

The accuracy of the description of the experiments herein recorded, has been confirmed by all the gentlemen present, three of whom, Mr. George Mills, Dr. Green, and Mr. Farr, took notes of them at the time of their performance, and from whose notes the above report has been prepared by two of them.

(The Lancet.)

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THE TREASURE-CONVOY;

A PASSAGE IN THE EARLY CAREER OF THE IMPECINADO.

Amongst the various incidents which console the private soldier on active service for frequent bad quarters, and short commons, one of the most agreeable perhaps in his eyes is, the occasional chance of a little fair plunder, when it can be obtained without too great a contravention of the rules of discipline. Thus the sack of a town may be reckoned as a set-off against a month or two of half-rations and rainy bivouacs; a score of gold pieces found in the girdle of a fallen enemy, would help to efface the disagreeable recollection of a prolonged absence of the wine-flask, and consequent ingurgitation of spring water—a beverage, by the way, to which soldiers of most nations are singularly averse; whilst a few days of free quarters in the house of a snug priest, possessed of a well-stored cellar, and a couple of good-looking hand-maidens, might be considered no inadequate compensation for the weariness of forced marches, and frequently-recurring picket duty.

Perhaps few armies ever availed themselves more unsparingly of the invader's privilege of plunder and pillage, than those that Napoleon sent into Spain, during the peninsular war. Not unfrequently however, the soldiers who had enriched themselves in this manner were either slain or taken by the enemy, or else compelled to abandon their too hulky spoils, in order to lighten themselves, for the rapid march, or hasty

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retreat. In the latter circumstances, many of the French buried their treasure at the foot of some tree, or near some huge stone, or other land-mark, which might enable them to recover their prize at a future period. This was especially the case before the battle of Vittoria, so disastrous to the French arms; and many rich deposits were on that occasion confided to the fertile plains of Alava. The scampering retreat of the French towards Pampeluna and their own frontier, of course prevented the recovery of these valuables; but when the overthrow of Napoleon had restored peace to Europe, more than one sunburnt veteran recrossed the Pyrenees, in the novel character of a treasure-seeker. In many instances however, the search was fruitless: the land-marks had been removed; the plough or the mountain torrent had laid bare the golden store, which had become the prize of the passer-by. But this was not always the case; and the Basque peasants witnessed with surprise and envy the disinterment of treasures, comprising every variety of ornament and denomination of coin—from the weighty gold candlestick snatched from the altar, to the jewelled ear-rings and brooches of the Castilian ladies; from the massive *onza* to the diminutive *durito*, those charming little miniatures of Spanish kings, which replace so agreeably the cumbrous silver dollar.

Whilst the French rifled indiscriminately the church and the palace, the sacristy and the boudoir, the Spaniards did not allow any opportunity of retaliation to escape. They kept a sharp look-out for the convoys of money and stores which were constantly arriving from France for the use of the armies under Napoleon's lieutenants; and woe betide the luckless escort which was encountered by a body of guerillas sufficiently numerous to attack it! Animated by the double hope of plunder and revenge, the Spaniards fought like devils, and when once all resistance was overcome, and the coveted treasure in their power, the knife or the cord speedily relieved them from the encumbrance of prisoners. At the commencement of the war, these surprises were of frequent occurrence; the overweening conceit of the French generals, and their misplaced contempt for the irregular warfare of

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the Spanish guerilla leaders, inducing them to send very feeble escorts, even when the treasure to be conveyed was of immense amount. Some severe lessons, however, and the formidable increase of the bands of various daring partizans, in time compelled them to exercise greater prudence; and towards the end of the war, a brigade, or even a division, was frequently sent where, three or four years previously, a squadron or battalion would have been deemed more than sufficient. The baggage-waggons and stores were protected; but for the troops the duty became most harrassing and severe.

On a sunny afternoon towards the commencement of the peninsular war, a man was seated on a rock which overlooks the high-road at a short distance from the village of Bahabon in Old Castile. The dress of this person was that of the greater part of the peasants of the northern moiety of Spain at the period referred to. A broad-leafed felt hat overshadowed a set of features, which, although large and somewhat coarse, were not wanting in regularity, and the expression of which was one of vast energy and audacity. A thick black moustache covered the mouth, and joined a pair of bushy whiskers, and a well-grown beard of the same jetty hue. The sheepskin jacket which hung loosely on its wearer, exaggerated his herculean proportions and tremendous breadth of shoulder, which were worthy of a giant, although the stature of this man did not exceed the middle height. His hands were large and bony, tanned by the sun, and covered with a skin which, for hardness, might have rivalled the toughest horn. On the ground by his side lay a long single-barrelled gun; whilst the leathern belt round his waist was well lined with cartridges, and moreover supported one of those large sharp-pointed knives, which are furnished with a spring to prevent their closing when used as a poniard.

The elevated crag on which this personage had established himself, commanded a view for a considerable distance along the high-road to Burgos, and itself formed part of a double range of rocks and precipices hemming in the road, which, for half a mile or more, assumed the character of a narrow defile. For upwards of three hours, the vidette had been

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straining his eyes in the direction of the ancient capital of Castile. From his perch, he was able to see all that passed as far as an abrupt turning of the road at nearly a league off in the direction of Burgos; but it would have required a very close observation to have discovered him, screened as he was by rugged masses of rock, whose dark tints assimilated in hue with the sombre colours of his habiliments. No one worthy of particular notice had passed during the period of his watch. Occasionally a peasant goaded along his two lazy oxen, dragging after them one of those primitive-looking carts which to this day are in general use in Spain, and those solid wheels—circular pieces of wood, with an axle inserted in the centre—proclaimed by their loud creakings the owner's economy of grease, which he had probably preferred putting into his soup to wasting on his waggon. From time to time jogged past some village priest, his feet concealed in his huge wooden stirrups, or rather boxes, which dangled on either side of his ambling black pony. These, and other uninteresting parties, of peasant women and muleteers, passed unnoticed by the sentry, who as the day declined, and the sun approached the horizon, manifested various symptoms of impatience, and muttered sundry energetic imprecations, addressed apparently to the person or persons whose delay in arriving was the cause of his vexation. Suddenly, however he started to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed steadfastly at the turning of the road. A small party of horsemen appeared advancing at a walk, and were followed by a train of covered waggons, such as were used by the French for the transport of money and valuable stores. These vehicles were nearly thirty in number, and their rear was brought up by another cavalry picket, forming, with the advanced guard, a line extending to the angle of the road; which, as before stated, was nearly a league from the defile: the Spaniard caught up his gun, and bounding from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois, soon reached a deep ravine at half musket-shot distance from his former post.

Stretched amidst the hare-bells, and other wild-flowers, which bordered a small rivulet, were between thirty and forty men, most of whom had the appearance of peasants,

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although some few had a military costume, and five or six wore clothes which betokened them to belong to rather a superior class than the majority of their companions. They were all armed, either with muskets, rifles, or *escopetas*, the long fowling-piece common in Spain, and which, from the solidity of its construction, is perfectly adapted to carry ball. Some of the members of this motley assemblage were indulging in the siesta, others puffing the eternal cigarito, and a third portion were grouped round two men, who were gambling for *pesetas* with a dingy-looking pack of cards; but on the appearance of the new-comer, sleepers, smokers, and card-players crowded around him.

«*A las armas, muchachos!*» cried he, «the prize is at hand. In half an hour the *gavachos* (1) will enter the defile, and it is time to put ourselves in readiness for the attack.»

«*Viva Martin Diez! Viva el Impecinado!*» was the reply, and seizing their arms, the party hastily followed the daring adventurer, who, then in the commencement of his career, was destined ere long to assume a high rank amongst the intrepid defenders of the soil (2)

Meantime the convoy advanced towards the defile at a steady pace. Their halting-place for the night was Aranda, from which town they were not more than three or four leagues off. There they would find three thousand cavalry, and other troops, under the command of Murat; and there a part of the waggons were to remain, whilst the others would be forwarded to different *corps d'armée*, further in the interior of the country. The mules which dragged the carts were mounted by some soldiers of the waggon-train, and the escort, commanded by a lieutenant, was composed of a detachment

(1) *Gavachos*. A term of contempt, by which the Spaniards are accustomed to designate their French neighbours.

(2) Juan Martin Diez was a vine-dresser in a petty village of Old-Castile, which being situated in a marshy hollow, and encircled by hills, was not unfrequently flooded, and the houses surrounded with water and deep mud. Owing to this circumstance the inhabitants obtained in the adjacent country the nickname of the Impecinados, from the Spanish word *pecina*, signifying a pool or fish-pond. When Diez left his home, and distinguished himself as chief of a guerilla corps, his sobriquet adhered to him, and by it he is probably better known than by his family name.

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of that fine body of dragoons known by the name of *gendarmerie de l'armée*. There were also several commissaries in charge of the stores, the chief of whom rode in front, while the others were distributed along the line, in order to watch over the safety of the valuables for which they were responsible.

The head of the column had passed more than half-way through the defile, and the officer of gendarmes was calling his companion's attention to the strength of the pass, and explaining to him how admirably it might be defended by a handful of resolute men against an army.

« Neither would it be a bad place for a surprise, » added he; and I promise you I should not sit quite so easily in my saddle, if I thought there were any of those canaille of guerillas in this part of the country; but thank Heaven! the province is swept clean of them for the present, and »—

He was prevented from finishing his sentence by a ponderous fragment of rock, which, moved by some invisible power, lumbered down the acclivity that flanked the road, and falling on the unfortunate Frenchman, crushed him and his horse to the ground. At the same instant, a volley of musketry was heard, and a dozen dragoons rolled in the dust, whilst the others, confused by the suddenness of the attack, stared about them, endeavouring, but in vain, to discover the enemy by which they were so unexpectedly assailed. On all sides arose steep and rugged crags, but not a human creature was to be seen. Now and then, it is true, through some opening in the rocks, or from the bushes of some wild rosemary, which grew here and there in the fissures of the precipices, a glimpse might be caught of bronzed fierce-looking countenances, whose apparition, however, was so momentary, that they might almost have passed for phantoms conjured up by the imagination, had it not been for the deadly execution done by the muskets of these ambushed foes. Before the first smoke of the first volley had cleared away, another succeeded, and was followed by a scattering fire, and by a shower of heavy stones. Scarce a shot but took effect, either on the dragoons or on their horses; for the Spaniards, although for the most part

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young and irregular soldiers, were veteran hunters and *contrabandistas*, and, as such, admirable marksmen.

Owing to the windings of the defile, the rear-guard, which was separated from the van by the line of waggons, and their mules, was not immediately aware of what was goin on in front; and when a sergeant rode forward to ascertain the meaning of the firing, he found the last of the dragoons, the commissaries, and the drivers, falling fast under the murderous fire of the guerillas, to which it was impossible to make an effectual return. The road was so narrow, that it would have been impracticable for the waggons to turn, even had there been any advantage in attempting to retreat; but being half way through the defile, they would, either in advancing or retiring, have had equally far to go, before the cavalry could arrive at ground on which it might have been possible for them to act. Under these circumstances the subaltern who commanded the rear-guard, left a fourth of his men in charge of the horses, and dismounting the remainder, led them hastily forward, carabine in hand, with the hope of being able to get at the enemy, by making his dragoons act as light infantry. But he was only hastening his doom, and that of his gallant little band, which had not proceeded fifty yards towards the head of the column, when, from a sort of mountain gorge on the right hand of the road, a close and destructive volley was poured in amongst them, and a score of Spaniards, headed by the Impecinado, rushed furiously on the survivors. The struggle was short, for the dragoons, entangled amongst the carts, and amongst the bodies of their dead and dying companions, and moreover being encumbered by their heavy accoutrements and long sabres, were no match for the active and lightly-equipped mountaineers, whose bayonets and knives soon terminated the unequal strife.

The evening was closing in when the Impecinado and his little band began to make arrangements for retiring with their booty from the scene of skirmish we have described. Nearly a hundred French soldiers had fallen by the hands of thirty-five peasants, whose inferiority of numbers, arms, and discipline, had, however, been more than compensated by the advantage

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of their position, and the peculiar nature of the ground. The victors, after ascertaining that they had left no living enemy on the field of battle, fastened the riderless horses behind the carts; and urging on the mules with whip and voice, the convoy soon emerged from the defile, preceded by the Impecinado and half-a-dozen of his companions, mounted on the pick of the captured troopers. They kept along the *camino real* for about a mile, until they arrived at a cross road, into which they struck, and after an hour's march, found themselves on the borders of a large and dreary moor, intersected by the continuation of the track they had been following, but which they now deserted, and, proceeding a short distance to the left, soon arrived at a small cluster of houses. These habitations, although spacious, and, like most of the dwellings in the mountainous districts of Spain, constructed of solid blocks of stone, had an appearance of extreme poverty, which harmonized well with the wretched and half-famished looks of some women and children who were sitting about the doors, and who rose in consternation at the approach of the cavalcade. Their alarm, however, was converted into rejoicing when they saw their own countrymen instead of the dreaded and detested Frenchmen, (*Franceses*.)

The party halted in front of the houses, and the Impecinado, alighting from his horse, opened one of the baggage-carts, and lifted out the first thing which came to his hand. It was a wooden box, which, although not large, was so weighty that it required a considerable exertion of strength to raise it, and with an oath he dashed it on the rocky soil. The fastenings of the chest broke with the violence of the fall, and a vast quantity of gold coin rolled in all directions. The ground was strewed with single and double louis-d'ors and napoleons, and the fortunate possessors of all this wealth lifted up their hands and eyes, in astonishment of the sight of riches, greater than their wildest dreams could ever have pictured to them. A general investigation ensued, and the carts were found to be in great part laden with specie intended for the use of the French armies, but which was now likely to receive a very different destination. There were also numerous trunks

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and packages addressed to officers of rank, and containing uniforms, epaulettes, and other articles of equipment. These were passed in review by the guerillas, who appeared to experience at the sight of all this military finery, the sort of half contemptuous admiration natural to men to whom luxury was unknown, and who had been accustomed to satisfy their wants by the simplest and most primitive means. An observer would have been diverted at seeing these hardy mountaineers putting on embroidered pouch-belts over their coarse brown jackets, and momentarily replacing their greasy sombreros and coloured woollen caps by the cocked hats and plumes which had been forwarded from Paris for the use of the French generals and their aides-de-camp.

Whilst his men were thus occupied, the Impecinado consulted with two or three of those in whose judgment he had the most confidence, as to the course to be adopted to secure the booty; for the French at that period we are speaking of, overran Castile in every direction; and as soon as the daring exploit of the guerillas became known, strong detachments would inevitably be sent in their pursuit, and measures taken to hem them in on all sides, and prevent their ultimate escape, or their junction with any large body of Spanish troops. The most feasible plan appeared to be to strike across the moor, and by means of by-roads well known to the Impecinado, to gain one of the sierras, or mountain ridges, which abound in Old Castile. There they would find caves and hiding-places in which the treasure could be placed, until an increase of force might enable their chief to brave the French more openly than he could pretend to do with the handful of men he now commanded, and which was merely intended to serve as a nucleus for the organization of a large and effective guerilla corps.

The horses and mules, however, had been marching since morning, and appeared too much fatigued for it to be prudent to commence the projected march immediately. After traversing the moor, the roads were bad, especially for the carts, and it would have been highly imprudent to risk an accident in those narrow and difficult mountain passes, where the fal-

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ling of a mule, or the overturning of one of the waggons, might compromise the safety of the whole party by the delay it would occasion. Besides this, there appeared no necessity for such immediate hurry. The nearest garrison was at three leagues distance from the scene of the skirmish, and it was highly improbable that the news of the surprise of the convoy would reach it before the next morning; so that it would be mid-day before the French troops could discover the track of the guerillas. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to remain where they were, a part of the night, and to resume their march at two or three in the morning. Orders were given to unharness, and the mules and horses were placed in the stables and out-houses of the hamlet, and amply provided with straw and barley. The Impecinado superintended these arrangements, caused the broken money-chest to be fastened up again, and placed in the cart, and had a guard mounted over the waggons to protect them from pillage. He deemed it unnecessary to post advanced sentries, considering it impossible that any pursuit should be directed against him before the following day.

He would, perhaps, have felt less confident of his safety, had he been aware of a circumstance which had escaped his notice, and that of every individual of his band.

At the commencement of the attack on the convoy, the horse mounted by the French commissary had been startled by the fall of the mass of rock which crushed the officer of gendarmes, and being a somewhat spirited animal, commenced a series of capers productive of excessive discomfort to his rider, a little fat man, possessed of a most rotund and commissary-like paunch, and of a pair of short bulbous-looking legs, which experienced no small difficulty in adhering to the sides of the restive bucephalus. The curvets and prancing of the horse probably saved the life of the horseman, by causing him to present an unsteady mark to the well-aimed bullets of the guerillas. At length, divided between the fear of being shot, and that of being thrown, the unfortunate little gentleman gave up the contest with his steed, who took the bit between his teeth and set off at full speed,

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which he did not slacken until he had accomplished nearly half the distance from the defile to Aranda. The remainder of the journey the rider prevailed on him to perform at a more deliberate pace; and on his arrival, hastened to report to the general commanding, the attack on the convoy, and the perils to which he had been exposed. His fears and his imagination, however, caused him to convert the little band of guerillas, whom he had not even seen, into a formidable and numerous body of Spanish troops; and the French general, although he had no previous intimation of the possible vicinity of such an army, deemed it only prudent to proceed himself with a large force to reconnoitre the enemy, and if possible, to recapture the large sum of which there could be no doubt that the latter had obtained possession. He set out, therefore, with half a dozen squadrons of light cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow, and taking with him, as a guide, the unfortunate commissary, in spite of the extraordinary repugnance manifested by that gentleman to the pleasures of a night march.

The Impecinado, having completed all his arrangements, entered one of the houses, and threw himself on a bed, in an upper room, in order to take a little repose before starting on his early march. He was soon buried in a deep sleep, from which he was awakened an hour or two later by the report of fire-arms outside the house. Springing from the coarse mattress, stuffed with dried maize-leaves, which forms the bed of most Spanish peasants, he rushed to the window, and looking out, beheld a sight calculated to unnerve and reduce to despair any man of less courage than Juan Martin Diez. Two squadrons of French hussars were hastily surrounding the house, whilst, from the direction of the lane which led from the moor to the high-road, and which the Impecinado and his band had followed after the capture of the convoy, a long line of cavalry were advancing at a hand-gallop, and as they arrived were drawn up by their officers at about a hundred yards in front of the hamlet. The waggons were already in possession of the French, who had cut down the men appointed to guard them. Not anticipating any great-

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ter danger than some petty attempt at pilfering by the inhabitants of the houses, they had kept too negligent a watch, and had barely had time to fire the shots which warned the Impecinado of his danger, before they were sabred by the hostile cavalry.

In front of the compact column of troops, which was rapidly forming, and mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, appeared the French general surrounded by his staff. He was a young man, whose dark countenance, if not regularly handsome, had a frank and pleasing expression, and whose well-turned limbs and soldierly bearing, showed off to advantage a splendid hussar's uniform covered with lace and embroidery. A profusion of long curling hair escaped from under his shako; a curved Damascus scimitar, with a jewelled hilt, hung by his side; and in his hand he carried a small gold-mounted riding-whip, with which he impatiently tapped his morocco boot, whilst giving some directions to one of his aides-de-camp. In this elegant *militaire*, the Impecinado, who had once before had an opportunity of seeing him, immediately recognized Murat, the hussar *par excellence*, the greatest dandy and most dashing cavalry-officer of Bonaparte's armies.

It required but a single glance of the guerilla's quick eye to take in all these details. The moon, which was nearly at the full, threw a strong light over the moor, and over the military array just described. By the order of Murat, a party of cavalry dismounted, and commenced the search of the houses. Already the Impecinado heard their foot-steps on the staircase leading to his room. It was no time for hesitation or wavering; he opened the window and stepped out upon the rudely-constructed balcony, which was thrown into deep shade by the wall of a house and the projecting roof above. Underneath the window, several hussars were walking their horses up and down, to prevent the escape of the enemy whom their comrades had gone in quest of. The balcony was about twenty feet from the ground. The Impecinado suspended himself for an instant by his hands to the wooden balustrade, and then letting go his hold, dropped on his feet on the nea

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side of one of the sentries. Before the astonished soldier had time to turn his head, he was thrown under his horse's belly, and the Impecinado, bounding lightly into the saddle, dashed past the French general and his staff, and galloped at full speed across the moor, in the direction of the road leading to the mountains.

The action had been so sudden, that the Spaniard got a tolerable start before any one thought of following him. Soon, however, a score of dragoons spurred their horses in pursuit; and then commenced that most animating and exciting of all chases, a man-hunt. In the broad light of the moon, the fugitive and his pursuers were visible to the French troops. In front rode the Impecinado, bare-headed, his long black elf-locks floating in the breeze, urging on his horse by an unsparing application of the thong fastened to the end of his dragoon bridle. At various distances behind him came his pursuers, two only of whom seemed to have a good chance of overtaking him. Arrived about midway across the plain, one of the latter found himself within ten yards of the guerilla, and drawing a pistol from his holster, he took aim and fired. He would have done better to have saved his cartridge, for the ball whistled harmlessly over the head of the Impecinado, merely serving to remind him that he also would probably find a pistol in the holsters of the horse he bestrode. He was right in his conjecture. Rising in his stirrups, he turned his body half round in the saddle. His enemy was only a couple of horses' lengths from him. A report was heard, and the hussar fell from his charger; the well trained animal immediately halting by his wounded master.

The Impecinado now redoubled his efforts to escape. As good luck would have it, the horse of which he had possessed himself in so daring a manner, was one of the fleetest of the squadron to which it belonged. The guerilla was thus enabled to keep far a-head of his pursuers, with the exception of one, a non-commissioned officer, who had taken advantage of the momentary slackening of speed when the Impecinado fired his pistol, to diminish the distance between himself and the fugitive. The moor, however, was soon crossed,

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and Martin Diez entered a narrow road, his horse's shoes striking fire as he rattled over the loose flints which paved the ground. The path was overhung by the twisted limbs of wild apple and plum trees, and he had to bow his head on his charger's neck, to avoid receiving blows from the projecting branches. He had hoped that when he left the open ground the pursuit would cease, but in this he was mistaken. He still heard behind him the clatter of hoofs, and the hard breathing of a horse, which was every moment brought nearer and nearer. He now saw that it would be impossible to escape without a struggle with his relentless pursuer, and he immediately devised a plan for neutralizing the superiority which the weapons of the dragoon would give him over an unarmed antagonist. Arrived at a sharp turn in the road, he had no sooner passed it than he faced his horse about, and the Frenchman coming up at the same instant, fell, as it were, into his adversary's arms, without being able to make use of the sabre which he brandished in his hand. The dragoon was a powerful man, full six feet high, one of those red-moustached, fair-haired Alsatians who abound in the ranks of the French army, and make such excellent soldiers, uniting the phlegm and steady coolness of the German with the headlong courage of their more vivacious countrymen. He grappled resolutely with his foe; but his strength, had it been twice as great, was useless, when opposed to the iron muscles and vice-like grasp of the Spaniard. They both rolled from their horses to the ground, and, in falling, the Impecinado caught his opponent's cheek in his teeth, and pinned him with the grip of the bull-dog. Then, when his foe was writhing with the acuteness of the pain, and vainly endeavouring to extricate himself, and to pick up the sword which had escaped from his hand in the struggle, he suddenly let go his hold, and raising his foot, gave one stamp on the prostrate body of the unhappy Frenchman. The horn of a Murcian bull would hardly have caused a more ghastly and fatal wound. The bowels of the poor wretch burst from his side, his eyes rolled till their whites only were visible, and, as with a convulsive movement he turned round upon his face, a stream

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of blood gushed from his mouth, and mingled with the waters of a streamlet which rippled by the spot where this frightful contest had taken place. (1)

(1) The Impecinado was remarkable for his extraordinary muscular strength, which has, perhaps, never been equalled, at least amongst the «men of our degenerate days.» In a personal contest, four or five men were nothing like a match for him; he would throw them in every direction, just as an ordinary person would disperse a swarm of troublesome boys. An admirable swordsman, he would not hesitate to attack single-handed, and with no other arms than his sabre, a whole troop of enemies, and ran little risk in so doing, provided fire-arms were not used against him. When taken prisoner at Roa in Castile, and led out to be executed by the peasants, who had been excited and urged on by the priests, staunch adherents of Ferdinand, and enemies of the cause of the Constitution, he burst the cords which bound him, and made a rush at his sabre, which was in the hands of an officer of *Realistas* standing by. It was the famous sabre which had been sent him by George the Third, and was so heavy that any arm less nervous than that of the Impecinado could not use it for five minutes, although its owner wielded it, as if it had been a child's toy. He seized it by the cutting part of the blade, which nearly severed the fingers from his hand; but it was afterwards said, that but for this accident, and the failure of his effort to regain his weapon, he would have effected his escape in spite of the crowds that surrounded him. As it was, unarmed and defenceless, he kept his cowardly executioners at bay for some moments, but at length several men, coming behind him, threw a large cloak over his head, and entangling him in its folds passed a rope round his neck and hung him up to a tree.

As an instance of the intrepidity and confidence of the Impecinado, and of the happy results of the headlong courage with which he braved the greatest perils, the following anecdote may not be found uninteresting: — In the year 1823, he was in Arragon pursuing and harrassing *a corps d'armée*, commanded by General Bessieres. He (the Impecinado) had a habit of riding on at some distance in front of his troops. Being one day considerably in advance, and attended only by an aid-de-camp and a single orderly, he perceived a farm-house some at distance from the road, and by certain signs visible only to his experienced eye, he conjectured that a party of the enemy were there. He rode up to the door and knocked. A woman opened. *Hay factiosos arriva?* said the Impecinado, for in 1823, as in the late Carlist war, the Constitutionalists designated those of their countrymen who were opposed to them by the name of factious.

«*Si Senor,*» was the reply of the woman, terrified by the fierce looks of her interrogator.

«How many?»

«*Treinta y pico.* There are upwards of thirty dancing in the room above stairs.

«Where are their arms?»

«They have left them in the kitchen.»

He commanded silence to the woman, and ascending the stair-case, opened the door of the room, and appeared before the astonished royalists, to many of whom he was

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Three minutes later, a party of hussars pulled up their panting animals by the side of their expiring comrade; the death-rattle was in his throat, and in the distance might be heard the sounds of a horse's feet cantering to the mountains.

The French troops returned to Aranda, whilst the Impecinado, no-ways daunted by the disastrous issue of his first enterprize, soon reappeared in the field at the head of a more numerous band, and by many a successful foray and gallant deed revenged the deaths of his first adherents slain by the French, in retaliation for the massacre of the escort.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

probably known by sight. Whether or no this were the case, he did not allow them to remain long in ignorance of his name.

« *Buenas noches, chicos,* » cried he. « Let no man stir from this place. *Soy el Impecinado.* For this night we are all friends; take your muskets and follow me.

The soldiers stared at one another for a moment, but at length submitting to the ascendency of the famous *guerillero* whose name they had just heard, and struck with admiration at the unhesitating courage with which he had come amongst them, they obeyed the order they had received. Out of different farms and cottages of the neighbourhood, nearly three hundred royalists were collected. They accompanied the Impecinado to the place where his troops had halted for the night. There he had a supper prepared, and before daybreak dismissed his unusual guests, with every man an ounce of gold in his pocket. Three hours after, six hundred Spaniards, forming the rear-guard of Bessieres' column, deserted to the liberals with loud cries of « Viva el Impecinado! »

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LETTERS AND NOTES

ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY GEORGE CATLIN.

The value of the collection gathered by Mr. Catlin is greatly enhanced by the admitted fact, that the race of red men is fast perishing, and must soon be extinct. It is but a few hundred years since white men first set foot in their country, and when their numbers exceeded, it is believed, sixteen millions: when, as Mr. Catlin expresses it, «sixteen millions sent that number of daily prayers to the Almighty, and thanks for his goodness and protection:» happy and contented beings, according to their limited views and capacities, enjoying all the luxuries they knew of, and therefore cared for: and now, of these sixteen millions, not two remain in all that vast continent! and of these the greater part have been degraded and demoralized by their intercourse with white men. It is doubtful, indeed, whether those which yet remain uncontaminated in the far wilderness exceed half a million, and whiskey and white men and disease and demoralization are already on their trail. Of the Mandans, «the gentle and courteous Mandans,» as they were designated even by the traders and trappers, two thousand in number in 1837, when Mr. Catlin visited them, not a single man remains — the race is extinct!

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The small-pox, unknown till their intercourse with white men, broke out among them; only thirty-five escaped its ravages, and these were forthwith butchered by a hostile tribe!

Mr. Catlin is, it appears, a native of Wyoming — «fair Wyoming,» — his parents entered the valley as settlers soon after the «Indian Massacre.» The influences of the poet were not unfelt by the boy-artist; the picture which the one had drawn of the Oneida chief first awakened in the other a desire to visit the red men: — «The sad tale of my native 'valley,' (says Mr. Catlin) has been beautifully sung; and from the flight of 'Gertrude's' soul, my young imagination closely traced the savage to his deep retreats, and gazed upon him in dreadful horror, until pity pleaded, and admiration worked a charm.»

While Mr. Catlin was studying his art at Philadelphia, a delegation of Indians arrived there, arrayed and equipped, as he says, «in all their classic beauty—with shield and helmet —with tunic and manteau—tinted and tasselled off exactly for the painter's palette.» The early passion was thus again revived, and he resolved to be off to the «Far West» — what a vague idea these words convey, even to the Americans!

Perhaps the reader will permit us to clear at a bound some fifteen hundred miles, and embark at once on the Missouri— two thousand miles are yet before us:—

«The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi; for a distance of 2,000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting-place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling in of its rich alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque, having at all seasons of the year the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it. To give a better definition of its density and opacity, I have tried a number of simple experiments with it at this place, and at other points below, at the results of which I was exceedingly surprised. By placing a piece of silver (and afterwards a piece of shwhell, ich is a much whiter

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substance) in a tumbler of this water, and looking through the side of the glass, I ascertained that those substances could not be seen through the eighth part of an inch; this, however, is in the spring of the year, when the freshet is upon the river, rendering the water, undoubtedly, much more turbid than it would be at other seasons; though it is always muddy and yellow, and from its boiling and wild character, and uncommon colour, a stranger would think, even in its lowest state, that there was a freshet upon it. For the distance of 1,000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river (and, in many places, the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyager. Almost every island and sand-bar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees, and when the river is flooded, its surface is almost literally covered with floating raft and drift-wood; which bids positive defiance to keel-boats and steamers, on their way up the river. The scene is not, however, all so dreary; there is a redeeming beauty in the green and carpeted shores, which hem in this huge and terrible deformity of waters. There is much of the way through, where the mighty forests of stately cotton-wood stand, and frown in horrid dark and coolness over the filthy abyss below; into which they are ready to plunge headlong, when the mud and soil in which they were germed and reared has been washed out from underneath them, and is mixed with the rolling current, and on its way to the ocean. The greater part of the shores of this river, however, is without timber, where the eye is delightfully relieved by wandering over the beautiful prairies; most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water's edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in the distance, softening into velvet of the richest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist's pencil. Such is the character of the upper part of the river especially; and as one advances towards its source, and through its upper

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half, it becomes more pleasing to the eye, for snags and raft are no longer to be seen; yet the current holds its stiff and onward turbid character. It has been, heretofore, very erroneously represented to the world, that the scenery on this river was monotonous, and wanting in picturesque beauty. This intelligence is surely incorrect; and that because it has been brought, perhaps, by men who are not the best judges in the world of Nature's beautiful works; and if they were, they always pass them by, in pain or desperate distress, in toil, and trembling fear for the safety of their furs and peltries, or for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country. One thousand miles or more, of the upper part of the river, was, to my eye, like fairy-land; and during our transit through that part of our voyage, I was most of the time rivetted to the deck of the boat, indulging my eyes in the boundless and tireless pleasure of roaming over the thousand hills, and bluffs, and dales, and ravines; where the astonished herds of buffaloes, of elks, and antelopes, and sneaking wolves, and mountain-goats, were to be seen bounding on; and each tribe, band, and gang, taking their own way, and using their own means to the greatest advantage possible, to leave the sight and sound of the puffing of our boat; which was, for the first time, saluting the green and wild shores of the Missouri with the din of mighty steam. From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2,600 miles, is one continued prairie; with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the bank of the river, and of the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The summit level of the great prairies stretching off to the west and the east from the river, to an almost boundless extent, is from two to three hundred feet above the level of the river; which has formed a bed or valley for its course, varying in width from two to twenty miles. This channel or valley has been evidently produced by the force of the current, which has gradually excavated, in its floods and gorges, this immense space, and sent its débris into the ocean. By the continual overflowing of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left

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with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side; through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other; which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colours imaginable—some with their green sides gracefully sloped down in the most lovely groups to the water's edge, whilst others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colours, which arrest the eye of the traveller, with the most curious views in the world.»

This is a picture in words, hardly less vivid than the artist's more legitimate sketches with his pencil. Even the steamboat was three months puffing and blowing and tugging and toiling up this river. «If anything,» says Mr. Catlin, «ever did astonish the Indians, it was the steamer:—

«These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of 2,000 miles, had never before seen or heard of a steam-boat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do, or how to act; they had no name for it—so it was, like everything else (with them), which is mysterious and unaccountable, called *medicine* (mystery). We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur-Company's Fort at the mouth of the Yellow-Stone; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement—some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, who they conceived was offended—some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs; whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women, and children, and dogs—sage, sachem,

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old and young — all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures amongst their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steam-boat. Amongst the Mandans, some called it the 'big thunder canoe;' for, when in the distance below the village, they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it the 'big medicine canoe with eyes;' it was *medicine* (mystery) because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, for, said they, 'it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.' They had no idea of the boat being steered by the man at the wheel, and well they might have been astonished at its taking the deepest water.

Mr. Catlin had now arrived at one of the trading forts of the American Fur-Company—some three thousand five hundred miles distant from his American home; and yet even here he met with an Englishman who had travelled thousands of miles further, and crossed the broad Atlantic, in search of adventure. Here he was welcomed, of course, and, as he says, to a hospitable table, groaning under the luxuries of the country —"buffalo meat and tongues, beavers' tails, and marrow-fat," but *sans* coffee, *sans* even bread and butter.

Mr. Catlin now introduces the reader to the Indian tribes, who from time to time visit the Fort, for the purposes of trade. One of the Indian superstitions, of which the reader has most frequently heard, is the Medicine-Bag. "Medicine," says Mr. Catlin, in common parlance among the Indians, means mystery, and nothing more:—

"The 'medicine-bag' then, is a mystery-bag; and its meaning and importance are necessary to be understood, as it may be said to be the key of Indian life and Indian character. These bags are constructed of the skins of animals, of birds, or of reptiles, and ornamented and preserved in a thousand different ways, as suits the taste or freak of the person who constructs them. These skins are generally attached to some part of the clothing of the Indian, or carried in his hand. * * Every

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Indian, in his primitive state, carries his medicine-bag in some form or other, to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for safety and protection through life—and in fact it might almost be called a species of idolatry; for it would seem in some instances, as if he actually worshipped it. Feasts are often made, and dogs and horses sacrificed, to a man's medicine; and days, and even weeks, of fasting and penance of various kinds are often suffered, to appease his medicine, which he imagines he has in some way offended. * * The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this: a boy, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is said to be making or 'forming his medicine,' when he wanders away from his father's lodge, sometimes even four or five days; lying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting the whole time. During this period of peril and abstinence, when he falls asleep, the first animal, bird, or reptile, of which he dreams (or pretends to have dreamed, perhaps), he considers the Great Spirit has designated for his mysterious protector through life. He then returns home to his father's lodge, and relates his success; and after allaying his thirst, and satiating his appetite, he sallies forth with weapons or traps, until he can procure the animal or bird, the skin of which he preserves entire, and ornaments it according to his own fancy, and carries it with him through life, for 'good luck' (as he calls it); as his strength in battle — and in death his guardian *Spirit,* that is buried with him; and which is to conduct him safe to the beautiful hunting-grounds, which he contemplates in the world to come. The value of the medicine-bag to the Indian is beyond all price; for to sell it, or give it away, would subject him to such signal disgrace in his tribe, that he could never rise above it; and again, his superstition would stand in the way of any such disposition of it, for he considers it the gift of the Great Spirit. An Indian carries his *medicine-bag* into battle, and trusts to it for his protection; and if he loses it thus, when fighting ever so bravely for his country, he suffers a disgrace scarcely less than that which occurs in case he sells or gives it away; his enemy carries it off and

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displays it to his own people as a trophy; whilst the loser is cut short of the respect that is due to other young men of his tribe, and for ever subjected to the degrading epithet of 'a man without medicine,' or 'he who has lost his medicine;' until he can replace it again, which can only be done by rushing into battle and plundering one from an enemy whom he slays with his own hand.»

This superstition, it will be observed, tends very strongly to make heroes after the savage model; which, by the bye, is the model common to all the world, for in civilized as in savage life, all heroes must be fighting men. Every savage is thus, as it were, intrusted with a sacred standard, which he cannot lose without dishonour, and must recover at any hazard.

The fashion of long hair prevails among all the tribes of Western Indians; but contrary to European usage, the women cannot, or are not permitted to indulge in this luxury. The Crows are in this way the admiration of all other tribes—the length of the hair of the chief, who received his name and office in consequence, measured ten feet six inches!

Mr. Catlin chanced to be present when the son of the chief of the Assinneboins, Wi-jun-jon (the Pigeon's egg head), arrived on his return from Washington, whither he had accompanied the Indian agent:—

«On his way home from St. Louis to this place, a distance of 2,000 miles, I travelled with this gentleman, on board the steamer Yellow-Stone; and saw him step ashore (on a beautiful prairie, where several thousands of his people were encamped), with a complete suit *en militaire*, a colonel's uniform of blue, presented to him by the President of the United States, with a beaver hat and feather, with epaulettes of gold—with sash and belt, and broad-sword; with high-heeled boots—with a keg of whiskey under his arm, and a blue umbrella in his hand. In this plight and metamorphosis, he took his position on the bank, amongst his friends—his wife and other relations; not one of whom exhibited, for an half-hour or more, the least symptoms of recognition, although they knew well who was before them. He also gazed upon them—upon his

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wife and parents, and little children, who were about, as if they were foreign to him, and he had not a feeling or thought to interchange with them. Thus the mutual gazings upon and from this would-be stranger lasted for full half an hour; when a gradual, but cold and exceedingly formal recognition began to take place, and an acquaintance ensued, which ultimately and smoothly resolved itself, without the least apparent emotion, into its former state; and the mutual kindred intercourse seemed to flow on exactly where it had been broken off, as if it had been but lost for a moment, and nothing had transpired in the interim to check or change its character or expression. Such is one of the stoic instances of a custom which belongs to all the North American Indians, forming one of the most striking features in their character; valued, cherished and practised, like many others of their strange notions, for reasons which are difficult to be learned or understood; and which probably will never be justly appreciated by others than themselves.»

In his after wanderings Mr. Catlin again met with this tribe, and there, in the midst of a listening group, was Wi-jun-jon, still discoursing, without any apparent exhaustion, on the manners and customs of the «pale-faces,» and the marvellous things he had seen at Washington. His grand military costume, however, was by this time terribly tattered: as nobody could understand the use of the skirts of his coat, his wife had prudentially cut them off to make herself a pair of leggins, and for like reasons, the silver band round his hat she had converted into a pair of garters. Wi-jun-jon, however, retained his umbrella, for nobody could either understand the use of it, or devise a use to which it might be put, and the owner therefore still strutted about with it, open on all occasions, whether wet or dry. This poor fellow, like all who have presumed to know more than the people amongst whom their fortunes have been cast, or the age in which they chanced to be born, was first wondered at, then despised, then persecuted, and at length formally condemned as an inveterate liar, and put to death.

With this tribe Mr Catlin resided for some time, and be-

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came intimately acquainted; and he has described in great detail their manners, customs, ceremonies, and peculiarities; we, however, must be content with a few general words:—

"Their village has a most novel appearance to the eye of a stranger; their lodges are closely grouped together, leaving but just room enough for walking and riding between them; and appear from without, to be built entirely of dirt; but one is surprised when he enters them, to see the neatness, comfort, and spacious dimensions of these earth-covered dwellings. They all have a circular form, and are from forty to sixty feet in diameter."

They are, in brief, built of timber, roofed with logs, and covered all over two or three feet thick with earth,—

—"which with long use becomes quite hard, and is a lounging-place for the whole family in pleasant weather—for sage—for wooing lovers—for dogs and all; an airing-place—a look-out—a place for gossip and mirth—a seat for the solitary gaze and meditations of the stern warrior, who sits and contemplates the peaceful mirth and happiness that is breathed beneath him, fruits of his hard-fought battles, on fields of desperate combat with bristling Red Men." These cabins are so spacious, that they hold from twenty to forty persons—a family and all their connexions. They all sleep on bedsteads similar in form to ours, but generally not quite so high; made of round poles rudely lashed together with thongs. A buffalo-skin, fresh stripped from the animal, is stretched across the bottom poles, and about two feet from the floor; which, when it dries, becomes much contracted, and forms a perfect sacking-bottom. The fur side of this skin is placed uppermost, on which they lie with great comfort, with a buffalo-robe folded up for a pillow, and others drawn over them instead of blankets. These beds, as far as I have seen them (and I have visited almost every lodge in the village), are uniformly screened with a covering of buffalo or elk skins, oftentimes beautifully dressed, and placed over the upright poles or frame, like a suit of curtains; leaving a hole in front, sufficiently spacious for the occupant to pass in and out, to and from his or her bed. " In the centre is a large post, fixed quite

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firm in the ground, and six or seven feet high, with large wooden pegs or bolts in it, on which are hung and grouped, with a wild and startling taste, the arms and armour of the respective proprietor; consisting of his whitened shield, embossed and emblazoned with the figure of his protecting *medicine* (or mystery), his bow, and quiver, his war-club or battle-axe, his dart or javelin—his tobacco-pouch and pipe—his medicine-bag—and his eagle, ermine, or raven head-dress; and over all, and on the top of the post (as if placed by some conjuror or Indian magician, to guard and protect the spell of wildness that reigns in this strange place), stands forth and in full relief the head and horns of a buffalo, which is, by a village regulation, owned and possessed by every man in the nation, and hung at the head of his bed, which he uses as a mask when called upon by the chiefs to join in the buffalo-dance, of which I shall say more in a future epistle. This arrangement of beds, of arms, &c., combining the most vivid display and arrangement of colours, of furs, of trinkets—of barbed and glistening points and steel—of mysteries and hocus-pocus, together with the sombre and smoked colour of the roof and sides of the lodge; and the wild, and rude and red—the graceful (though uncivil) conversational, garrulous, story-telling and happy, though ignorant and untutored groups, that are smoking their pipes, wooing their sweethearts, and embracing their little ones about their peaceful and endeared fire-sides; together with their pots and kettles, spoons, and other culinary articles of their own manufacture, around them; present altogether one of the most picturesque scenes to the eye of a stranger that can be possibly seen; and far more wild and vivid than could ever be imagined.»

With the fearful tortures voluntarily undergone, which mark the religious ceremonies of this tribe, we shall not concern ourselves. Portrait-painting, with its influences, is a pleasanter picture to dwell on:—

«Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my *brush*. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two prin-

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cipal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on, and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs, until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation; and when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hand over their mouths awhile in dead silence (a custom amongst most tribes, when anything surprises them very much); looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colours with which these unaccountable effects had been produced. They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand, with a firm grip; with head and eyes inclined downwards, and in a tone a little above a whisper—pronounced the words 'te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee!' and walked off. That moment conferred an honour on me which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of hocus-pocus. I was recognized in that short sentence as a 'great *medicine white man;*' and since that time, have been regularly installed *medicine* or mystery, which is the most honourable degree that could be conferred upon me here; and I now hold a place amongst the most eminent and envied personages, the doctors and conjurati of this titled community.** After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams, and deliberately seated themselves by their respective fire-sides, and silently smoked a pipe or two (according to an universal custom), they gradually began to tell what had taken place; and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within. An hour or more passed in this way, and the soft

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and silken throng continually increased, until some hundreds of them were clung and piled about my wigwam, like a swarm of bees hanging on the front and sides of their hive. During this time, not a man made his appearance about the premises—after a while, however, they could be seen, folded in their robes, gradually *siding* up towards the lodge, with a silly look upon their faces, which confessed at once that curiosity was leading them reluctantly, where their pride checked and forbade them to go. The rush soon after became general, and the chiefs and medicine-men took possession of my room, placing *soldiers* (braves with spears in their hands) at the door, admitting no one, but such as were allowed by the chiefs, to come in. The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognize their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laughable. The likenesses were instantly recognized, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams.** The squaws generally agreed, that they had discovered life enough in them to render my *medicine* too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed without taking away from the original, something of his existence, which I put in the picture, and they could see it move, could see it stir. This curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life into the secondary one, they decided to be an useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community; and they commenced a mournful and doleful chaunt against me, crying and weeping bitterly through the village, proclaiming me a most 'dangerous man; one who could make living persons by looking at them; and

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at the same time, could, as a matter of course, destroy life in the same way, if he chose. That my medicine was dangerous to their lives, and that I must leave the village immediately. That bad luck would happen to those whom I painted; that I was to take a part of the existence of those whom I painted, and carry it home with me amongst the white people, and that when they died they would never sleep quiet in their graves.'

At length a Council was called to take the subject into consideration. Mr. Catlin attended; his explanations were held to be satisfactory, and he was forthwith installed as a Medicine:—

'I was waited upon in due form and ceremony by the *medicine-men*, who received me upon the old adage, 'Similis simili gaudet.' I was invited to a feast, and they presented me with a *she-shee-quoi*, or doctor's rattle, and also a magical wand, or doctor's staff, strung with claws of the grizzly bear, with hoofs of the antelope—with ermine—with wild sage and bat's wings—and perfumed withal with the *choice* and *savoury* odour of the pole-cat—a dog was sacrificed and hung by the legs over my wigwam, and I was therefore and thereby initiated into (and countenanced in the practice of) the arcana of medicine or mystery, and considered a Fellow of the Extraordinary Society of *Conjurati*.'

We have already so far exceeded our usual bounds, that we must pause.

One horrible custom appears to prevail generally among the wandering tribes of the prairies, who are forced at times to make severe and hurried marches—that of leaving the aged and decrepit, who are unable to walk or ride, to perish; and so universally is this established, that the aged themselves often insist on its being enforced. Mr. Catlin was at a village of the Puncahs when they had just struck their tents and were about to depart, and his attention was directed by the Indian agent to a miserable helpless object, about, as it is called, to be *exposed*:—

'The tribe were going where hunger and dire necessity compelled them to go, and this pitiable object, who had once

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been a chief, and a man of distinction in his tribe, who was now too old to travel, being reduced to mere skin and bones, was to be left to starve, or meet with such death as might fall to his lot, and his bones to be picked by the wolves! I lingered around this poor old forsaken patriarch for hours before we started, to indulge the tears of sympathy which were flowing for the sake of this poor benighted and decrepit old man, whose worn-out limbs were no longer able to support him; their kind and faithful offices having long since been performed, and his body and his mind doomed to linger into the withering agony of decay, and gradual solitary death. I wept, and it was a pleasure to weep, for the painful looks and the dreary prospects of this old veteran, whose eyes were dimmed, whose venerable locks where whitened by an hundred years, whose limbs were almost naked, and trembling as he sat by a small fire which his friends had left him, with a few sticks of wood within his reach, and a buffalo's skin stretched upon some crotchets over his head. Such was to be his only dwelling, and such the chances for his life, with only a few half-picked bones that were laid within his reach, and a dish of water, without weapons or means of any kind to replenish them, or strength to move his body from its fatal locality. In this sad plight I mournfully contemplated this miserable remnant of existence, who had unluckily outlived the fates and accidents of war to die alone, at death's leisure. His friends and his children had all left him, and were preparing in a little time to be on the march. He had told them to leave him, 'he was old,' he said, 'and too feeble to march.' My children,' said he, 'our nation is poor, and it is necessary that you should all go to the country where you can get meat,—my eyes are dimmed and my strength is no more; my days are nearly all numbered, and I am a burthen to my children—I cannot go, and I wish to die. Keep your hearts stout, and think not of me; I am no longer good for anything.' In this way they had finished the ceremony of *exposing* him, and taken their final leave of him. I advanced to the old man, and was undoubtedly the last human being who held converse with him. I sat by the side of him,

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and though he could not distinctly see me, he shook me heartily 'by the hand and smiled. evidently aware that I was a white man, and that I sympathized with his inevitable misfortune. I shook hands again with him, and left him, steering my course towards the steamer which was a mile or more from me, and ready to resume her voyage up the Missouri.»

«Some months after,» says Mr. Catlin, «when passing by the site of the Puncah village, in my canoe, I went ashore with my men, and found the poles and the buffalo skin, standing as they were left, over the old man's head. The firebrands were lying nearly as I had left them, and I found at a few yards distant the skull, and other of his bones, which had been picked and cleaned by the wolves; which is probably all that any human being can ever know of his final and melancholy fate.»

We shall now join a party about to cross the plains for a distance of 200 miles, to the mouth of the Teton river:—

«We took leave of our friends in the boat, and now mounting the green bluffs, steered our course from day to day over a level prairie, without a tree or a bush in sight, to relieve the painful monotony; filling our canteens at the occasional little streams that we passed, kindling our fires with dried buffalo dung, which we collected on the prairie, and stretching our tired limbs on the level turf whenever we were overtaken by night." Every rod of our way was over a continuous prairie, with a verdant green turf of wild grass of six or eight inches in height, and most of the way enamelled with wild-flowers, and filled with a profusion of strawberries. For two or three of the first days, the scenery was monotonous, and became exceedingly painful from the fact that we were (to use a phrase of the country) 'out of sight of land,' *i. e.* out of sight of anything rising above the horizon, which was a perfect straight line around us, like that of the blue and boundless ocean. The pedestrian over such a discouraging sea of green, without a landmark before or behind him, without a beacon to lead him on, or define his progress, feels weak and overcome when night falls; and he stretches his

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exhausted limbs, apparently on the same spot where he has slept the night before, with the same prospect before and behind him; the same grass, and the same wild-flowers beneath and about him; the same canopy over his head, and the same cheerless sea of green to start upon in the morning. It is difficult to describe the simple beauty and serenity of these scenes of solitude, or the feelings of feeble man, whose limbs are toiling to carry him through them—without a hill or tree to mark his progress, and convince him that he is not, like a squirrel in his cage, after all his toil, standing still. One commences on peregrinations like these, with a light heart, and a nimble foot, and spirits as buoyant as the very air that floats along by the side of him; but his spirit soon tires, and he lags on the way that is rendered more tedious and intolerable by the tantalizing *mirage* that opens before him beautiful lakes, and lawns, and copses; or by the *looming* of the prairie ahead of him, that seems to rise in a parapet, and decked with its varied flowers, phantom-like, flies and moves along before him. I got on for a couple of days in tolerable condition, and with some considerable applause; but my half-bred companions took the lead at length, and left me with several other novices far behind, which gave me additional pangs; and I at length felt like giving up the journey, and throwing myself upon the ground in hopeless despair. I was not alone in my misery, however, but was cheered and encouraged by looking back and beholding several of our party half a mile or more in the rear of me, jogging along, and suffering more agony in their new experiment than I was suffering myself. Their loitering and my murmurs, at length, brought our leaders to a halt, and we held a sort of council, in which I explained that the pain in my feet was so intolerable, that I felt as if I could go no further; when one of our half-breed leaders stepped up to me, and addressing me in French, told me that I must '*turn my toes in*' as the Indians do, and that I could then go on very well. We halted a half-hour, and took a little refreshment, whilst the little Frenchman was teaching his lesson to the rest of my fellow-novices, when we took up our march

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again; and I soon found upon trial, that by turning my toes in, my feet went more easily through the grass; and by turning the weight of my body more equally on the toes (enabling each one to support its proportionable part of the load, instead of throwing it all on to the joints of the big toes, which is done when the toes are turned out), I soon got relief, and made my onward progress very well. I rigidly adhered to this mode, and found no difficulty on the third and fourth days of taking the lead of the whole party, which I constantly led until our journey was completed.»

Mr. Catlin enters into a very minute description of the religious ceremonies of the Indians, their weapons of offence and defence, dances, musical instruments, pipes, calumets, tomahawks, clubs, scalping-knives, &c., concluding the volume with a full account of the Bison or Buffalo—once joint tenant with the Red Man, of all that vast continent; now flying with him to perish. The name of Buffalo, Mr. Catlin says, is most erroneously applied to this animal, which has very little resemblance to the Eastern buffalo. Though once spread over the whole country from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, it is now confined to the prairies of the West. The bull buffalo often grows to the enormous weight of two thousand pounds. These animals are gregarious, but not migratory. It is no uncommon thing, at particular seasons, to see several thousands together—at other times they are found scattered about the country in families and herds:—

«The chief hunting-amusement of the Indians in these parts consists in the chase of the buffalo, which is almost invariably done on horseback, with bow and lance. In this exercise, which is highly prized by them, as one of their most valued amusements, as well as for the principal mode of procuring meat for their subsistence, they become exceedingly expert; and are able to slay these huge animals with apparent ease.

«This strip of country, which extends from the province of Mexico to lake Winnepeg on the North, is almost one entire plain of grass, which is, and ever must be, useless to cultivating man. It is here, and here chiefly, that the buffaloes dwell; and with, and hovering about them, live

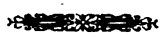
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and flourish the tribes of Indians whom God made for the enjoyment of that fair land and its luxuries It is a melancholy contemplation for one who has travelled, as I have, through these realms, and seen this noble animal in all its pride and glory, to contemplate it so rapidly wasting from the world, drawing the irresistible conclusion too, which one must do, that its species is soon to be extinguished, and with it the peace and happiness (if not the actual existence) of the tribes of Indians, who are joint tenants with them, in the occupancy of these vast and idle plains." Such scenes might easily have been preserved, and still could be cherished on the great plains of the West, without detriment to the country or its borders; for the tracts of country on which the buffaloes have assembled, are uniformly sterile, and of no available use to cultivating man. It is on these plains, which are stocked with buffaloes, that the finest specimens of the Indian race are to be seen. It is here that the savage is decorated in the richest costume. It is here, and here only, that his wants are all satisfied, and even the *luxuries* of life are afforded him in abundance. And here also is he the proud and honourable man (before he has had teachers or laws), above the imported wants, which beget meanness and vice; stimulated by ideas of honour and virtue, in which the God of Nature has certainly not curtailed him. There are, by a fair calculation, more than 300,000 Indians, who ere now subsisted on the flesh of the buffaloes, and were by those animals supplied with all the luxuries of life which they desire, as they know of none others. The great variety of uses to which they convert the body and other parts of that animal, are almost incredible to the person who has not actually dwelt amongst these people, and closely studied their modes and customs. Every part of their flesh is converted into food, in one shape or another, and on it they entirely subsist. The robes of the animals are worn by the Indians instead of blankets—their skins, when tanned, are used as coverings for their lodges, and for their beds; undressed, they are used for constructing canoes—for saddles, for bridles,—l'arrêts, lasos and thongs. The horns are shaped into ladles and spoons—

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the brains are used for dressing the skins—the bones are used for saddle-trees—for war-clubs, and scrapers for graining the robes—and others are broken up for the marrow-fat which is contained in them. Their sinews are used for strings and backs to their bows—for thread to string their beads and sew their dresses. The feet of the animals are boiled, with their hoofs, for the glue they contain, for fastening their arrow-points, and many other uses. The hair from the head and shoulders, which is long, is twisted and braided into halters, and the tail is used for a fly-brush. In this wise do these people convert and use the various parts of this useful animal, and with all these luxuries of life about them, and their numerous games, they are happy (God bless them!) in the ignorance of the disastrous fate that awaits them. Yet this interesting community, with its sports, its wildnesses, its languages, and all its manners and customs, could be perpetuated, and also the buffaloes, whose numbers would increase and supply them with food for ages and centuries to come, if a system of non-intercourse could be established and preserved. But such is not to be the case—the buffalo's doom is sealed, and with their extinction must assuredly sink into real despair and starvation, the inhabitants of these vast plains, which afford for the Indians no other possible means of subsistence; and they must at last fall a prey to wolves and buzzards, who will have no other bones to pick.»

(ATHENÆUM.)



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WANTED—A WIDOW.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

CHAPTER I.

Prologue.

Mr. Samuel Gipps still lives, is in good health and spirits, and is likely to be a happier man for the time to come than he has been heretofore; but he no longer lives at No. 15, ——Street, in the Strand. I make no question but that by this time even he can venture to smile at a dramatic passage in his life, with which I cannot forego the pleasure of acquainting the reader. Like Shakspeare, he was the sole author of a comedy; and, like the immortal bard, played but an inconsiderable part in it. But it may be as well if I furnish a short preparatory notice of Mr. Gipps.

Mr. Samuel Gipps was a bachelor, about three-and-forty years of age, and enjoying «a small competence,» a phrase which means just such an amount of yearly income as justifies a gentleman in lamenting the high prices of butcher's meat, and other perishable provisions, in boggling about house-rent, and in being guilty of the petty disloyalty of cursing, even to his ominous and unanswerable face, the quarterly visit of the collector of Queen's taxes.

Like other young men upon town, Gipps in his time had been fain to content himself with lodgings,—a first floor furnished with conveniences, a street-door key, and a tinder-box and greasy candlestick duly placed on the balustrade side of

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the first stair. He had accordingly, passed through the ordeal of unconfessed dancing-masters on the second «flight»; of unmentioned music-teachers in the parlours; of amateur songsters at free-and-easys and glee-clubs, in the adjoining chamber; and of sleep-walkers from the garrets, who never find their way to their own room, and always discover a *penchant* for the first-floor lodgers.

Weary of this mode of self-stowage, and its vexatious contingencies, Gipps had subsequently suffered himself to be taken into permanent bait at sundry boarding-houses, which, the gloss of novelty once faded, conformed even less kindly with his inclinations, than his former more independent arrangement. He complained that the inmates, native and foreign, to be found in these establishments,— the men in particular—were the most inexplicably mysterious rational beings that ever sat down in common to one table-cloth. During the day they went hither and thither, but whither it was futile to conjecture: came punctually to their meals, and at night were perversely prone to penny-point whist, and whiskey-and-water. He could not help fancying, also, that whenever a friend of either of these gentlemen, or of his own, chanced to call, the visiter seemed to look upon the company as a junto of harmless maniacs humanely leagued together for the purpose of enriching a certain eager-faced person, in brown holland cuffs and spectacles, whom they were pleased to call the landlady. The female branches were, in Gipps' opinion, rather wintry-visaged samples of the fair sex, chiefly remarkable for sandy hair, large reticules, and one tooth out in front. In short, Gipps in due time became thoroughly indifferent to the agreeable amenities to be exchanged at boarding-houses,—tired of inscrutable soup,—of fish that had long left a seafaring life, and Atlantean shoulders of mutton. He had given boarding-houses a fair chance, and he said (for he was a gentleman of a mild manner, and choice of speech,) they were «no good.»

«I have tried as many as most men,» said he to his friend Simpson, one day, «and I ought to know. Some one 'within three minutes' walk of the Royal Exchange.' Bless you, sir, Captain Barclay, in training, couldn't have accomplished the

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distance in ten. And as for those that 'command a delighful view of the park,' all I can say is, their commands are never obeyed, The outline of a tree or two might be seen perhaps —with Herschel's telescope.»

«Why don't you take a house of your own?» returned Simpson, «vote for a member, attend vestries, and get on the Paving Board? Be respectable—now, *do* be respectable. You are a middle-aged man— act as such. Sit under the shadow of your own fig-tree.»

Therefore Gipps took No. 15,——, Strand, had the fixtures at a valuation, made repairs, hung fresh bells, planted a new scraper, and placed his name in brass on the door. Handsome furniture, books, pictures, bronzes, shells, lamps — all complete. The place was a nucleus of comfort and respectability.

All would not do. There was a vacuum, as he said, a desideratum to be supplied. The house was too much for him. I do not mean in the common acceptation of those words,— that is to say, that the house was too large, or had too many rooms in it (although less, to say the truth, might have sufficed); but he could not keep the concern in order; he couldn't manage it. Gipps had not taken a house—the house had got him; he had caught a tartar.

Now he knew very well, for he had heard his mother say so, that «servants required»—(his mother had said *wanted*, but this is anything but the truth)—«that servants required looking after;» but how was he all the livelong day to be tracking the footsteps of old Betty? In the first instance, he had thought Betty was pretty well, considering; but when, as the phrase goes, she showed herself in her true colours, they were rather startling than splendid. She had apparently no conception of the course of time, as commonly indicated by clockwork, and brought up breakfast and served dinner at discretion. In a short time he began to fear that her morals were not in a high state of preservation. She wanted to make believe that he ate four half-quarterns a-week. Ridiculous! He was by no means partial to bread. She pleaded that the rats made away with the candles, when, «how the deuce,»

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thought Gipps, «a rat or any animal of that genus can run up a kitchen door, and abstract moulds and long sixes out of the round lackered box at the back of it, is more than I can possibly conceive.» It was true that about two months since, a man with a head like a hedgehog, and a face like a dolphin, *did* come to repair the cistern; but why he should therefore have since come twice a-week to take supper with Betty off his quarters of lamb, he could not satisfactorily divine.

Nat Salter, an uncouth urchin of some dozen years, who cleaned his boots, and knives and forks, and carried, and miscarried, as the case might happen, his letters and messages, was no more to his liking. Of him, too, he had formed, at first, a favourable opinion, and had mentally measured him for pepper-and-salt trowsers with red cord down the seams, and a brown coat with a yellow collar and a gross of sugar-loaf buttons.

But the young rogue was always playing on the door-step with begrimed juveniles of his own age and physical calibre: and when he went forth, would start up incontinently, whip off his shapeless head-gear, and shout, «D'ye want me, Mr. Gipps?» Once he had actually, «with his own ears,» heard him observe to a companion, «*That's* my old master, Gipps—just twig him. Isn't he a article? I believe you, he just is.»

Old master!—a article! Insufferable young rascal!

«No, no,» thought Gipps at last, «this won't do. I must get a housekeeper. Nothing is to be done without a housekeeper.»

CHAPTER II.

The Advertisement.

But how to get a housekeeper? Gipps had no more notion of the process by which so desirable an acquisition was to be procured, than he had of the method of calculating by fluxions. He resolved to seek advice upon this head; and who is so capable of giving, and happy to extend his advice as his old friend Mr. Jackson, a gentleman who had seen a vast deal of the world, and under whose ken housekeepers,

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without doubt, must frequently have come? He sought Mr. Jackson out accordingly, and made known his wants and wishes—his doubts and his difficulties.

«Very well,» said Mr. Jackson, a gentleman, by the by, whose narrow width of wisdom was eked out by a vast selvage of important gravity, «you want a housekeeper. Well, sir, you want a respectable woman—a highly respectable woman—what I should call a comfortable body.»

«A comfortable body, certainly,» said Gipps; «a comfortable body.»

«Very good, sir,» cried Jackson. «Well, sir, and have you made application to your butcher?»

«My butcher!» exclaimed Gipps. «What in the name of Newgate Market,» thought he, «can 'my butcher,' who cuts up beeves and sells them in detail, have to do with housekeepers in their integrity?»

«Your butcher,» resumed Mr. Jackson; «have you, I repeat, applied to your butcher,—to your baker—pshaw! absurd! I was about to say to your candlestick-maker? Let me correct myself. Have you applied to your butcher, to your baker, to your grocer, to your *green*-grocer? What!» surveying Gipps with surprise, «are you not aware that gentlemen, when they want servants, refer themselves to these purveyors, as, in like manner, when servants want places, they also refer to them?»

«I really was not aware, I am ashamed to say,» replied Gipps.

«Then I beg your pardon, sir,» remarked Mr. Jackson, «but you must give me leave to tell you, you know very little of the world; and a true knowledge of the world is, in these days, highly important. Permit me to ask whether you lay in your spirits from the publican?»

«I do sometimes send for a bottle from the public-house,» answered Gipps, «when my spirit-merchant is remiss in sending my two gallons. What then?»

«Why, then, sir. I would by no means take a housekeeper upon a publican's recommendation. Mark me — for this is deeply important.»

«How?» continued Gipps.

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Mr. Jackson laid the fore-finger of his left hand to the side of his nose, and cocked up the little finger of his right. «Drinking,» said he solemnly, «is incompatible with a due attention to domestic duties. They who go into a public-house to inquire for a place, are usually in want of one because they have been there before.»

Gipps did not much relish the course pointed out by Mr. Jackson. He was a reserved, shy man, and could not think of bothering butchers and bakers, or of soliciting grocers and tallow-chandlers to catch housekeepers for him. He would confer with his friend Simpson about the matter. Simpson, after all, knew a great deal more of the world than Jackson, who was of the old school. Hang him and his purveyors!

«What d'ye think, Simpson,» said he to that gentleman; «I find I can't do without a housekeeper, and Jackson tells me to apply to my butcher, my baker, my grocer, my green-grocer.»

«Jackson's an ass!» cried Simpson imperatively; «he knows nothing about it. Didn't I always say you must have a housekeeper? You must advertise for one.»

«Is that the way to get one?» asked Gipps. «Mark—I must have a respectable woman.»

«Of course you must. A middle-aged woman; for you're not too old, Gipps, eh? *Scandalum magnatum*, eh? d'ye see? I should say, she must be a widow.»

«A widow,» coincided Gipps, his face mantling with satisfaction.

«Yes, a widow,» pursued Simpson; «advertise, and you're sure to succeed. Everything is got now-a-days by advertisement, from a wife to a walking-stick. Why, my friend, I'd engage to advertise for a mermaid, and to get one within four-and-twenty hours, comb and looking-glass included. D'ye remember Frankenstein—the piece we saw together some years since? Cooke was the fellow with a long scratch in the bills instead of a name; and he looked like old Scratch!»

«I do,» said Gipps. «Ha! ha! that was one way of *making* an acquaintance. But do be serious, my dear Simpson. I must advertise, you say?»

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«I tell you, yes. Why, Gipps, I'd make an infinitely superior fellow to Frankenstein's comparative failure, out of materials indicated in the newspapers. I 'd fit together the framework of a good-looking rascal in one morning, and set him going with hydrogen. A choice of pills to keep him in rude health, and Rowland's Macassar for his complexion. Advertise?—to be sure; and the first dish of Hyson poured forth by the delicate hand of the widow shall be mine.»

Nothing better was to be done than to advertise. It was certain that hundreds did daily advertise; and they must get what they sought, or recourse would not so constantly be had to that method of proceeding. He decided upon advertising, and was mightily pleased that Simpson had suggested a widow. He was partial to widows. His mother had been a widow for several years before her death. He sighed. Would that the dear old lady had lived to conduct his establishment!

And then, Mrs. Revell, the sister of Mr. Metcalfe, his opposite neighbour—she also was a widow, and a charming one. He sighed again. Advertise! «If,» said Gipps, as he walked home, «Mrs. Revell would but consent to have me, (oh! that I dare—pop the question—I think they call it!) I 'd see all the advertising at the—No, I wouldn't; for it shouldn't be long before I 'd advertise in all the papers a certain union at St. George's, Hanover Square.»

That very evening Gipps paid for the insertion of an advertisement.

He wanted a widow; and offered a comfortable home, and a very handsome stipend, to any lady of competent qualifications who might be disposed to accept them.

CHAPTER III.

The result.

On the following day Gipps procured a copy of the newspaper, and after much difficulty succeeded in discovering his advertisement. What a close phalanx of applicants! He had never before remarked how many people there were diurnally wanting something or the other. Lodgings to be let, upon

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which the army of Cyrus might have been comfortably billetted—light porters enough to carry the Himalaya mountains, or the pyramids of Egypt—cooks sufficient to dress the edible contents of Noah's Ark!

«Lord bless *me!*» said he, casting the newspaper from him; «why, no widow will ever detect that narrow slip of a thing! She must be particularly in want of a situation, and possess a remarkably good sight, if she do. Well, a few shillings are of no great consequence.»

Notwithstanding this natural doubt, Gipps was careful to inquire, when he returned home in the evening, whether any lady had called during his absence; not that he had any fair reason to suppose a lady would call, seeing that his advertisement directed the application should be made between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the morrow; but he thought that had it met the eye of some anxious female, she *might* have stirred in the matter ere the specified time, and so distanced any precise adherent to punctuality. Nobody had called but the washerwoman, who had brought home the things she had omitted to bring on the Saturday night, and who, as Betty informed her, had furnished him by mistake with two shirts and a night-cap marked «Gibbs.»

«If I had but a housekeeper,» said Gipps to himself, «these sad mistakes would not occur.»

By the time he had risen and dressed himself on the following morning, he had well nigh abandoned all hope of securing his desiderata through the channel of public communication; and he swallowed his breakfast with considerable dissatisfaction.

It was now, by Gipps's watch, (regulated by the Horse Guards,) precisely nine o'clock. The usual «traffick» incident to——Street, Strand, is by no means, and at no time, great. Was there not rather more bustle than ordinary in the street? Hark! There was a buzz, — a hum beneath his window—a muffled sound of footsteps, succeeded by a kind of semi-silence—a congregational hush. What could it *be?*—What did it *mean?* He would look out and satisfy himself as to the cause of this unusual stir.

The sight that met his eyes! «Ha! ha! ha!»

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For, as he shot from the window, his first impulse was to indulge (and he did so, as we have seen,) in a burst of vociferous laughter. which, however, after a prolonged gratification of it, partook considerably more of hysteria than of merriment. His advertisement had been answered by the myriad. There they were—their name being Legion—an array of candidates for the beneficial advantages propounded in his printed proposition—all eager for bed, board, and stipend—panting for the place—agog for «a certainty.» Never was such a posse of widows seen in this country since the battle of Hastings. There they stood—compact, unflinching, massive, conglomerated—Westminster widows—«lone women» from Islington—«comfortable bodies» from the city—Radcliff Highway relicts!

«Now, the Lord have mercy on me!» cried the astounded Gipps. «What human being, I should be glad to ask, could have foreseen this?»

Mr. Gipps, I have before said, was a reserved, shy man. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that this portentous spectacle struck a panic into him that nearly divested him of the power of motion or of thought. The idea of *selection* from among so awful a multitude was preposterous—He could not do it. They must be got away—ordered to move on—besought to disperse, at all events. And now he heard Betty in the passage on the double-quick move, proceeding towards the door, whilst uprose the voice of Nat Salter,—a voice which he seemed striving to overtake as he blunderingly fscrambled up-stairs: «I say, Mr. Gipps—master! did you send sor this 'ere blessed lot o' women, as is blocking up the blessed street at our door? The cabmen can't get along, and the waterman's crying out shame on 'em.»

«I did not—no, I have no hesitation in saying I did not. Go down stairs, that's a good boy.»

«But why are ye a-shaking in that 'ere manner, sir?» asked Nat. «Bother the whole boiling on 'em, I says.»

«Go down stairs—now, that 's a *good* lad, go down, and tell Betty——»

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Betty was already in conference elsewhere. The door had been opened, and a sturdy foot planted in the passage.

«Mr. Gipps,» remonstrated a stout and well-to-do-looking woman of a certain age, «Mr. Gipps, whose name is on the door, wants a widow lady. Let me in. First come, first served, I say; and I was the first here,» and she made a vigorous forward movement.

«Wants a widow? — not he,» returned Betty. «Stuff!— We want no widows here, nor wives either. Come, get away, all of ye—do.» So saying, Betty put forth an adequate amount of physical power, and ejected the stout lady from the premises.

A wild objurgatory shout rent the welkin.

Gipps, who had taken his station on the first-floor landing, and was leaning on the balustrade, heard the inhuman outcry, and cramming his fingers into his ears, bethought him of the back-garret. There *was* a chimney in it. At that moment, he wished he had been made of soluble material, that he might have melted utterly away.

«A respectable widow, who has seen better days, and has come a long distance, and won't take a denial,» he ejaculated. «She 'll have me up before Sir Frederick for a hoax.»

«They 're a thickenin',» cried Nat Salter, running out of the area, and bawling upwards, in a tone between exultation and amazement. «Blest, Mr. Gipps, if all the iron railings ar'nt got a chin between 'em. Well, this bangs all I ever see. Such lots o' women I never *did* see!»

Another assault upon the knocker. The door was at length opened. The power of association is mysterious. How was it (but so it was) that two lines of a popular melody should have entered the head of Gipps as so trying a moment?

> «Hark! 'tis the Indian drum,
> They come—they come—they come!»

He at once gave himself up for lost. Somebody *was* rushing up stairs.

«God bless my soul, Mr. Gipps!» cried Mr. Metcalfe, his opposite neighbour, hurrying into the room wiping his fore-

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head, «what is the meaning of all this? Why is this mob of women, chiefly widows, at your door?»

Gipps laid hands upon the newspaper, and placing his finger on the advertisement, thrust the journal into the face of his new companion. «Look there!»

«An advertisement for a widow lady!» cried Metcalfe. «Well, my good sir, why don't you choose one with all despatch? These ladies are an obstruction to the passengers. Be quick!»

«Mr. Metcalfe—my worthy neighbour,» said Gipps solemnly, «I could no more see these widow ladies *seriatim* in this parlour, than I could select the best wife out of the eleven thousand virgins. Are there many still left? Are they not going?»

«Going?» cried Metcalfe, glancing out of the window; «they never will go. Here's an ocean of 'em, and little knots standing at the corners of streets, looking on, waiting for their turn.»

Gipps groaned; but a thought of a sudden scintillated from his brain, and then played lambently about it.

«I 'll tell 'em I 've got one.»

«Do,» said Metcalfe.

Gipps proceeded to the window, and raised the sash silently. He opened his mouth for speech, but the appalling vision before him was too much. There he stood, uttering no sound, but making the most outrageous variations of aspect.

«No! d—it, that's too bad,» cried a ruffian, who had observed Gipps, (for the male sex had long ago joined the group:) «here 's a gentleman been advertising for a wife, and when they 've all come to be picked and chose, if he ain't poking his fun at 'em, I 'm blowed!»

A burst of derisive laughter in grand chorus followed this sally.

«It 's of no use—they don't hear me,» said Gipps, appealing to Mr. Metcalfe. «What in Heaven's name's to be done? What a terrible mob, to be sure!»

«Here,» answered Metcalfe, handing him a large sheet of cartridge-paper, in which «Sam Slick» had been sent home a

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few days previously, « here,—write, 'I am engaged' upon this, and hang it up at the window. »

Gipps mechanically proceeded to do what he had been bidden. Seizing the pen and ink, he printed the prescribed words in a large and bold character—thus:

I AM ENGAGED.

This specimen of chirography was unheeded by the parties most interested in the announcement it contained—the widows, who still bent their total amount of eye upon the street-door. The self-same humorist, however, who had before dislodged the unhappy Gipps from the window, either imperfect of sight, unskilful as a reader, or perfectly mistaking the tenor of the notification held aloft by its author, undertook to expound its contents to the throng about him. « He says in that there paper, » cried he, « says he, 'I am enraged;' when what he 's got to be in a rage about, I 'm blowed if I think none of us can tell. It 's us that ought to be in a rage—What d'ye say?—let 's toddle to the market and fetch a few 'taturs and cabbage-stalks, and pelt the old muff—shall us? »

« I 'll tell you what, » cried Metcalfe suddenly, « this won't do any longer. Come from the window, Mr. Gipps, do. You are only exposing yourself. I 'll be hanged if there 's a window on the other side of the street that hasn't half-a-dozen heads thrust out of it; and, very extraordinary; there's a decent sprinkling of widows among them, too. Now don't you think, Gipps, » taking that gentleman by the arm, « if I can disperse this assembly, I shall do you a good turn?—Shan't I be entitled to your gratitude? »

« You will, indeed, » returned Gipps, holding up his spread hands; « I shall almost be ready to worship you. »

« I 'll do it then, » said Metcalfe. « I wonder what my sister Revell thinks of this! »

« Ah! what, indeed! » cried Gipps. « Go, then, at once, and away with them—all of them! »

When Metcalfe was gone, Gipps threw himself upon his face on the sofa, and plunged his head under one of the cushions.

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CHAPTER IV.

The Dispersion. The Widow, and wind-up.

Metcalfe, having undertaken the desirable business volunteered by him, proceeded to go through with it in a business-like manner. By dint of coaxing some and terrifying others; by examining with the argumentative, explaining to the obtuse, and condoling with the disappointed, he succeeded in his mission. In half an hour the whole had disappeared. All this while, Gipps's head was under the sofa-cushion. Metcalfe did not return to restore confidence to him. He went forthwith to his own house, at the door of which, having knocked, he indulged in the following brief soliloquy.

« How precious absurd all this! That fellow Gipps is well to do in the world, and bears a respectable character. If he knew how long I 'd had my eye upon him! He advertised for a widow—but he wants a wife; and it shan't be my fault if he doesn't get one, before any of us get much older. »

In the evening, when Gipp's self-possession and returned, Mr. Metcalfe was announced—and a lady.

« I have brought my sister; — Mrs. Revell, — Mr. Gipps, » introducing them: « she has come with me to condole with you on your unlooked-for levee this morning. »

« I am most happy—this is indeed an unexpected pleasure, » stammered Gipps, a blush overspreading his face and temples, se extraordinarily fiery as almost to threaten the ignition of his partially grey hair. « Pray, madam, be good enough to take this seat. »

A short silence ensued. Mrs. Revell did not speak: Gipps did not know what to say.

In the mean while, Mr. Metcalfe had been elevating his chin towards the pictures that ornamented the walls. « Um » —« yes »—« good » — « very sweet »— « breadth »—« fine tone »— « splendid colouring, » and the like.

« By the way, » said he, turning about suddenly, « what a fool I am. I have forgotten a particular business that of all things ought to be attended to. Will you excuse me, friend Gipps? I shall not be gone very long. I leave a good sub-

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stitute, that's one comfort. Talk to my sister, will you? Louisa, do pay particular attention, I beg of you, to Gipps' facetious stories. Our friend is full of anecdote!»

Now, was there ever such a wanton, such an unfounded assertion? However, Gipps did not much care. He did not know how it was, but he was not at all nervous this evening. He had had too many widows about him to-day to be afraid of one, and she, certainly, was a very charming woman. He had no idea before that she was so handsome. This comes of looking through the wretched medium of sheet glass.

«How—very—very ridiculous—the concourse of this morning, my dear madam,» observed Gipps.

«It is all your own fault,» returned Mrs. Revell. «You single gentlemen, who are bent upon being old bachelors, deserve it all.»

«Well but, my dear lady,» said Gipps, «we can't do without housekeepers; we must have our little comforts—our—»

«Well, sir, and why don't you marry, and get them,» innocently inquired Mrs. Revell.

Gipps looked as though he had never thought of that before, and then looked at Mrs. Revell, and said, «who 'd have me?»

I shall not relate how, before Metcalfe returned, Gipps, who had suddenly acquired the art of wooing, pestered Mrs. Revell till she was fain to answer «I would,» to Gipps's question.

Suffice it to say, he had put his arm round the reasonably small waist of Mrs. Revell, and was just about to seal the bargain upon her lips, when (such things will happen) Metcalfe entered the room.

«Fie! fie!» said he, «that is very naughty, Gipps. Well, you wanted a widow this morning, and hav'n't you got one?»

«I have,» said Gipps; «that is to say, I hope I have. But you must stay supper. I 'll bring out the wine.»

It was not very long after this that Gipps' friend Simpson received an elegantly-folded note, enclosing two cards united by satin ribands: «Mr. Samuel Gipps;» «Mrs. Samuel Gipps.» Underneath the former, «Come and take a cup of hyson poured out by the delicate hand of my housekeeper.»

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

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MISCELLANEA.

New Musket for the Service.—The musket that Colonel Hawker has suggested to the Ordnance (subjected to a severe trial, which has been begun, and will continue through the winter months) is the most simple, and the most water-proof that has yet been in use. He has availed himself of that clever invention, called the patent spring-musket (without a lock) of Wilkinson, and shortened the communication, by doing away with the chimney, and cutting deeper the concave under the stock; so that the stud of the nipple now screws directly into the under part of the barrel; and by taking Westley Richards' hermetically-sealed primer, he gets rid also of the distance which is taken up in firing down the orifice of a copper-cap nipple. The great advantages of these combinations are, that the detonating flame fires directly into the body of the charge, so that the soldier may use (and even without biting off the end of his cartridge) the coarsest cannon-powder, which stands all weathers, and which, Colonel Hawker has proved, shoots much stronger, and keeps its strength much longer, than fine powder; and he gets rid altogether of the copper-caps, which, like the fine powder required for them, he never, he says, could depend on, in sea-coast shooting, and any other continual damp; although they answer extremely well for the «flood and field» sportsman, and may even weather an occasional wet day. With regard to the stocks, he says, in his work on «Guns and Shooting,» «If strength and consequent cheapness require them to be so straight that I defy a man to shoot with them, put some elevation (similar to that on

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a rifle), instead of obliging the soldier to incline his head over, beyond the true line of aim.» The Colonel has added to the stock of the musket, now on trial, a little knob of wood, merely put on with one screw, and similar to a pistol-grip, which gives great steadiness in firing, and a firm hold for the soldier if an enemy were attempting to disarm him. Should this musket be adopted, the motion of «support arms,» would require to be superseded by that of «slope arms,» there being no cock or hammer to it. But this would be an advantage rather than an objection, as one motion less would be called for, thus saving the jackets of the men from being soiled by damp hands, or whitened by pipe-clayed gloves. Westley Richards has also a new patent musket coming out, which he anticipates will beat all others; and, if so, Colonel Hawker, who is to receive one for trial, will not, we are sure, hesitate to give it a preference, having no interest in either, beyond a desire to benefit her Majesty's service.

(United Service Journal.)

A Yankee Witness.—A Yankee is cautious: more so than a Scotchman. It is amusing often to see the dexterity with which he will avoid giving a direct answer to a question, where he suspects it may not be altogether safe to speak positively: it is no small undertaking, at times, to extract evidence from a witness in court.

«Did you ever see the prisoner drunk?» asked a counsel of a fellow on the stand.

«Why, I've seen him jolly.»

«But did you ever see him drunk?»

«I've seen him pretty well to live.»

«But did you ever see him drunk?»

«I've seen him when I thought he had full enough.»

«But was he drunk, or was he not?»

«Why, he might have been drunk; and then, again, he might not; I can't say he wasn't drunk, and I can't say he was.»

«Pray, did you see the defendant throw the stone?»

«Why, I saw him have a stone; and I suppose he might have thrown it.»

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« How large a stone was it ? »

« Why, I should call it a largish stone. »

« But say how big it was. »

« It appeared to me to be a stone of some bigness. »

« But describe the bigness of it. »

« As near as I can recollect, it was considerable of a stone. »

« But can't you compare it ; and say it was as big as this thing or that thing. »

« Why, if I should say now, I should say it was as big—as big—*as a piece of chalk.* »

(YANKEE NOTIONS.)

ARCHIMEDES THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAM-GUN. — M. Delecluze has lately made a discovery among the MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci, carrying a knowledge of the Steam-Engine at least as far back as the 15th century. He has published in the *Artiste* a notice of the life of Leonardo da Vinci, to which he adds a fac-simile of a page in one of his manuscripts, and on which are five sketches with a pen, exhibiting the details of the apparatus of a Steam-Gun; with an explanatory note upon the nature of what he designates by the name of the *Architonnerre;* and of which note the following is a translation :— « *Invention of Archimedes.*— The Architonnerre is a machine of fine copper, used in the following manner :—One third of this instrument contains a large quantity of charcoal fire. When the water is well heated, a screw at the top of the vessel which contains the water must be made tight. On closing the screw above, all the water will escape below, will descend into the heated portion of the instrument, and be immediately converted into a vapour so abundant and powerful, that it is wonderful to see its fury, and to hear the noise it produces. This machine will carry a ball of a talent in weight. » It is worthy of remark, that Leonardo da Vinci, far from claiming the merit of this invention for himself, or the men of his time, attributes it to Archimedes. (FRENCH PAPER.)

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

William Golden, of Huddersfield, gun-maker, and John Hanson, of the same place, lead-pipe manufacturer, for certain improvements in fire-arms, and in the bullets or other projectiles to be used therewith. Nov. 2; six months.

Thomas Macauley, of Curtain-road, upholsterer, for certain improvements in bedsteads, which are convertible into other useful forms or articles of furnitnre. Nov. 2; six months.

Robert Logan, of Blackheath, Esquire, for improvements in obtaining and preparing the fibres and other products of the cocoa-nut and its husk. Nov. 2; six months.

Robert Holt, of Manchester, cotton-spinner, and Robinson Jackson, of Manchester, aforesaid, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for the production of rotary motion, for obtaining mechanical power, which said improvements are also applicable for raising and impelling fluids. Nov, 2; six months.

Moses Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, gentleman, for imrovements in machinery, used in the manufacture of bobbin-net or twist lace. Nov. 2; six months.

Henry Kirk, of Tavistock-square, gentleman, for a substitute for ice for skating and sliding purposes. Nov. 2; six months.

William Brunton, of Neath, Glamorganshire, engineer, for an improved method or means of dressing ores and separating metals or minerals from other substances. Nov. 2; six months.

Jeremiah Bynner, of Birmingham, lamp-maker, for improvements in gas-burners. Nov. 2; six months.

Edward Robert Simmons, of Croydon, Esquire, for improvements in apparatus for preventing splashing in walking. Nov. 2; six months.

Henry King, of Webber-row, Westminster-road, engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and boilers. Nov. 4; six months.

Jules Lejeune, of North-place, Cumberland market, manufacturing chemist, for a means of condensing and collecting the sulphurous and metallic vapours which are evolved in the treatment by heat of all kinds of ores. Nov. 4; six months.

Job Cutler, of Ladypool-lane, Birmingham, gentleman, for improvements in the construction of the tubular flues of steam-boilers. Nov. 6, six months.

John Carr, of North Shields, earthen-ware manufacturer, and Aaron Ryles, of the same place, agent, for an improved mode of operating in certain processes for ornamenting glass. Nov. 9; six months

Jesse Ross, of Leicester, manufacturer, for a new wool-combing apparatus. Nov. 9; six months.

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Henry Davies, of Birmingham, engineer, for certain improved machinery suitable for applying power to communicate locomotion to bodies requiring to be moved on land or water. Nov. 9; six months.

Jesse Smith, of Wolverhampton, lock-maker, for improvements in the construction of locks and latches, applicable for doors and other purposes. Nov. 9; six months.

William Edward Newton, of Chancery-lane, civil-engineer, for certain improvements in the production of ammonia. (Being a communication. Nov. 9; six months.)

William Palmer, of Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. Nov. 9; six months.

John Garnett, of Liverpool, merchant, and Joseph Williams, of Liverpool, aforesaid, manufacturing chemist, for an improved method of manufacturing salt from brine. Nov. 9; six months.

John Burnell, (the younger) of White-chapel, manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of leaves, and in the construction of horn lanterns. Nov. 9; six months.

John Edwards, of Cow-Cross-street, gentleman, for an improved strap or band, for driving machinery, and for other purposes. Nov. 9; six months.

James Stewart, of Osnaburgh-street, St. Pancras, pianoforte maker, for certain improvements in the action of horizontal pianofortes. Nov. 11; six months.

George Allarton, of West-Bromwich, Stafford, surgeon, for certain improvements in the method of balling and blooming iron. Nov. 11; six months.

John Peter Booth, of Hatton-garden, feather-merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture of a substance, or compound fabric, which will be applicable to the making of quilts, coverlets, and wadding, for purposes of clothing or furniture. Nov. 11; six months.

Isaac Davis, of New Bond-street, optician, for improvements in the manufacture of sealing-wax, which compounds are applicable to other useful purposes. Nov. 11; six months.

Edward Joseph François Duclos de Boussons, of Clyne Wood Metallurgical-works, Swansea, for improvements in the manufacture of copper. Nov. 11; six months.

John Onions, of Field-lane, Barlaston, Stafford, engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of certain descriptions of nails, screws, and chains. Nov. 11; six months.

James Young, of Newton-le-Willows, chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of ammonia, and the salts of ammonia, and in apparatus for combining ammonia, carbonic acid, and other gases, with liquids. Nov, 11, six months.

Isaac Dodds, of Sheffield, engineer, for certain improvements in

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the modes or methods of supplying gas for the purposes of illuminating towns and other places. Nov. 13; six months.

Henry Mortimer, of Frith-street, Soho, gentleman, for improvements in covering ways and surfaces, and in constructing arches. Nov. 16; six months.

John Squire, of Albany-place, Regent's-park, engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-boilers or generators. Nov. 16; six months.

Robert Sterling Newall, of Gateshead, Durham, wire-rope manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of flat bands. Nov. 16; six months.

John Venables, of Burslem, in the county of Stafford, earthenware manufacturer, and John Tunnicliff, of the same place, bricklayer, for a new and improved method of building and constructing ovens used by potters and china-manufacturers in the firing of their wares. Nov. 20; two months.

William Manwaring, of York-street, Lambeth, engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of sugar. Nov. 23; six months.

Richard Gurney, of Trewinnion-house, Cornwall, for a method of cutting wood and incrusting the same in order to present a sure footing for horses, and other purposes. Nov. 25; six months.

ABSTRACTS OF SPECIFICATIONS OF ENGLISH PATENTS RECENTLY ENROLLED.

James Gregory, Coal Master, and William Green, Tinner, both of West Bromwich, *for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel*—Enrollment Office, November 14, 1841.

The crude iron, either in form of pigs, or in broken pieces, is immersed in water till no further action takes place, which time will vary from two to three weeks, the completion of the operation being indicated by an oily-looking scum forming on the surface of the water. The effect of this operation on the iron is to make it softer and tougher.

If it is desired to give the iron a closer and more brittle texture, after having undergone the preceding, it is submitted to the following operation. The iron being heated to redness in any suitable furnace, it is submitted, in its hot state, to the action of cold water, either by sprinkling, by pouring water over it, or by immersion therein. If an impure iron has been operated upon, it is, after the two foregoing operations, melted in an air-cupola, or finery, in the usual manner.

Another operation for refining, which may be employed alone, or in conjunction with the former, consists in melting the iron in a reverberatory furnace, and pouring it, in a fluid state, through a vessel formed like a founder's ladle, or other convenient form, the

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bottom of which is perforated with holes 1/4 inch in diameter, and lined with clay; the fluid metal is received in a vessel of cold water, a deep one being preferred in order that the iron may be cooled before reaching the bottom. This process gives a close texture, and white colour to the iron, which is said to be much better adapted for making either cast or malleable iron than that which has been only prepared in the ordinary way.

The improvement in the manufacture of steel consists in making it from iron which has been subjected to the foregoing operations.

The claim is, 1. To improving the quality of cast or pig iron, by subjecting it to the action of water, whether such water is hot or cold, or the iron at the time of the application of such water is hot or cold.

2. To improving the quality of iron by pouring it into water while in a melted state. in the manner described.

William Gall, of Beresford-terrace, Surrey, *for certain improvements in the construction of inkstands.* Enrollment Office, November 22, 1841.

The object of these improvements is to present the ink for use uniformly at the same height, and in a conveniently-formed dipping place; to present but a small surface of ink to evaporation; and to use the upper stratum of ink clear from all sediment and precipitated matter.

For this purpose, the inkstand or holder is composed of glass, having a small funnel-shaped dipping-place at top, and closed at bottom by an India-rubber or other elastic diaphragm. The glass part of the inkstand is supported and turns freely within a hollow case of metal. To the India-rubber a metal plate or table is cemented, to the under side of which is affixed a vertical screw; this screw turns in a corresponding female screw, carried by a bar, which crosses from side to side of the metal casing. On turning the glass part of the inksand in one direction, therefore, the screw descends through this bar, and drawing down the flexible diaphragm, increases the capacity of the ink-holder; on turning it in the opposite direction, the screw rises, and, thrusting the diaphragm inwards, diminishes the capacity of the ink-holder, and the ink is consequently forced up into the dipping-place, from which it can at any time be withdrawn by a few turns of the ink-glass.

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P. KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

No. III.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

The destruction of the Byzantine Empire, and the partition of Europe among the warlike nations of the North, is an event seldom alluded to by the Historian but with lamentation and abhorrence. The Muse of History, like the greatest modern worshipper of her Epic Sister, has been ever commanded, when she approached this epoch, «to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous and jarring blast;» and for the most part, authors, in describing that revolution which changed the whole aspect and condition of the civilized world, seem to lack words to express their grief at the event, and their detestation of its instruments.

«Europe,» they say, «was deprived, at one blow, of the blessings of science, and the ornament of art: the epoch was one of darkness, of violence, and of blood.» This, however, seems to us a very false and a very short-sighted view of this great event: and we trust that we shall do no displeasure to our readers, by following the reasonings of a few great writers of the present century, who have found that this barba-

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rian deluge, this judgment sent upon the sins of man, this delivering up of the civilized world, like some fair virgin, to the brutal violence of the fire-eyed barbarians of the North, was in reality a proof of the benevolence of that system which regulates the affairs of mankind. It is but with a feeble step that we can hope to pursue the path of these great and wise spirits, who have dared

> To vindicate the ways of God to man:

but we trust to make it clear that the civilization of the Byzantine Empire has not been less exaggerated than the ferocity of the invading nations; and that, with the exception of the introduction of Christianity, perhaps no event of equal importance had ever an effect so entirely beneficial, as the destruction of that foul but colossal fabric which had too long usurped the venerable name of «the Roman Empire.»

That empire was a prey to a deep-seated corruption, which it needed no learned eye to see was a symptom of dissolution and death; like the body of the dying (1) Legionary in the Poet, poison was in every vein, and every pulsation of its heart was a step towards the grave.

Were the Arts in such a condition as to make us regret their temporary obscuration? Alas, the tone of art at this epoch exhibits the monstrous exaggeration of the Hindoo sculpture, without its geniality; the coldness of the Egyptian painting, without the profound symbolic truths which often lie hid under its gigantic forms.

Was it the state of Science, which could have been urged, to disarm the vengeance of an offended Providence?— That which usurped the injured name of Philosophy, what was it but the subtlety, without the correctness, of the Stagyrite; the dreamy splendour of the Platonists, without their occasional good sense or imagination.

«The extravagance of their writings,» says (2) Gruter, speaking of a school of charlatans equal to the pretended philoso-

(1) Statius—Pharsalia, Lib. III.
(2) Hist. Philosophiæ Ant. cap. 12.

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phers of the Western Empire in pretension, but superior to them in sophistical acuteness; «The extravagance of their writings was only equalled by the infamy of their lives.»

In the Court, a feeble and puerile ostentation had long held the place of that «Majesty,» which was the fittest diadem of ancient Rome: the «Senate and People» had long disappeared from existence, to give place to a ceremonious and profligate court, which had nothing splendid about it but its gold, nothing vigorous but its crimes. This huge and corrupted carcase, without unity, without strength, almost without vitality; agitated alike by convulsion from within, and unceasing shocks and violence from without; this crowned phantom of the past—diademed, like (1) Inez de Castro on the day of her fearful coronation; but, unlike her, diademed with a visionary crown—was about, by the wise counsels of Providence, to be recalled to vigour and to life. As the physician tells us, that the transfusion of healthy blood, drawn from the veins in which, to use the vivid language of our Old Dramatist,

> «It sparkles like a lusty wine new broached;
> «The vessel must be sound from which it issues: (2)

has often recalled to life those who appeared to be entering the very gates of death—even so did the deluge which poured from the frozen regions of the North, restore and reinvigorate Europe. If the Invaders were fierce, they were brave: if rude, they were virtuous: *one* high and holy principle, the only principle which can found, and when founded, can protect, the institutions of any permanent civilization—the reverence for female chastity, and the appreciation of female virtues—was not unrecognized among these simple warriors. In this point lies the weakness of all ancient systems of polity; the plague-spot of all ancient constitutions of society: and it

(1) Assassinated by order of Alfonso IV. King of Portugal, her corpse exhumed and crowned by her husband Don Pedro, the successor of Alfonso — Vide Camoens, Os Lusiadas.

(2) Ford, The Broken Heart. Act V. Sc. III.

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was left for the wild forester of the Hercynian Wood, and the frantic Berserkir of Scandinavia, to teach this lesson to the descendants of Cornelia and Aspasia.

Our ancestors, the Indigenous inhabitants of Britain, had been affected, in as great a degree, perhaps, as any other nation, with the evil as well as the good influences of the Roman yoke: luxurious rather than civilized; effeminate but not refined, buried in an apathetic gloom, whose clouds were only illumined by the transient flashes of bloody feud or obscure tyranny, Society in England, at the period of the Anglo-Saxon invasion, seems to possess the ferocity of savage life without its dignity; to be in the same condition as that (at the present day) exhibited by the Polynesian tribes; and to have awaited, in sullen inactivity, the approach of that new race which was to diffuse light, and life, and order, through its stagnant and chaotic depths. And though the empire obtained by the Northern strangers was acquired by injustice, and too often maintained by violence and fraud; it is nevertheless to their conquest of England that we must attribute indirectly the blessings of civilization, and—yet a greater boon—the godlike principles of our Liberty, and the sublime consolations of our Religion.

That, at the period of their exchanging the wild forests and mountains of their native country for the smiling valleys of their adopted England, they were in a very advanced state of civilization, we are not prepared to admit: but the (1) Common Sense, still the distinguishing characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind, most admirably adapted them for the reception of the simple and elevating truths of Christianity; for the sedulous practice of its duties, and the powerful dissemination of its doctrines.

The intellect of Nations, like that of Individuals, acquires strength, delicacy, and flexibility, by degrees; and Poetry, always the earliest literature of a People, as it is of a Child, exhibits, at an early era, with the freshness, also the artlessness, of Infancy.

(1) Vide Turner's Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons. Book IX. passim.

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To this principle the early poetry of the Anglo-Saxons forms no exception: it is of the most inartificial construction, void of plan, of arrangement, and of connexion; and presents little more than a series of exclamatory or interjectional expressions, the untutored utterance of rapture or despair.

The impression to be conveyed to his auditors, the Anglo-Saxon bard had but one means of producing, and the earliest efforts of his Muse are but strings of detached exclamations; in which the occasional sublimity of the thought hardly compensates for the uniformity of their tone, and the want of harmony in their proportions.

The *language*, indeed, in which lisped the infant accents of that noblest literature which was afterwards to produce a Milton, a Bacon, and a Shakspeare, was in the highest degree manly, vigorous and sonorous; and we cannot think that it is only to our veneration of a Tongue whose future destinies were so lofty, that the War-Song of Brunanburh, and the Invocation of Cædmon, the precursor of him who sang,

> «Of Man's first disobedience, and the Fruit
> «Of that forbidden Tree,»

possess to us so indescribable a charm.

The following passage from the former of these works, the earliest specimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry which is preserved, will give a better idea of its character than any description, however elaborate. It is the description of the field of battle, after a fierce contest in which Athelstan was victorious over the Northmen.

Wiges hræmige	The War-Screamers
Lætan him behindan;	Left they behind them;
Hra Bryttinga,	The hoarse Bittern,
Salowig Padan,	The sallow Toad;
Thone swærtan Hræfan,	And the swart Raven,
Hyrnet nebban;	With horned beak;
And thone hasu-wadan Earn,	The Eagle, dwelling in the woods,
Æftan hwit æses brucan;	Eating the white flesh of men,
Grædigne cuth-Heofoc,	The greedy battle-Hawk,
And thæt græge deor	And that grey beast
Wulfon Wealde.	The wolf of the wold.

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In these verses, unconnected and rude as they appear to us, there is a grim picturesqueness, which brings vividly before our eyes, the «hoarse screamers» busy at their horrid feast; and we do not, we trust, violate the dignity of the classic muse, by venturing to compare the «sallow toad,» the «swart raven,» the grey hawk of war, eating the white flesh of heroes,» with that savage picture of a battle-plain, given us by the contemporary of Homer, where the Fates—those tremendous phantasms (reproduced, we should observe, in the Valkyriur, the Choosers of the Slain, of the Scandinavian Mythology) are pursuing their task among the dying and the dead.

«——————and whom they saw,
«Stretched out; or falling, newly gored, in him
«They struck their talons huge.—» (1)

In the infancy of a nation, Poesy seldom attunes her lyre but to the accents of War—the exultation of Victory or the lamentations of defeat form the only tones which give any presage of the rich and varied harmonies of a more cultivated epoch. The Passion of Love does indeed exist; nor is it easy to conceive a state of society so dark and barbarous as to be unillumined by its «purple light;» but the obstacles between the first sensation of its influence, and the gratification of its desires, are so few, and so easily removed—and so little attention can be spared by the «noble savage» from the more urgent necessities of self-subsistence and self-preservation,—that the tender fears, the blushing hopes,

«Le speranze, gli affetti,
«La data fè, le tenerezze, i primi
«Sgambievoli sospiri, i primi sguardi,» (2)

do not form, as yet, a subject of universal sympathy for the Man, and inexhaustible interest for the Poet.

With that vigorous good sense which we have mentioned

(1) Hesiod, Theogony.
(2) Metastasio, Didone Abbandonnata, Act. II.

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as the characteristic of the Teutonic mind, and which was perhaps nowhere more plainly indicated than in this fact, Woman, in the (1) social as well as legislative polity of the Anglo-Saxons, vindicated that position, her possession of which furnishes us with an unerring standard by which to estimate the actual or possible civilization of a people.

She was the companion, the counsellor, and the friend, of man: and that veneration for the weaker sex which struck the great Roman (2) Historian with admiration among the simple and valiant Germans, was retained in its fullest force among the Anglo-Saxons.

That Woman, however, though venerated and respected, was not the object of a fantastical adoration, need be less a matter of surprise to us than of satisfaction. She was not then under the influence of that artificial and romantic system, which afterwards removed her out of that intimate and hallowed circle of domestic affections, where she is most beautiful—

> «A creature not too bright and good
> «For human nature's daily food,
> «For joys and sorrows, simple wiles,
> «Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles;
> «A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
> «To warm, to comfort, and command;» (3)

and rendered, as we find her in the (4) Romances, alternately an idol tricked out with a fantastical perfection, and a plaything for the vanity and sensuality of mankind.

No! let us be thankful that the Common Sense of the Anglo-Saxons did not desert them, even in their Love:

(1) The Saxon Charters teem with documentary proofs that women were as unfettered in their actions, and possessed as full rights over their property, as is now the case.

(2) Tacitus, Agricola.

(3) Wordsworth. The White Doe of Rylstone.

(4) The Romance of Tristram, the «Morte Artus,» the «Roman de Rou» &c., prove that the artificial system of chivalry, while it placed women, publicly, almost in the light of supernatural beings, permitted the most frightful profligacy in the private relations of the sexes.

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«Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
«Fortunâ—» (1)

and let the fair descendants of these wise and tender matrons reflect, that if the Saxon husbands had felt for the other sex more of *adoration,* they had felt less of *love*—of that love which alone is worthy of the name; which is founded upon confidence and respect.

Bitter and obstinate have been the controversies respecting the history as well as the structure of Anglo-Saxon Poetry. Among these contested points was long the assertion of Ritson, a man whose industry and learning was only equalled by his arrogant and pedantic ferocity, that the Anglo-Saxons, founding his opinion on the prose translation of Apollonius of Tyre, possessed no romances; that is, narrative poems of a heroic character.

The fallacy of this opinion had been long suspected by Turner, the learned, enlightened, and amiable historian of the Anglo-Saxons, whose name shall never be mentioned by an Englishman, justly proud of his Teutonic descent, but with gratitude and admiration; and was fortunately proved by the discovery, in 1805, of the (2) Poem of Beowulf, a production indisputably to be placed no later than the 10th Century; and which forms a valuable addition to the Saxon library, already containing the poems of the two Cædmons, that of Judith, a most singular paraphrase of a portion of the Apocrypha, the Song of the Exile, and some very remarkable religious poetry. Justice compels us to confess that the style and treatment of these works is so uniform that the passage we have quoted will convey a very clear notion of Anglo-Saxon poetry. It must not, however, be supposed that—at a period when the accomplishment of improvising verse, and accompanying it by the music of the harp, was so necessary a part of the national education, that a lack of skill arresting

(1) Juvenal. Sat. XIII.

(2) The only MS. which exists of this singular relic is in the Cottonian Library, Vitellius, A. 15, and has been injured by the fire in the British Museum in 1731. Beowulf, the Hero of the poem, is said to have fallen in Jutland in the year 340. Turner. Book IX. Chap. 2.

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the instrument in its circling course, round the table of «the golden mead,» rendered necessary the interposition of a miraculous dream, as in the case of the younger Cædmon, to relieve his despair, and to supply his incapacity— the Anglo-Saxons possessed little poetry but the long, and, it must be confessed, somewhat wearisome works to which we have alluded. They had indeed a great quantity of lyric or ballad poetry—now unfortunately lost, with the exception of the following fragment composed by Canute II, surnamed the Great.

Merie sungen the muniches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching (1) reuther by:
Roweth Cnyghtes noer the-land,
And here we these muneches sang. (2)

Merry sang the monks in Ely,
When Cnut the king was rowing by;
Row ye knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song.

As the subject of these verses proves that he possessed that sensibility to what is beautiful which is ever the characteristic of the true poet; and as their expression exhibits delicacy and truth, we should give their author no insignificant place in our Pantheon of royal Poets.

The Ballads of Aldhelm, as we learn from (3) history, were chaunted among the people two hundred years after his death: it was a book of ballads (4) which allured Alfred to study— Alfred, that darling of England, whose efforts for the improvement of his country can no where be more fitly alluded to than in Russia, an empire which owes so much of its present glory to a kindred spirit: to him who was the Alfred of this father-land, as Alfred was the Peter of our own. With respect

(1) This word is still retained in the German «rudern» to row; and in the English word «rudder.»
(2) Hist. Elien.—3 Gale, 505.
(3) Alfred, Manual.
(4) Asser.

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to the (1) versification of the Anglo-Saxons, many very contradictory theories have been advanced: some writers maintaining that the character of verse was produced by initial alliteration, others by rhyme, and some by an accentual arrangement of syllabes. It is, however, difficult, if not impossible, to detect a universal prevalence of any one of these methods: and it will be safer to assert that, though these means were occasionally, they were not necessarily employed: and that Anglo-Saxon poetry is distinguished from prose, 1st: by a greater pomp and elevation of diction; 2nd: by the omission of the connecting or explanatory parts of speech; and 3rd: by a most persevering use of that method so remarkable in all primitive poetry, a method to which the Holy Scriptures owe so much of their sublimity, the frequent use of repetition and hyperbole

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, it is important to remark, must be divided into two great and distinct classes, the Vernacular, and the Latin poetry:

In the former we trace, with increasing pride, the progress of a language, which, whether from fortunate constitution, or from the unequalled number of great men who have cultivated it, is the richest, the most philosophical, the most flexible, and the most manly, in the world: in the latter, we find no reason to blush for the inferiority of our ancestors; at a period, when, it must he confessed, no glory could be carried off from a contest with the laureates of the time; when Monks were striking with rash hand the lyre of Virgil, of Flaccus, and of Catullus.

The monstrous idea of making Latin verses *rhyme* was one of the fantastical barbarisms of this age—and the versifiers of the cloister, with a Latinity as crabbed as their dialectics, attempted to deck the virgin Muse of Mantua in the tinsel trappings and jingling bells plundered from the Missal and the Antiphony.

(1) Bede defines rhythmus, as «a modulated composition of words, not according to the laws of metre, but adapted in the number of its syllables to the judgment of the ear, as are the verses of our vulgar (or native) poets.» Op. Vol. I. p. 57.

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The employment of (1) rhyme may possibly be traced to the method of chaunting the Psalms and other parts of the Church Ritual, in alternate strains — a mode of uniting music and verse which is a relic, it should be remarked, of the ancient Tragic Declamation of the Greek Theatre: a custom obviously of very high antiquity, and the only part of our modern music in which remain any traces of the classic Art.

Of the philosophical and scientific literature of the Anglo-Saxons, very large treasures remain. The treatises of Aldhelm, of Bede, of Alfred, of Alcuin, by the extent and rationality of their views, by their occasional happiness of expression, and by a singular warmth and apostolic earnestness in the inculculation of moral and religious precepts, give us ample proof that it is of no late day that England has assumed her commanding position in the world of intellect: that Providence never permits the blessings it confers to be confined to the age or country to which they were vouchsafed; and that, to conclude these pages with the magnificent language of Milton—

«. . . . . The benefit and good of their magnanimous «example spread far beyond the banks of Tweed, and the Norman «Isles. It would not be the first or second time since our Ancient «Druids,—by whom this Island was the Cathedral of Philosophy to «France, left off their pagan rites—that England hath had this «honour vouchsafed from Heaven, to give out Reformation to the «World. Who was it, but the Northumbrian Willibrode, and Winifred «of Devon, with their followers, were the first Apostles in Germany? «Who but Alcuin and Wickliffe, our countrymen, opened the eyes «of Europe, the one in Arts, the other in Religion? LET NOT ENGLAND «FORGET HER PRECEDENCE, OF TEACHING NATIONS HOW TO LIVE.» (2)

(1) Turner traces the use of rhyme to the IVth Century; vide Book IX. Cap. V. where the reader will find this curious subject admirably treated.

(2) Doctrine of Divorce, ad fin.

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STORY OF AZBEAZ,

THE SHOEMAKER KING. (1)

There was once a small kingdom in the very distant parts of Tartary bordering upon China, of which, perhaps, few traces would be found at this present day, its capital city being situated in a plain surrounded by arid mountains. It was governed by a very tyrannical King, an usurper of the throne, who, upon the most trivial occasions, made it his pleasure to exercise great acts of severity in ruling over his subjects, and although he was in consequence much execrated, yet also he was much feared. Many stories are related concerning this King, his capital city, and the surrounding country and mountains, all tending to prove that they were subject to certain agencies, which, not being accounted for by natural causes, were looked upon as supernatural, and therefore the inhabitants lived in a state of mind always ready to receive and believe any tales, however marvellous.

In the city lived two brothers, men in the middle ranks of life, one of whom was the cause of a great convulsion in the kingdom. The eldest as he grew up was commonly called Sakalchok, or Muchbeard, and the second Azbeaz, or « little and white, » both designations being derived from their res-

(1) Mr. Morier is so favourably known in Russia, as the author of HajjiBaba, a romance which has perhaps, more than any other, contributed to make Europe acquainted with the manners and character of the Persian nation, that the Readers of the St. Petersburg Review will be gratified by the above extract from a new work of this popular writer, entitled the «Mirza.»

The author, having made the acquaintance of the «Mirza», a distinguished personage at the Court of Ispahan, filling the office of Story-teller to his Highness the Shah, pays a number of visits to this professional novellist; who entertains him with a rehearsal of the tales destined for the sublime ear. The work therefore has much of the character of the «Thousand and One Nights;» and the Story we have extracted is one of the best in the volume.

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pective beards, for that characteristic of the face being usually scanty in Tartary, men were subject to many remarks whenever there was a variety.

The elder brother being gifted with much beard, and such a gift being greatly prized, became very arrogant, gave himself great airs, despised others, and was particularly hard upon his younger brother, who having but a small quantity of that appendage, and that so white as to be scarcely perceptible, was looked down upon.

The elder brother enjoyed a higher walk of life than the younger, a circumstance which greatly excited his pride; for he was a jeweller and goldsmith, whilst the other was only a shoemaker. In person too they were so different, that it was difficult to make people believe them to be brothers. Sakalchok was a tall well-grown man, with a commanding face, and one who walked, talked, sat, and conducted himself with the airs of a man of importance, whilst Azbeaz was peculiarly ill-favoured and deficient in beauty. His principal deformity consisted in the singular distribution of the features of his face; his mouth was kept constantly open by the projection of his upper teeth, which were so disposed that, whatever might be the mood of his mind, he always appeared to be laughing, and his eyes being sharp, their lively expression confirmed the beholder in the supposition that he was always indulging in that exercise. This peculiarity had been the means of procuring him many advantages in life, as well as many of its miseries, for by this laughing face, the emblem of good humour, he acquired a corresponding reputation, whilst it also involved him in many a scrape, being frequently accused of laughing out of season. In addition, he was deformed by a curvature of the spine, short crooked legs, and an enormous circumference of hips. Thus equipped, Azbeaz apparently started in life with much greater disadvantages than his brother, but the excellence of his temper and disposition rendered him, in truth, a happier man: he was humble, always ready to oblige, and prone to generosity, whilst Sakalchok lived in the persuasion that all mankind, and his brother in particular, were bound to acknowledge his superiority, and to bend to his decisions.

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Sakalchok occupied one of the most respectable jewellers' shops in the goldsmiths' bazaar, where he kept several apprentices at work; whilst his dwelling-house, which was full of luxury within, although it presented but a mean appearance without, was situated in a handsome quarter of the city.

Azbeaz's shop stood at the meeting of four streets in the great bazaar, called Chahar Sun, and there he worked alone at his trade with his own hands, for his dignity among shoemakers was scarcely above that of cobbler, whilst his dwelling-house lay in the outskirts of the town, and consisted of a few mud-built rooms, enclosed within a sorry wall which encircled a small court-yard. Azbeaz was, in truth, a merry fellow at heart, although he had much to complain of in the conduct of his brother, who, although he took no notice of him in the world, was glad to get his shoes made by one whom he never deigned to pay.

The progress of the elder brother through life had been one of unchecked prosperity — from small beginnings he gradually had enriched himself, having made capital hits in the purchase of precious stones — was celebrated for his taste in setting them, and could design and chase flowers on gold and silver in a manner unrivalled by other artists; so great was his fame, that he was now bidding fair to become the court jeweller.

Azbeaz, on the contrary, had endured many vicissitudes, which had been the means of forming his character into that habitual resignation prescribed by his law—many of his mishaps had arisen from the cast of his face, for even during his boyhood he had received many an unmerited beating for supposed laughter.

His father, who was a tanner, insisted upon his becoming a shoemaker, in order that he might thus create a purchaser for his leather, although Azbeaz himself had a turn for letters, and longed to be a mollah.

He bad once been nearly put to death for being supposed to laugh when the people had received orders to mourn for the King's death, and at a funeral ceremony, where he had been invited to do honour to the dead by a sad countenance,

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his obstinate muscles were so obnoxious, that he was turned out of the house as a pestilent fellow. His reputation for good-nature was the cause of much misfortune, for his creditors were always backward in their payments, whilst those to whom he was a debtor had no compunction in urging their demands. In short, he scarcely ever passed a day without feeling the inconvenience of his face and disposition.

His brother had long been married, a state to which Azbeaz also aspired, but without success. Although his back was crooked, yet nature endowed him with a tender heart, and, moreover, with a great admiration for beauty. By chance, he once had the satisfaction to obtain sight of the face of a neighbour's niece, a most beautiful maiden of sixteen, and from that moment he determined to leave no stone unturned until he obtained possession of her hand.

Without apprehension concerning his own looks, he immediately assumed all the airs of a lover. He endeavoured to coax his grin into a look of despondency, he made verses, and even went the the length of cutting and maiming his body; before the windows of his adored, in order to attract her attention. But what he most required, and which he knew would soften the hearts of her relatives, was money; with that he hoped to dispel every difficulty; for having discovered that his first overtures were unsuccessful, he began to suspect that a crooked spine and an ugly face might prevent the intrusion of love into a maiden's breast, and therefore concluded that, perhaps, it might be softened by the lure of gold and the fascination of finery.

Azbeaz was poor, although had he regularly received the fruits of his industry, he would have been above want. One of his principal debtors was his brother; to him, therefore, he determined to apply, stating the object of his application, and moreover, considering the exigency of the case, he hoped that he might induce him to advance the loan of an additional sum, which he would faithfully promise to discharge in shoes.

When he had made known his demand, and the reason thereof, his brother broke out into a taunting laugh, and ex-

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claimed: «Praise be to Allah, the world is turning upside down; Azbeaz in going to married.»

«And why should he not?» said Azbeaz; «is he not a man like the rest of God's creation? are maidens and wives made for others, and is he not to have one also?»

«I am not aware he is counted amongst men,» answered Sakalchok with renewed contempt. «Has he not a hump? Has he not the face of a monkey? Has he not the soul of an inferior animal? Is he then to be placed among men?»

«And you are a brother who say all this!» retorted Azbeaz with a mortified and dejected countenance; «we came from the same mother, and were nourished by the same breasts, and, if so, are you to be counted among men?»

«Man!» exclaimed Sakalchok, «come you here to insult my beard?»

«I am come here,» said Azbeaz with more spirit than he was wont to speak to his brother, «I am come here to seek my own—pay me what you owe me—if you refuse to help me in securing my happiness in a wife, I pray you give me that which you cannot withhold—I am in want of my money and must have it.»

«Must! must, indeed!» exclaimed the arrogant Sakalchok; «a miserable cobbler use such a word to the King's jeweller; we shall see where must is! Get you gone—say nothing more—get you gone—must, indeed!»

«I demand my money,» said Azbeaz with still more spirit; «I am a poor cobbler and you a rich jeweller, still greater is the necessity that you should pay me—let alone the claims of a brother.»

«I have no money for such as you,» said Sakalchok, «if you have made shoes for me, great has been the honour conferred upon you.»

Azbeaz could not look grave if he wished it; his laughing mouth prevented that; but on this occasion, hurt as he was by his brother's conduct, particularly as it checked his love, he gathered himself up into an attitude, which would have been one of dignity had it been adopted by a well-made person, and lifting up his hand said:

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"Whatever I am, God made me, and deformity is no fault of mine, and you can no more prevent yourself being my brother than I can being yours—but from this hour I dissolve the bonds of our relationship, and I treat you as one possessing no tie upon me. If there be justice to be had at the foot of the throne, Azbeaz will seek it."

Upon which he flung himself out of the room, whilst his ears caught the sound of his brother's laugh of contempt, followed up by a shout of defiance.

It was some days after this disappointment before Azbeaz could hold up his head, but the ardour of his love was so great that he could not restrain himself from doing something. Accordingly he got acquainted with an old confidential slave belonging to the family of the maiden he adored; and, in consequence of the questions which he put to her, having learned some particulars favourable to his passion, he determined to take some steps towards furthering his suit.

The slave informed him that the mother was anxious for her daughter's marriage—that her father being dead, she was under the guardianship of her uncles—that the girl herself was not disinclined to marry, and that she did not know of her being promised to any one. With these facts before him, the enslaved Azbeaz determined to press his suit with the mother; he became acquainted with her, invited her to his shop, softened her heart by presenting her with shoes, offered fruit and sweetmeats; in short, he played his cards so well, that he at length was emboldened to state his pretensions. The mother heard his proposals with delight—for what mother was ever displeased on such an occasion?—and recommended him to see the elder uncle, with a request that he would call a meeting of the family, before whom he would lay his case.

To all this Azbeaz with joy readily assented. In the mean while, the mother instigated her brother-in-law to go to Sakalchok, with whom he was well acquainted, to enquire what might be the circumstances of Azbeaz, with a view to furthering the marriage of her daughter.

When Sakalchok received this application, the whole malig-

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nity of his humour burst forth; he branded his brother with unjust appellations, laughed aloud at his pretensions as a swain, asserted that he had not ready cash enough to settle even the smallest dower upon a wife, and strongly urged the mother of the maiden and her uncles, of whom she had several, not to give their consent to Azbeaz's proposals. The words of Sakalchok were words of no mean personage, for he was now the King's principal jeweller and goldsmith, and consequently they were heeded with considerable respect. The uncles avowed themselves disgusted at Azbeaz's impertinence in venturing to make a proposal, and, espousing the opinion expressed by his brother, they determined to give him a piece of their minds on the subject.

Azbeaz waited with impatience for the meeting. At length the morning came, and he proceeded to the house of the eldest uncle with a beating heart. The father of the maiden had been the youngest of six brothers, and died an oldish man, consequently there were five old men collected to receive Azbeaz. When they were all seated, he opened his case by stating his desire to possess the daughter of his former neighbour as a wife, honestly avowed that he was not rich, but pleaded that he enjoyed the confidence of a good set of customers, and appealed to all those who knew him, whether he was not capable of maintaining a wife in comfort, by the industry of his hands, and the temperance of his habits.

The youngest uncle answered this speech by a sneer; «and so,» said he, «you, a poor shoemaker, ugly, with the face of a monkey, with a curved back, without goods and chattels, or property of any kind, you venture to seek our niece in marriage, she who has beauty enough to wed a khan—a bey—or even a king's jeweller. Are you mad enough to come laughing at our beards in this manner?»

«Mad indeed!» exclaimed the next youngest uncle; «in what part of your understanding did you find that men were such fools as to be taken in by a deformed cobbler?»

«A deformed cobbler, did you say,» continued the third uncle, «if that were all, there is no harm done; but what did the king's jeweller, your own brother, say? why, that you

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were as insolent as you were ugly, and went about insisting for money as if you were the King.»

«Money, did you say?» exclaimed the oldest uncle but one, «what money can a cobbler ever make, sufficient to support a comely creature like our niece, who might aspire to marry a vizier's son.»

«A vizier's son! what say you?» said the eldest uncle; «is she not fit to be placed in the King's harem? then, wherefore are we wasting our time in talking to a poor shoemaker, and listening to his insane proposals; let him think himself well off if we do not take him by the waistband, and throw him into the street for his impertinence.»

Azbeaz, during the five speeches with which he had been regaled, sat boiling with rage and indignation, although his face was true to its old laugh. When he had heard them out, he slowly arose, and as he walked out of the room he said, «the day will come, old gentlemen, when you will cry out—*amán*—*amán*.»

The five old men lifted up their voices and hooted him out of the house, and when they had sufficiently applauded each other for their spirited conduct, dispersed to their respective homes.

Azbeaz, dispirited, abashed, and enraged, returned to his stall, and endeavoured to dispel the gloom of his mind by occupying himself with his work. He determined to make more shoes than ever he had made before; for as the history of his unfortunate love had got abroad, he proposed, by assiduity to business, to keep himself out of the way of the scorners and deriders, who would not fail to assail him.

It has been said at the beginning of this history, that the city of which Azbeaz was an inhabitant, not only was governed by a tyrannical King, but also was subject to certain agencies which, not being accounted for by natural means, were looked upon as supernatural. The state of the case is as follows; in the centre of the royal palace a tall and ancient tower reared its head, one side of which was contemplated with pleasure, the other with awe and apprehension. On the side towards the plain was suspended a large gong, made of

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a metal so musical and sonorous, that whenever it was struck the sounds were harmonious. That event took place upon all occasions of joy and festivity; when a prince was born, it was struck; when the royal arms had gained a victory, it resounded far and wide; when the Shah was in good humour, it made itself heard; when good news of any sort were reported, the same was announced by the sounding of this exhilarating instrument, and thus the public joy was decreed and graduated in the most convenient manner. But on the side looking towards the mountains there existed another larger gong, with one immense knocker suspended over it by an iron chain. This instrument, if ever sounded, was the certain harbinger of some dreadful public calamity; when a King died it was heard, or when he had put on his bloody red robe, as a signal for cutting off heads, it was heard, and then it was struck by the hand of man; but never in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant had it ever been sounded by the great knocker suspended by the chain. Whenever this happened, according to the current tradition, it was supposed to be done by some supernatural agency, and the sound which the instrument then emitted, was said to be so loud and terrible, that, vibrating through the city, making houses shake and men's hearts to quake, it was heard far and wide throughout all the surrounding region, and caused a universal tremor and apprehension. The sound alluded to was sure to be followed up by some dire calamity of rebellion, war, and bloodshed, was supposed to be directed against the King's safety, and was always expected to occur when his cruelties and extortions became too great for the people to bear. Whenever its ominous sound was heard, there existed a standing order from the King to all the generals and officers commanding troops throughout the kingdom, immediately to call out their detachments, and without delay march to the seat of government. In the city itself, every inhabitant capable of bearing arms, in addition to the troops in garrison, was ordered to arm and be in readiness to act. This great gong, in many cases, acted as a salutary check upon the King, and kept his turbulent passions in order; but the actual monarch

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was beginning to make himself independent of its fears, and it was the fashion among his courtiers and flatterers to laugh at its powers as an old woman's tale, as a bugbear only fit to frighten children. The consequence was, that the King was very cruel, and never refrained beating his subjects whenever it so pleased him.'

Azbeaz's shop, as said before, was situated in the *Chahar Sun*, at the crossing of four streets in the bazaar, immediately opposite to four stepping-stones, placed there for the convenience of foot-passengers, when the gutters had overflowed and the water covered the street. The shortest road to the great mosque, whither the King was wont to resort, passed close to Azbeaz's shop, leading through the four stepping-stones. Not very long after the occurrence we have related of Azbeaz's visit to the five old men, when he was diligently at work, the King was announced by the heralds, who made way for his passage to the mosque. It so happened that the waters were more than usually out, and almost covered the stepping-stones, when, apparently to the cobblers's ill-luck, the King's horse in passing them stumbled, fell, and threw his Majesty over his head. This caused a great commotion; every body ran, many were pleased, Azbeaz stood up to see the result, but well for him had it been had he kept aloof, for his face unfortunately met the King's eye, as he arose dripping with mud, when all the royal anger exploded in a manner fearful to behold; and then did the poor shoemaker feel the extent of his misfortune in having been gifted with prominent teeth, which made him laugh whether he would or not.

«*Ahi*, ill-born? dog's son!» exclaimed the enraged monarch; «is it thus you laugh at your King? take him and cut his tongue out,» he roared out to his guards; «where are the executioners? Here, beat that child of Satan, till he has not a foot to stand upon.»

The order was no sooner given than executed; the unfortunate Azbeaz was seized, his feet thrown into the air, and before he could by any means explain that the fault was not his, that he really did not laugh, that nature had made him

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laugh whether he would or no, his feet were beaten into one great and cruel wound. The King's wrath being appeased by seeing one in a more deplorable plight than himself, proceeded to pray at the mosque, leaving his victim on the ground scarcely able to crawl, and half dead from excess of pain. No one would venture to approach and help him; still in his pain his obstinate mouth would look as if he were pleased, and thus, whilst he repressed pity, he felt more than ever the entire desolation of his fate. Those who knew him passed by on the other side wagging their heads; those who had enjoyed his jokes, or had partaken of such hospitality as he could afford, afraid of incurring the King's wrath, kept aloof and said nothing.

There was only one, a youth belonging to the King's bodyguard, who, late in attending his duty, was riding by in haste to join the royal cortège, when he perceived the wretched Azbeaz stretched out on the side of the road writhing with pain. Impelled by no other motive than feelings of pity for the sufferings of a fellow-creature, he straightway dismounted from his horse, and with soothing words, heedless of all consequences, helped him to crawl to his shop, and having procured relief to his mangled feet, he remounted and pursued his course, promising to return again. Such conduct could not fail exciting the approbation of all who witnessed the act, and, as he rode off, he heard the consolatory words *barikallah* and *mashallah* frequently repeated; but he did not remark the scowling eye of one dark and malignant man, who, with the heart of a demon, had marked him down for punishment, and it was not long ere returning to his quarters that he was seized by the King's orders, and thrown into confinement, for having thus publicly brought into contempt the royal ordinance. It need not be said, after this, that Azbeaz in vain expected the re-appearance of his benefactor; but, in spite of want of assistance, his wounds healed, and before many days had elapsed he was again seen at his stall.

As he sat hard at work on his bench, his eye was frequently directed towards the stepping-stone which had been the cause of his late misfortune. It had nearly served him the same

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trick several times before, for oftentimes when people stumbled over it and observed his extraordinary face near at hand, they invariably laid their mishap to his evil eye. Suddenly a thought struck him; «never shall that accursed stone be the cause of a similar misfortune again,» he said to himself; «if I am what I mean to be, I will not rest until it be removed, and by Allah,» he continued, musing, «I will remove it myself. Oh that I could see that noble youth again who came to my assistance, I am sure he would help me.»

After much thought, he at length determined to do the work himself. The bazaars being locked up at night and delivered over to the care of watchmen, who keep watch on the roof, Azbeaz settled in his mind that, instead of leaving his stall at sunset, he would merely appear to shut it as usual, but remain within, when, being supplied with a mattock, a spade, and a light, he hoped to transpose the obnoxious stone unseen. Accordingly, having procured the necessary implements, at nightfall as usual he closed his stall, but managed unnoticed to remain within.

At the proper time, the bazaars being closed and the watchmen placed, he made preparations to commence his task. A dead stillness reigned throughout the vast building, and Azbeaz, although employed in performing a task apparently of no great importance, felt as if he were about to engage in something criminal. He waited until an advanced hour, when he knew the watchmen were least likely to be awake, and then fell to with his mattock and spade. The delinquent stone was the most prominent of the four, and firmly planted in the ground.

«Allah send thee misfortunes!» said he, as he struck the first blow.

He worked with much ardour until the perspiration fairly burst from his brow, but, to his dismay, he found the stone deeply embedded in the ground, and adhering with more pertinacity than he expected. At length, he came to its base, and then he redoubled his activity, for he thought he perceived something more than earth—in fact he observed a shining substance—a few more blows of his mattock brought to

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light a small iron door with a handle affixed to it. Curiosity now impelled him, but, ere he ventured to lift up the door, he suddenly arrested himself with this question—Should it be a treasure, what am I to do?—Shall I fly or proceed?—He could check himself no longer, but at once opening the door, which creaked from rust, instead of a golden treasure, he merely discovered a large key. Having taken it into his hand, by the light of the lantern he discerned written characters upon it, which with much difficulty he decyphered (for Azbeaz was a good scholar), and found them to say, «Follow me.»

«How is this?» said he; «follow a key—what can it mean?» Holding it in his hand, to his surprise he felt it communicate a pressing forward movement to him, as if some one were inviting him to proceed in a particular direction. He placed in on the ground, as a thing that might be alive; but there it lay inert—taking it up again, the same impelling motion was felt, and he remained utterly astonished. He kept repeating to himself the words «follow me,» until he was weary of conjecture. At length, he bethought himself of proceeding a few steps in the direction to which it pressed forward, and true enough as he walked the pressure increased. His surprise was now overwhelming.

«Allah! what shall I do?» he exclaimed ever and anon, quite uncertain what course to pursue.

The time passed in incertitude and conjecture had carried him on unawares, till he perceived the dawn of day peeping through the apertures in the roof of the bazaar. He then fell to again to replace the stone in its former state, for he had not time to give it a position, when he heard the watchman opening the gates. In this dilemma, he took up the key, and, leaving his work unfinished, followed the impulse, until, having quitted the bazaar, he proceeded towards the gate of the city, which was at hand, and which also was opened at the same time as the bazaar, and once having passed through it, he found himself in the plain, with his face towards the mountains. It was then that the pressure of the key became most strongly manifest, and, indeed, it might be said to be

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so urgent that it would not allow him to delay. He found himself making his way across the plain in a manner most miraculous. Nothing stopped him. He went over every impediment with an ease that astonished him; his legs seemed to have acquired new life, his lungs played with renewed freedom in his breast. He seemed to be running a race, and bounded over hedge and ditch, rock and thicket, with the agility of an antelope. In his course Azbeaz possessed just enough wit to ask himself this question, « Is this me? « He found himself approaching the mountain with fearful velocity, and then this apprehension shot across his mind, « When I get to its base what shall I do? I cannot leap over a mountain! » But every step conducted him nearer; the key carried him on with a swiftness that took away his breath and almost lifted him off his legs. At length he perceived a break on the surface of a dark mass of metallic-looking rock, and immediately round a projection he saw an immense door imbedded in the stratum, and also, what he soon ascertained to be the termition of his miraculous journey, a key-hole. He then without apprehension pressed forwards, and, ere another minute had elapsed, the key flew straightway into the spot prepared for its reception. But what tongue can hope to describe the astounding effects produced by this consummation? Of a sudden a sound was heard to ring through the air like the clashing of thousands of metallic meteors, a sound that seemed to make the mountains shake, which reverberated in echoes through the valleys, and drove the impending rocks from their foundations—a sound which appeared to annihilate the existence of every living thing, causing the current of the blood to stop and paralizing the stoutest limbs. The beasts of the field ran to and fro in wild desolation—birds clustered together for protection — the wild animals in the wilderness grew tame with apprehension. Azbeaz at the appalling sound grew faint and trembled throughout his frame, but when, at the same moment, he beheld the grim and portentous-looking door fly open with a crash, such as nothing human could conceive, the poor wretch at once fell to earth, lost in a trance that looked like

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death. And there we must, for the moment, leave him to see what took place in the city.

The day had set in with a sultry and oppressive feeling in the air, which made men imagine that something extraordinary was about to happen. A strange commotion had taken place in the bazaar at the discovery of the displaced stepping-stones, and particularly at the sight of the small iron door and cell within which the key had been deposited. Every sort of surprise was afloat. Some of the oldest citizens shook their heads and said, «something must happen.» A very old man came forward and asserted that he remembered the fixing of these stones, and that much mystery had been observed on the occasion. The half-open state of Azbeaz's stall was remarked, then the suspicious mattock and spade, and, when their owner came to claim them, it was clearly ascertained that Azbeaz was the man who had deranged the stepping-stones. Instantly a search was instituted, the watchmen were questioned, no one could account for his absence, and great curiosity was excited.

The King, as usual at noon, was seated on his throne in his hall of audience, holding the great *selam*. All the great officers of state were present; the King's appointed flatterer and public haranguer was on that day in great force, and had been more than usually happy in the terms of his adulation. He had expatiated much upon his favourite theme, the omnipotence of Kings, and that day had hit upon a new idea, with which he seemed to be greatly pleased, although the royal countenance, like a blind man who does not know what passes around him, so long accustomed to receive adulation, exhibited no outward expression of pleasure.

The flatterer said, that when a King was born the stars gave each other the wink, and exclaimed as they shook with joy in their orbits, «Now let us put our heads together to make his reign fortunate,» and should there by chance be an evil-disposed mind in the kingdom, the moment the royal eyebrow (which was always under the especial care of the stars) was once shaken, it was seen to produce that powerful awe in the mind, which made it instantly forsake its wickedness.

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« Kings, » he exclaimed, « thus protected, can have no fear. They are above apprehension ; all nature works for their well-being, and no event ever takes place which does not make them feel their superiority over all other mortals. »

These words had scarcely escaped the flatterer's lips ere the terrific crash of the great gong was heard. Consternation and tremor overtook even the most stout-hearted ; the weakest fell on their faces in dismay, whilst a universal shout of apprehension was heard to lift itself into the air. The King, who not a minute before had been upheld as independant of all exterior events, was the first to fall from his throne, and be cast down in a swoon. Nothing was ever more pitiable than his state — a state which gave the lie in its fullest extent to the flatterer's words, for on this awful occasion he was as much unheeded as the meanest of God's creatures, all being intent on self-preservation, and none having either the power or the inclination to go to his succour, when all seemed doomed to undergo one destiny.

The consternation was not confined to the court ; it was felt instantaneously throughout the city. The vibration caused by the overwhelming sound was felt in every house, throughout the streets, the bazaars, the market-places; all the inhabitants remained transfixed with awe, and no one had wit enough, at the moment, to reflect whence came so sudden a convulsion.

At length the vizier, who was a man of nerve, having somewhat recovered his self-possession, arose from his place and proceeded to give help to the prostrate monarch. Raising him up and placing him against the cushions of the throne, he said ;

« The hour is at length come when the Zilallah, the shadow of Allah upon earth, must become a substance. Let us arm and be ready, for the great prophecy is about to be accomplished. »

« Dog ! » exclaimed the King, having had time to look around him to remark that all was safe, that no man was hurt, and that his power was undiminished ; « dog! what words are these? The King is above all prophecy ! Call hither the priests, and

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let them inform us what is the meaning of this consternation, and let us arm to be ready for whatever may happen. The Shah is not a man to give up his throne for an old woman's tale!»

The vizier, who was the depositary of the many traditions relating to the great gong, having heard the King's words, said no more, but went to his seat at the royal gate to give the necessary orders for arming the people. He collected the heads of tens, of hundreds, and of thousands, and ordered them, according to the rules of the kingdom, to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, for the tradition of old was, that when the gong sounded towards the mountain, armed men should be called to issue from the city.

As soon as the inhabitants had, in some measure, recovered from the shock, they prepared to encounter disaster, but of what kind no one could tell. All was confusion and dismay, but every one agreed that the decrees of fate were imperative, and mankind must be prepared for the event.

In the mean while, the King collected together the priests, the astrologers, and the wise men, and from them he enquired how in their wisdom they interpreted the event that had just occurred. In his inmost heart he felt all that which usurpers are likely to feel when there is a chance of their pretensions to the throne being disputed, and, had he spoken the truth, would have made but a sorry apology for himself; but he was a politic King, although cruel and pusillanimous. The priests, the astrologers, and the wise men having bowed themselves down before the King, the head of the law, an aged and reverend man, took upon himself to answer his royal master's question. Impelled by the urgency of the case, he lifted up his voice with the courage of one who tarries upon the brink of eternity.

«O King,» said he, «may Allah take you into his holy keeping, for the time is now come when there can be no trust but in his mercy. Tradition and the sayings of wise men, handed down to us from our fathers, inform us that when the great gong on the turret shall sound as it has done to-day, it announces great and dire disasters. What they may

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be is entirely in the hands of fate, but your slave will not conceal from your Majesty that such miseries are specially directed against cruel and unjust governors, and long has it been said that in the fullness of time the throne of this kingdom will return to its proper owner. Such, O King! are the sayings of the ancient wise men.»

«So is it!» exclaimed the King, his eyes flashing fury although he felt a sinking at the heart which gave an unsteadiness of purpose to his whole frame. «Old man! dog! is it thus you speak to your sovereign? After all we are a King. Have we not armies at command? have we not generals? is there lack of money in our treasury? why do you throw unmeaning words into the air.» He sat for some time premeditating a dreadful oath, and plotting in his brain a cruel punishment for the head of the law, the priests, astrologers and wise men, when a herald, his face pale with terror, was seen running headlong through the courts, and allowed to make his way to the King's presence. His sudden appearance arrested the cruel intentions circulating in the King's mind, and drew his attention into another channel. «What is this?» exclaimed his Majesty, as soon as he perceived the herald, catching at the same time the infection of his fear. «Are ye mad? What want of respect is this? Speak, oh little man?»

«By the salt of the Shah,» said the herald, «I have seen a strange thing.»

«What thing have you seen?» said the King, with increasing impatience,

«As I stood on the turret of the gate looking toward the mountains, I first saw a great dust, and then a black speck on the plain; that speck has been increasing, and is spreading itself wider and wider. I cannot say what it is, but, by the soul of the King, I became frightened and ran hither.»

«The man is mad!» said the King. «Locusts appear first a mere speck and then spread. Is the fool come to laugh at our beards?» Again he was about to order a cruel punishment, when a superior officer arrived, and exclaimed with increased terror that the peasants were flocking in from the

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fields in dismay, asserting that an army was approaching, and that no time was to be lost in closing the city gates. Upon this the King became visibly agitated, whilst the wise men might have been seen to smile the smile of reproof. Instantly orders were despatched into every quarter of the city to collect the troops, whilst the King betook himself to the high tower in his palace, which commanded a view of the surrounding country; there he hoped to ascertain, with his own eyes, what might be the state of affairs in the plain.

We left Azbeaz in a trance extended before the gate of an immense cavern, He lay there for some time, when, gradually recovering his self-possession, he opened his eyes, and, observing the surrounding objects, felt that he was called upon to do something more than look about him. He proceeded cautiously towards the gate, and straightway entered the mysterious cave, composed of rocks so black and shining, that the whole seemed as if it were of iron ore.

At first, so dark did everything, appear, that his eye could discern nothing but one undefined mass of impenetrable gloom, but, having stood a while, little by little he discovered that the cavern was subdivided into an infinity of minor inlets, seemingly avenues into its deepest recesses. He walked forward to a large prominent stone in the centre, and, having placed his foot upon it, of a sudden he heard a loud ringing noise as if of armour falling, when, to his utmost surprise and apprehension, he beheld at the orifice of each subdivision of the cavern men clad in complete armour, prostrate on the ground, and arrayed behind them he beheld a succession of grisly faces, apparently the heads of columns of troops prepared for a march.

The bewildered Azbeaz could neither think nor speak from excess of astonishment; he had no nerves for the encounter of magicians or enchanters, and when he saw the servile devotion of the prostrate men before him, he shrunk within himself as one who feels unworthy of unmerited honours.

He had not stood very long, when an immense colossal figure, clad from head to foot in shining steel, advanced from a deep recess, and, placing one knee to the ground, in a

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voice of humility said, "We, the slaves of the key, salute thee, oh King! we come to do thy bidding, to put down cruelty and oppression, and to uphold merit." When, raising himself up, an iron litter was brought forward, upon which Azbeaz was invited to sit, and thus he was marched forward, followed by bodies of men all clad in black armour, bearing shields and wielding lances, and making collectively a mass that looked like a column of polished iron.

The army thus headed by Azbeaz, though small, was compact as the ore it represented, and, as they emerged from the cavern, took the direction of the city. They marched in solemn silence—not a word was spoken, nor was a sound heard save the heavy tramping of the troops and the clashing of their armour. When they had got within sight of the city the column began to extend itself and exhibit a larger front. Azbeaz all this while sat immoveable in his iron litter, waiting with patience the result of this extraordinary adventure, but lost in surprise at the strangeness of his position.

The King in the mean while had reached the summit of the tower before the army had extended its front, and when he perceived the smallness of its size, he took confidence and laughed the supposed danger to scorn. The flatterers by whom he was surrounded encouraged him to believe that the whole was child's play, and that no sooner would his troops appear in the field than the invaders would disperse.

The grand vizier in person having headed the troops ordered the gates to be thrown open, and advanced to meet the coming foe. The King became a degree more alarmed when he perceived the army extending its front; but when he saw the great number of his own troops, he again resumed confidence and feigned a scornful laugh.

The conflicting armies were now fairly drawn up in array before each other; and, strange to say, ere the grand vizier had given the word of command to attack, the sword of each of the royal combattants was unconsciously drawn from its scabbard, and suddenly seen to fly through the air, and making straight in the direction of the invading army, become

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attached with the adhesiveness of wax to the shields of their opponents.

The ringing sound produced by this extraordinary concussion was heard far and wide, and inspired terror and dismay in the disarmed troops, whilst it became the signal for the renewed forward movement of the invaders. Magic and magnetism were here combined, and the result was conclusive and instantaneous. The King's troops, without arms, became like a flock of sheep before a pack of wolves, and fled without hesitation, seeking shelter within the city walls. They entered in utter confusion, creating alarm and desolation by their account of the magic exercised against them, and showing the inutility of resistance.

The King, having seen the performance of the miracle from the tower top, was led away senseless. It was then that the utter pusillanimity of his character became remarkable, and had he been capable of making an observation, he would have commented upon the ingratitude and falseness of men, who so long as prosperity shone upon him remained faithful, but who, the moment reverse ensued, left him alone and unprotected.

The invaders now proceeded in grim array to the very walls of the city, and having conducted Azbeaz in safety to the city gates, which flew open at his approach, he made his entry surrounded by his black escort, to the astonishment and wonder of all beholders.

«Is not that Azbeaz, the shoemaker?» said they, as he passed by with all the circumstance and power of a monarch. «If it be not him, it is one very much like him, for he is laughing still.»

«It is Azbeaz,» said a neighbour in the bazaar, who saw him upheld above the crowd; «there is his very cap—there also is his well-known hump.»

«By my soul,» exclaimed a third, «we shall have a merry monarch if it be Azbeaz, for he never appears but to grin.»

The whole city was in a state of astonishment and uncertainty apprehensive of evil, and still looking forward to good.

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Those who had caught a glimpse of their new monarch, ran busily with the news to his brother Sakalchok, exclaiming:

«*Mujdeh, mujdeh,* good news, your brother is King!» whilst he, being thus informed, looked bewildered with the intelligence.

«Azbeaz King!» he exclaimed; «what ashes have fallen upon my head! what becomes of the dirt which I have so long made him eat?—whither shall I fly to hide myself?—but it cannot be: what words are these? Azbeaz King! no, such a thing was never before heard of in the world; whatever may happen I will go and see.»

Upon which, covering his head over with a shawl, and leaving his attendants behind, he glided through the streets to obtain a glimpse of the new King's face.

The five old men too, who had so grossly insulted Azbeaz, began to shake in their shoes. They were afraid to stir abroad when apprized of the astonishing fact, lest, seeing any one of them, the injuries he had received at their hands might recur to his recollection. However, when they brought to mind the character of benevolence which he enjoyed, they flattered themselves that among his bad qualities he did not count revenge.

In the mean while Azbeaz, on his iron litter, upheld above the heads of the surrounding crowd, was borne forward by his victorious bands, headed and directed by their colossal chieftain, until he reached the royal palace, the gates of which, denoting an expiring effort to save the King, he found closed; but upon his approach, the iron bolts and fastenings by which they were kept together darted forth, and afforded an easy entrance. He then was led straightway to the identical golden throne, so recently occupied by his predecessor, taken from his litter, and installed upon it with all the outward demonstrations of respect shown to eastern kings on such an occasion. All this while he, the man Azbeaz, was considering within his inmost thoughts, whether what he was witnessing, and experienced in his own person, was real or a dream.

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His face exhibited a stolid look of incredulity, although never, for a moment, cheated out of its smile. The only words he said, and which he constantly repeated to himself, were, « we shall see, » as if he were conscious that he had not yet reached the end of his adventures, reserving a final adjustment of himself whenever he should be fixed in his new position; like the cogitation which a man may be supposed to hold within his breast, when falling from a great height, saying, « this is all very well as long as it lasts. »

As soon as Azbeaz was seated on the throne, his resistless protector having drawn up his troops in a line before him, he cast his eyes around, above and below, in utter surprise at the glitter and magnificence which surrounded him, and scarcely could he venture to place himself at his ease upon the costly and luxurious cushions, embroidered in gold and precious stones, with which his seat was overspread. Wherever he gazed, he beheld emblems of royalty, and grandeur only to be seen in king's houses, such as paintings, gildings, precious stones, silken hangings, and costly carpets. He looked beseechingly around into every man's face, as if he would enquire, are all these things for me?

He had not sat long, before his conductor, falling down on his face before him, said, « Oh, King, live for ever! We, the slaves of the key, have now performed our appointed task, in virtue of which we again deliver to your sublime majesty the instrument of the power by which we have been enabled to act. » Upon which, arising, he drew from his breast the key, and placed it with all due respect before the throne. He then made another prostration, and afterwards, in a manner incredible to the astounded and bewildered Azbeaz, he and his troops disappeared from the courts of the palace and from the city, leaving the inhabitants to pursue their wonted avocations.

Azbeaz had wit enough to perceive that his whole safety depended upon the possession of the key, which he forthwith placed within the folds of his girdle, until he should have time and opportunity to deposit it in a safer place, and he had scarcely done so, before he perceived himself surround-

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ed by richly-dressed men, who stationed themselves in different parts of the court which extended before the throne.

These were the nobles, the ministers of state, the generals, the men of the law, and the courtiers, who, having witnessed the miraculous manner in which their country had been deprived of one King and replaced by another, came to offer all the necessary congratulations on the occasion, and to seek, by an exhibition of their loyalty, a renewed installation in their respective situations.

After the due prostrations of body had been made, according to the prescribed forms of etiquette, the grand vizier stepped forward, and renewing his obeisance, covering over his hands with the sleeves of his cloak, and showing other marks of high respect, said:

«It is right and proper that the meanest of your slaves, by virtue of his office, should inform your Majesty, the *kebleh* of the world, and the asylum of nations, that appointed as your Majesty has been by Allah, and that destiny which rules over mankind, to be our King and governor, it is expedient that the proper forms of installation into the kingly office should be effected, in order that we, your Majesty's slaves, men of the law, men of the pen, and men of the sword, may be enabled forthwith to present your Majesty to the nation and the people of this city, as their lawful sovereign.»

To which speech there was a universal assent given by the congregated courtiers, by the words *beli, beli,* and *hai, hai,* words which were intended as incense to the foot of the throne.

Azbeaz listened with unfeigned surprise and curiosity to the words of the grand vizier, and, when he had finished his speech, beckoned to him to approach, which being done, he said in a most confidential tone,

«Now, as you have a soul, tell me who you are?»

«Your slave is your highness's grand vizier,» answered the other.

«Now tell me who I am?» returned Azbeaz.

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« Your Majesty is our lawful Shah and governor, » said the vizier.

« I ask again, » said Asbeaz, « I ask you to swear by my beard, which you see is scanty and white, as well as by your own, which is thick and black, that you do not lie and that I am what you really tell me I am. »

« Who am I, » said the vizier, « that I should not swear whatever it pleaseth your Majesty to order? I swear by your Majesty's sacred beard, and by my own, you are our lawful King and governor. »

« I tell you what, friend, » said Azbeaz, after a long pause, « you have eaten a lie! It was but two days ago that I was a shoemaker in the bazaar, Azbeaz by name—can I have become a King?—what words are these? »

« Destiny ordaineth all things for the best in this world, » said the grand vizier. « Allah, who could quicken where there was no life, can also make of his living creatures whatsoever it pleaseth him: your Majesty can no more make your sacred person a shoemaker's, than before it could have made itself a Shah. »

« It is hard work to believe all this, » said Azbeaz, « but we will see; » and then in louder words he exclaimed, « well, what am I to do? »

Upon which the chief of the law, the elder of elders, was brought forward, bearing the sword of state, which, according to the old forms, was to be buckled on the royal person by his hands, and said, having made his lowest obeisance, « In the name of Allah I come. »

« This may all be very well, » said Azbeaz, « as long as no one says no—but where is the other King? He may not like all this—I'll not be a King as long as I have not got his consent; bring him here and let us see. There is no reason, because he beat me unjustly, that I should owe him a grudge—I'm all for fair play. It is theirs to obey. Perhaps I may do the like. »

Upon this there was a general search made for the late King: he was sought for throughout the palace, in all the courts and apartments of the harem, throughout the city, but

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nowhere was he to be found. It was suggested that he might have been carried off by the miraculous iron army, and such was the rumour throughout the city. One, indeed, swore that he had seen him in the iron litter; but, whatever was his fate, true it is that he was no where to be found, and when this intelligence was reported to Azbeaz, he no longer made any difficulties, but submitted to go through all the ceremony of installation.

At a fortunate moment, selected by the astrologers, the sword of state was buckled round the waist of the future King by the elder of elders, and when this important event was achieved, loud were the congratulations of the assembly, but more particularly so were the words of the King's flatterer, who, totally unacquainted with the character of the new monarch, exerted every faculty of his brain to invent new strains of adulation. Having made himself quite sure that he was secure from the re-appearance of the late Shah. he broke out as follows:—

"Oh wonderful! oh astonishing! oh marvellous! see the good fortune that has been vouchsafed to our nation; in one day, as Allah is great, in one small moment, have its destinies changed from darkness to light, from the beating of the winter tempest to the dawn of delightful spring, from the pestilence of a charnel-house to the fragrance of a rose-garden. When our necks were all bared to the sharp-cutting scimitar, when cruelty and desolation stalked through men's houses, and life was as uncertain as the whirlwind on the plain, suddenly we are freed from such disasters; joy, peace, and security are brought to us, in the person of our shadow of the Almighty—of our centre of perfection—of our firmament of happy constellations. Oh! wonderful! oh astonishing! oh marvellous! See our blessed King—see his glorious person—see his benign countenance. He is, indeed, a King; not the oppressor of his people—not a cruel tyrant—not an avaricious extortioner. No! he lives but to do good—see him when he walks. *Bah! bah! bah!* what grace! hear him when he speaks! oh wonderful! what eloquence!"

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Here Azbeaz, who had listened with curiosity, heightened by the smile on his countenance, exclaimed:

"What dirt is that fellow eating? In the name of the prophet what is he speaking about? is he mad? If you are talking about me, oh little man, let me tell you, that I don't stand having my beard laughed at more than other men; that I call things by their proper names; I call a dog a dog, and you—a fool. It is bad enough to be a King, bnt I won't be called names into the bargain."

This strange speech, so totally unlike any speech that had ever been uttered by an eastern monarch, struck all those who heard it with unbounded astonishment, In a court where no word of truth was ever spoken, where deceit was taught as a science, where men by dint of experience learned the value of every false assertion, almost with the same certainty as if the real truth was spoken at once, to hear it announced by the sovereign himself that things were to be called by their right names, and that he already felt it a burthen to be a King, were facts scarcely credible.

The flatterer learned that his occupation was gone, and all who lived by deceit concluded that they must begin the difficult labour of becoming honest men.

As soon as every preparation had been made for the ceremony of showing himself to the people, Azbeaz, with the sword of state hanging upon his thigh, was taken to the open chamber, situated over the principal gate of the palace, looking into the great maidan or public square, and there, supported by the grand vizier and the elder of elders standing on either side, he was presented to the wondering multitude.

The astonishment of the citizens upon perceiving Azbeaz's well-known face and person was so great, that they could scarcely bring themselves to go through the necessary forms of prostration and acclamation.

There was one among the crowd who gazed more ardently than the rest at that face, which still showed its prominent teeth, and bore its wonted smile, and who trembled as he gazed, and that individual was his brother Sakalchok.

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Indignation, envy, hatred, contempt, fear and apprehension, and a stricken conscience all assailed the heart of this wretched man by turns. He was incredulous to the very last that it could be his brother, and was constantly exclaiming to himself, «it is impossible! it cannot be,» until he was driven out of his uncertainty by the words which he heard repeated around him in the crowd.

«In truth, men say right,» said one; «it is Azbeaz; there he is with his beard, little and white; wonderful luck was he born with!»

«Who ever heard of a shoemaker King!» said another; I shall be a Shah next, who am a tinker.»

«I suppose, now that he is King, he won't pay me for the wax he bought of me as a shoemaker,» remarked a chandler.

«If he has got a heart,» said a shoemaker, «he will do something for those of his own trade, and lower the price of leather.»

So many observations did Sakalchok hear, that he could no longer live in the illusion that this man was not his brother.

He then bethought himself what line of conduct to pursue, whether to implore forgiveness, make restitution, and beg for the continuance of his appointment as court jeweller, with hope of further advancement, or wait the tide of events, and deliver himself over to the decrees of destiny. He finished by doing nothing, but returned to his home a prey to all the torments of uncertainty.

On the way, he met the five old men, who sat squatted together in a corner of the bazaar, gloomily consulting upon their probable fate, seeing that they must have incurred Azbeaz's displeasure by the indignities they had put upon him. As soon as they perceived Sakalchok, they all exclaimed, «welcome, welcome—may fortune attend you, your brother is King, may your shadow never be less; give us your advice; the King, you know, is our enemy, we have made him eat dirt; what shall we do to conciliate him?»

«What do I know?» said Sakalchok, in no humour to answer such unreasonable enquiries. «Let every man trim his

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own beard.» He said no more and walked on; the five old men had no time to take offence, but they remained perfectly silent, each wrapt up in his own apprehensions; and, perhaps, already feeling a certain tingling on the soles of their feet, a sensation well known to those who have once tasted bastinado.

In the mean while, the ceremony of presenting the King to his people having been performed, was as usual brought to a conclusion by the solemn promulgation of the *Khotbeh* by the principal crier of the court, who, with a sonorous voice and most emphatic manner, pronounced the new Shah's titles. He was called the Asylum of the Universe, the Common Centre to which the whole world bows, the King of Kings, the descendant from Kings, and the origin of Kings.

Azbeaz listened with patience to the end, when, calling the crier to appear before him, he said: «Man! do you know what abomination you have been eating? Who told you that I am a descendant of Kings? What words are these? Why without rhyme or reason will you tell lies? I am the son of Mustapha the tanner, who was the son of a barber, who was the son of a bear-leader. You 'll please to say so for the future, and then lies will no longer arise from the bottom of your throat to make my face blush, and then men will learn that Kings are no more than other men, of the same flesh and blood, all going to the same place, some to good and some to evil.»

Words cannot express the astonishment that took place in the minds of all present when they heard this extraordinary speech. «Are we alive, or do we dream? Here is a King such as no one ever saw or heard of. He tells no lies himself, and will not allow others to do so. Another King would have cut off heads had any one dared to hint that his father was a tanner—this one seems to glory in it. Truth of itself is enough to make him noble. Let us see how he will comport himself this day next year.»

Azbeaz's principal care, as soon as he had disposed of the ceremony of his installation, was to deposit his wonder-working key in a secure place. Accordingly he directed his steps

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to the harem, that place so sacred to all the inhabitants of the East, and, having entered it with due solemnity, he there met with a scene for which he was but little prepared. Never, indeed, had it occurred to him, having gained possession of his predecessor's throne, that he was also destined to possess his wives. He paused and drew back when he perceived the multitude of females awaiting him as he entered the great court of the Anderoon. A long train of magnificently dressed women was marshalled into two lines, through which he was invited to walk, and a band of singers and minstrels went before him, rending the air with songs and with the sounds of instruments. They sang the laudatory airs with which they had been accustomed to flatter their former master, in which his person was compared to every thing that was most enchanting, and in which his good qualities were exaggerated even to the attributes of divinity. Upon his approach, they all knelt down and kissed the ground. His path was spread with rich stuffs, and bottles containing sugar were broken before his feet.

Azbeaz, dazzled by the beauty of the women and abashed by the intenseness of the adulation, shrunk with dismay at what he had to encounter. It was but the other day, he thought, that I ventured to woo, and was rejected by one daughter of the moon, and here hundreds vie with each other who shall obtain the distinction of a look. But, by my beard, this will never do. «Here, fair one,» said he, beckoning to one of the singers who was straining her throat most zealously in his favour, «tell me wherefore do you make this extraordinary noise, and say such extravagant things?—are you all mad perchance?»

The slave fell at his feet, and exclaimed, «You are our King, and we are your slaves.»

«So is it?» said Azbeaz, shaking his head at the same time, in doubt. «Well, I suppose it is so, since everybody says it; but, because I am the Shah, it does not follow that I am to be the fool of the country. Prithee, fair one,» he continued to address the minstrel, «you have been all singing at the top of your throats, and comparing my body to a cypress tree.

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Now look at my back, it is as crooked as a ram's horn; how can you tell such lies? Then you assert that my eyes are as large as those of an antelope. By the prophet, every body knows they are not larger than those of a mole; and as for my *zulfs*, my curls, which you assert smell of myrrh and aloes, I have only two or three coarse grey hairs belonging to me, which can only smell of my old sheepskin cap. How can you all deceive yourselves after this fashion? If I am to be your Shah, I will not be the King of lies, but the King of truth.»

Then calling the head of the eunuchs to him, a gaunt negro, with a face of unrivalled ugliness, he said, «If I am to command these women, you may inform them the sooner they find themselves husbands the better, both for them and me. They are none of mine. Every man sits upon his own heels, so let each have his own mate. And as for you, you may go and hang yourself, for your craft is at an end.»

Strange was all this in an eastern, and much more in a royal harem. The singing, the music, and the processions were suppressed, and any jealousy and heart-burning that might exist to obtain the new King's favour were soon crushed. The elder women, however, broke out into downright lamentation, and accused the King of cruelty and injustice; but to those who had feeling, new life accompanied by hope was opened to them, and they longed to make themselves agreeable to objects more fitted to secure their affections than an ugly shoemaker, though he were a King.

As soon as Azbeaz was left to himself, he took the key from his girdle, and, selecting a place in the corner of the room under his own seat, he there deposited it for the present. He then desired that the grand vizier might appear before him, when he spoke to him as follows:

«It is now plain that I am the Shah. God only knows why or wherefore—but so it is. You are, as you tell me, the vizier, and, consequently I suppose, a wise man. That is not my case. I cannot call myself a wise man, for although I am the Shah, yet it is as little in consequence of my merit, as it was in consequence of having ten fingers that I became

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a shoemaker. All things great and small are directed by powers of which we know nothing. Allah is Allah, and, whether we will or not, he is still Allah. Now you being the wise man, and knowing how to govern a kingdom, you will please to tell me what I am to do from one year's end to another, from morning till night, and from hour to hour. I feel that my time belongs to the country, so does my conduct; therefore, tell me how I am to fill up one and direct the other."

The grand vizier, a self-sufficient personage, squared his elbows and inflated his person, preparatory to giving an appropriate reply to the King's inquiry. He began, as usual, with fine phrases, and, having once got well into his subject, he knew not where to stop. First, he descanted largely upon etiquette, upon the science of rising up and sitting down—upon going out and coming in—upon speech and forms of speech—upon appropriate dress, when the *taj*, or crown, is to be worn, when the cap with the shawl, or when the plain cap—upon the close vesture, short coats and ample cloaks—upon receiving ambassadors, sitting near or far off; in short, so entirely did the grand vizier make it manifest that the kingly office was more made up of precedents and old forms than of the actual workings of the brain, that Azbeaz cried out, with a long yawn:

"Very difficult is all this to recollect! If this it is to be a King, I shall never make a good one." He then stopped the vizier, who would willingly have continued his lecture, and said: "What you have said is no doubt perfectly right—so be it. However, there is one thing in which I want to try my hand, and that is justice. I wish to try it immediately. You must, in the first place, order my brother Sakalchok, the jeweller, to appear before me; in the next, you will send (to a house which he designated) for five old men who live there or thereabouts; and in the third, you must discover and bring to me a youth, who, on the day that I was sorely beaten by the late Shah, bound up my wounds and took care of me. If I am to be a King, let me try what a King can do."

He had not waited long ere it was announced to him that

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his brother was in attendance. As soon as Sakalchok appeared, he fell on his face in the most abject manner, and, having kissed the ground, arose and stood in the attitude of one condemned to death. Azbeaz, having desired him to draw near, addressed him in the following words:

« We all must bend to destiny, which is nothing else than the decress of Allah, and, therefore, I make no apology for being your King, although I am your youngest brother. Had you behaved as you ought to have done when I was in humble circumstances, you would not stand before me in the abject, and, consequently, disgusting position in which you now appear. You would have come with your nose up and your cap on one side, and have rejoiced at my elevation; instead of which you bear envy, hatred, and malice in your heart, and concluding that such passions equally possess me, you appear like a criminal worthy of death before me. Shame upon you! As a brother I say this. Now I will speak to you as a shoemaker. Have you brought, sir, the sum of money you owe me? I have made shoes for you and your family for years, and have not received one farthing. Pay me instantly, or otherwise you shall incur the utmost rigour of the law. »

Sakalchok, upon hearing these words, became elated, for he hoped by the payment of this debt to be quit of further punishment.

« As I am your Majesty's slave, » said he, « whatever your Majesty may order I am ready to pay. The debt is a poor one, not worth your Majesty's notice. Let me double or triple the amount. Your slave is ready. »

« I only ask for my own, » said Azbeaz, « for that which, when I was poor and powerless, you constantly refused to pay me. I know the sum well. It was one hundred and fifty piastres and ten copper coins. I want that and no more. »

The trembling Sakalchok with pleasure counted out the money, and placed it before the Shah.

« Well—this is well. You have now settled the account with the shoemaker; you have now to deal with the Shah. I am the Shah, and as such, I am the source of justice and

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the support of what is right. You have behaved as a cruel unnatural, unjust, proud and arrogant man. Unnatural and cruel as a relation, unjust as a citizen, proud and arrogant in your general conduct. For these delinquencies I intend to reprove you. Your pride must be humbled, you must be taught the miseries of unjust dealing. I, as the Shah, destitute you from your public employment of court jeweller, and I become the steward of all your wealth, as long as it shall seem fit for me to be so. Learn from this what injustice means. You shall forthwith be installed in my shop, and there you may make shoes as I have done. Thus you will learn humility, and know what it is to labour for your bread. Go. I have said it.»

At hearing these words, the unfortunate Sakalchok fell on his face in despair. «Pity, oh pity,» he exclaimed; «forgive me, forgive my past faults; take everything, but spare my money. I cannot make shoes. As your slave is less than the least, he implores you to reflect that he never made a shoe in his life.»

«Go—learn!» exclaimed the inflexible Azbeaz; upon which his brother was dragged away, and orders were given that the royal commands should be enforced.

The five old men were next brought into the presence, and even at a distance, the moment they had caught a glimpse of the King on his *musnud*, they fell to the ground and touched the pavement with their foreheads.

«Come forward, old men,» exclaimed Azbeaz; «it will be time to humble yourselves when you have heard what I have to say.»

They all arose, and, covering their bodies over carefully, sidled onward till they stood immediately facing the King, with their heads down, looking more dead than alive.

«Perhaps you will recollect certain words,» said Azbeaz, «which I once pronounced in the form of a prediction; neither of us then suspected how soon they would come true. Now had you behaved to me with the civility and kindness which are due from God's creatures one towards the other, what necessity would there be for your present abject condition? You

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only invite me to have you well beaten. You stand in the position of curs, which dare not show their faces out of their own parish; you avow yourselves to be materials for the bastinado—sacks to be beaten—old carpets to be dusted. You might have come before me with your five chins in the air, inhaling the breath of heaven, with the independence of men who have nothing to fear. You might have put your hands on your hips and thrown your five fingers into my face, had I exacted anything from you unjustly. But, as it is, I am the aggrieved man, besides being a despotic King. I can make you pluck out each other's beards hair by hair—make you spit in each other's faces. I can set you begging from door to door, making those whom you have before despised turn their backs upon you, and say, 'ha! ha!' I could render you miserable old men to the end of your days, in consequence of those words of contumely you taunted me with, when I asked you a plain question and made a simple demand. What have you to say for yourselves? Speak first, you youngest old man.» said he, addressing himself to the youngest uncle of her whom he sought as a wife; speak, and let me hear what you have to say.»

«What can I say?» said the youngest uncle, stroking down his face with one hand, and keeping his cloak well wrapt over him with the other. «I am less than an ounce of dust. The measure of the abomination which I have eaten has long been filled up; whatever your majesty has said—has, *mashallah!* been well said. True it is, oh King! we are five wretched old men; we have been biting our thumbs ever since that fatal day, and saying from morning to night, 'we have made a mistake.' Forgive us! forgive us! in favour of her whom you once loved—of her who cries day and night that she has lost her apple.»

«What apple?» exclaimed Azbeaz, suddenly softened by hearing his beloved mentioned.

«The apple of her eye to be sure,» answered the youngest old man; «whom but your Majesty has she ever loved, or ever can love?»

At these words, Azbeaz appeared still more touched, and

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the remaining four old men, having observed this, corroborated the assertion of the youngest old man by saying,

«*Beli! Beli!*—yes, yes—he speaks the truth; the maiden is dying of grief and disappointment.»

Azbeaz here made a solemn pause in his proceedings, because the assertion of the old men that he was beloved opened the chaanels of his former weakness, and the beauty of her whom he had once so ardently admired flashed before his eyes with a resistless charm.

«If I thought what you now tell me were true,» said Azbeaz thoughtfully, «the whole state of the case would be altered.»

«By the Shah's soul — by the beard of the centre of the universe—by the crown on his head—by the armlet on his arm,» said the five old men with uplifted voices, «we swear that it is true.»

«How am I to know that it is true?» said the King; «a Shah and a shoemaker are two very different persons, although they may still have the same hump, the same monkey face, the same prominent teeth, the same beard little and white. Mark that, old gentlemen—I will not have the finger of derision pointed at me. Recollect I no longer wield the awl; I have sticks and arms at command.»

«See her—see the maiden herself,» exclaimed an uncle, who now saw an escape from his difficulties. «Allow her to speak her own sentiments, and if she does not acknowledge herself to be the devoted slave, the grateful handmaid of her King, then treat us as we deserve; we are your sacrifice, whatsoever your Majesty ordains, we will say, upon our eyes be it.»

«Bring her hither,» said Azbeaz, «and we will see. But, mark me, I do not intend to force her inclinations, and, should there be any deception, all I say is, open well your eyes.»

The five old men then left his presence, and presently two veiled females were introduced, the mother escorting her daughter. As soon as the room had been cleared, Azbeaz requested the women to unveil, when the well remembered charms of the maiden who had enslaved his heart were revealed to him,

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as well as the less attractive features of her mother. Azbeaz would willingly have given his crown to secure the advantages of beauty to himself, and thereby become acceptable to the lovely creature who stood before him; sbrely did he feel how little wealth, power, and greatness of position had to weigh against individual merit, and when he contemplated his ugliness, he felt that it was not in nature that he could be loved.

«What is this that I hear? thou pearl of beauty!» said Azbeaz, addressing himself to the maiden; «is it true that I have found favour in your sight, and that you are willing to make me happy?»

«We are your slaves,» exclaimed the mother, without allowing her daughter to answer; «we have but one wish, and that is to please you. Who is this poor lowly daughter that she should venture to have a will of her own?»

«Allow her to speak,» said Azbeaz; «it is not you we want to wed—let the maiden speak. Tell me, sugar-lips,» said he to the daughter, «tell me what are the secrets of your heart, and whatever they be do not conceal the truth.»

«She has no secrets,» again answered the mother, looking towards the daughter, fearful lest this invitation to candour from the King might really impel the daughter to speak the truth. «If she has a secret, it is that of loving the King above all things, longing to make the dust of his slippers collyrium for her eyes.»

The weak girl feeling the dilemma in which she was placed, having been tutored by her relations to avow her love for Azbeaz, whilst she abhorred the idea of becoming his wife, fell into a nervous state of distressing indecision, the consequence of which proved itself by tears which she could in no wise restrain.

«How is this, fair one,» said the King; «is our love to be requited by tears? If my words be pleasing to you, wherefore cry? if not, why do you not speak?»

Upon this the maiden, falling on her knees in an attitude of supplication, exclaimed, «pity, pity; I am a poor weak one—I know not what to do. Is it a crime to have loved before I was told to love in the proper place?»

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« What words are these? » exclaimed the mother in a rage; « loved before, indeed! how dare you love when the centre of the universe commands otherwise? »

« Hold your peace, woman! » exclaimed Azbeaz; « I want the truth and nothing but the truth. So you have loved before —that is well spoken—if so we have nought to say—we are silent—we praise Allah that we are not the cause of an injustice—no, we have been foolish—for in truth love such as mine, out of a hump and a monkey face, is repulsive to beauty, as oil refuses to mix with the limpid stream. »

« Believe her not, asylum of the universe, » still vociferated the mother; « she is a perverse and wilful girl; she knows that she loves you, and only persists in her obstinacy to refuse a happiness too great for her, because she gets it for nothing. »

« What she has said, she has said, » returned Azbeaz; « we force no one. » Then turning again to the maiden, he continued, « Perhaps you know that Kings are powerful men, and can do mighty things. Now, if we knew who was this happy youth who was beloved by you, we might be of great use. Speak, the Shah is your friend, though you refuse him as a lover.

Here the maiden fell on her kness and implored that she might be no more questioned. « Your slave, » she said, smiling through her tears, « is a speck of dirt as compared to a mountain—she is nothing—she is not worth your notice—allow her to sit in a corner and not be known—who or what she likes or dislikes can be of no consequence to any one. »

Azbeaz, seeing the rage and violence which possessed the mother, insisted upon allowing entire freedom to the maiden to do whatever she found most agreeable to herself, and threatened if he heard of any violence being offered to her, that he would visit such offence with a serious punishment. He could not refrain, however, from upbraiding the mother with the falsehood of her brothers-in-law, and avowed it his intention to visit them with his displeasure.

« What! do they suppose, » said he, « that a King is only to sit on his throne in order to be laughed at? No, no! with-

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out truth nothing is to be done; with it, all is straight forwards, and man lives to good purposes. Tell them to settle their minds into this conviction, that the Shah will burn their fathers.»

Upon hearing these words, both mother and daughter with much wailing and many tears fell to beseeching him to pardon them, requesting him to reflect, that Kings were greater in bestowing mercy than in inflicting punishment. Azbeaz ceded to the prayers of the maiden, for he was softened by her truth and single-heartedness, and promised that, for the present, he would leave her uncles unmolested.

(To be continued.)

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THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THANET.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

«Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of «The Smuggler's Leap.» The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse *only*, it is said, was found, crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since.»

See «Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A. M. Vicar of Godmersham.» W. Bristow, Canterbury, 1796. p. 127.

The fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand,
That smuggling band,
Some in the water, and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!
«Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.

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If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what would he say?
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We 'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!»

The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
No trick nor flam,
But your real Schiedam.
«Now mount, my merry-men, mount and ride!»
Three on the crupper, and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;
But the rich point-lace,
In the oil-skin case
Of proof to guard its contents from ill,
The «prime of the swag,» is with Smuggler Bill!

Merrily now, in a goodly row,
Away, and away, those Smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!
When out from the turn
Of the road to Herne,
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side!
They were all Custom-house officers then;
There were no such things as Preventive men.

Sauve qui peut!
That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two,
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss,
These in their hurry
Make for Sturry;
With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,
Never stopping,
But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,

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And the gin spirts out,
And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.
Some, on the other hand, seek Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue, and he has a smile
Form'd the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
From St. Nicholas, quite
To the Foreland Light,
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the Grocer, and make him her Tea-dealer;
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys his gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
"Follow who will, ride after who may,
In sooth he had need
Fodder his steed,
In lieu of Lent corn, with a Quicksilver feed;
Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!
Ho! oh!—oh! oh," says Smuggler Bill—
He draws out a flask, and he sips his fill,
And he laughs "Ho! oh!" at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chistlett Lane so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;
Sarre Bridge is won—
Bill thinks it fun;
"Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—

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His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win!»
Away, away
Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
«*I would give my soul,*» quoth Exciseman Gill,
«For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill!—
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,
So I had but one!»—
A voice cried «Done!»—
«Aye, dun,» said Exciseman Gill, and he spied
A Custom-house officer close by his side,
On a high-trotting horse with a dun-colour'd hide.
«*Devil take me,*» again quoth Exciseman Gill,
«If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill!»

From his using such shocking expressions, it's plain
That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.
He was, it is true,
Worse than a Jew,
A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
He'd just utter'd the words which I've mention'd to you,
When his horse, coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue;
And when he arose
His hands and his clothes
Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all covered with blood;
Yet he scream'd with passion, «I'd rather *grill*
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!»

«Mount! Mount!» quoth the Custom-house officer, «get
On the back of my dun, you'll bother him yet.
You're words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and Done' between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,—
He's a rum one to look at—*a devil to go!*»
Exciseman Gill
Dash'd up the hill,

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And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,
That queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—«'Tis the Gauger again!»
Smuggler Bill
Dashes round by the mill
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—
«Now speed,—now speed,
My dapple-grey steed,
Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!
O'er Monkton Mead and through Minster Level
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!
For Manston Cave, away! away!
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey!
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill!»

Manston Cave was Bill's abode;
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road,
(Of late they say
It's been taken away,—
That is, levell'd and filled up with chalk and clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day,)
Thither he urges his good dapple-grey;
And the dapple-grey steed,
Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill
Cries «Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!»

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,
And he sees a dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke, and eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!
Every shoe he has got
Appears red-hot,
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,

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And there on his back, sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying «Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!»

Smuggler Bill, from his holster drew
A large horse pistol, of which he had two,
Made by Nock;
He pull'd back the cock;
As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang;
Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd, not blood, but flame!
So he changed his plan,
And fired at the man;
But his second horse-pistol flash'd in the pan!
And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack! and alas: on what dangerous ground!
It is enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!!

Below were found
Next day on the ground,
By an elderly Gentleman walking his round,
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound,)
All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corses,
Two of them human, the third was a horse's,
That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun?—
From that terrible night he was seen by none!—
There are some people think, though I am not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,

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But the country-folks there
One and all declare,
When the «Crowner's 'Quest» came to sit on the pair,
They heard a loud horse-laugh up in the air!

If in one of the trips
Of the steam-boat Eclipse,
You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call «Dips,»
You may hear old folks talk
Of that quarry of chalk;
Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,
But a three shilling drive will give you a peep
At the fearful chalk-pit so awfully deep,
Which is called to this moment «The Smuggler's Leap!»
Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you're «plucky,» and not over subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
You may see, if you will,
The Ghost of old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em.—
I'm told so—I can't say I know one who 's seen 'em!

MORAL.

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle!—if, bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace, purchase what has paid duty!

Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!
Never say «Devil take me:»—
Or, «shake me!»—or, «bake me!»
Or such-like expressions. Remember, Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick!

Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,
Is «Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you Leap!

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—
NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

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THE WOMEN OF ITALY.

If it were always permitted to draw an obvious inference from the most irrefutable precedents, without incurring the sneers of scepticism, we might almost venture to affirm that the days of man upon earth are drawing to a close, and that the long-dreaded millennium is at hand.

Yet a few more efforts of mechanical ingenuity, and the plough will ride unguided over the field like a railway train, steamers will glide like ducks over the waters, without noise or smoke, and balloons will be curbed and bridled like Ariosto's hippogriffs.

Already the influence of climate has been utterly neutralized. Our coal has been made to answer all the purposes of an Italian sun. It has all its warmth, its light, its life. England has become the metropolis of the vegetable kingdom, and the horticultural gardens at Chiswick are the flora of both continents. A shop in Regent Street has been turned into nature's own workshop, exhibiting within its genial temperature all the mysteries of an artificial maternity. Mr. Espy of Philadelphia has thrown his spell over the storms, and offers to sell rain by the bucket to the highest bidder. In short, it will go hard with us if, ere we are many years older, we do not see the

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isthmuses of Suez and Panama cut through, a rail-road tunnel driven through the bowels of the Alps, and a suspension-bridge launched across the Atlantic.

Then will there be rest for man and beast. Then will men grow weary of watching with folded arms the progress of their self-acting tailoring apparatus, and, impatient of a state of inactivity inconsistent with their nature, they will, like Alexander, complain that their fathers left nothing for them to do, and look out for another world, the earth being much too narrow for them.

Nor do we hesitate to affirm that the moral improvement of the human race has kept pace with physical discovery. The teetotallers strive boldly to undo the work of Noah. Wilberforce has razed the patriarch's curse from the heads of the devoted children of Canaan; the peace-societies hope to rivet the sword of war to its scabbard, and to turn all the nations of the earth into a vast Quaker community. Reason and justice are soon to obtain an undisputed ascendancy over force. The French are raising a Chinese wall round Paris, to save them the trouble of fighting for their country. All ancient grievances will be amicably settled. All nations will vie with each other in forgetting old grudges, and redressing time-sanctioned injustices. But the most natural as well as the most glorious result of this voluntary abnegation of the right of the strongest will be the cessation of an abuse of power as ancient as Eden, a revolution to be operated by the suppression of a single word in the marriage ceremony, the rehabilitation of a much-injured being into its natural rights—the emancipation of woman.

Already the champions of the trampled sex, the Chapmans and Martineaus, have unfolded the standard of independence. Having at first trained themselves to public controversy in the cause of abolitionism, they soon learned to stand up, like Cicero, *pro domo sud*, in vindication of their inalienable right of sitting in senates and parliaments, and being elbowed and squeezed on the hustings. Another more formidable combattant, the fair authoress of "Woman and her Master," after searching in the treasures of the past with unwearied

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diligence, has fully demonstrated that woman in all ages and countries (not excepting even such characters as Aspasia and Messalina) has been and is a middle creature between a lamb and an angel, perverted, fettered, and tortured, by another selfish being, half-demon, half-brute.

With all our heart do we congratulate these lovely emancipators on the favourable prospect that everything is taking before them, and wish them a speedy success in an enterprise which, as it would most powerfully contribute to bring about that new order of things, that golden age of peace and justice which has been hitherto considered incompatible with the frailty of human nature, would be the most infallible sign of the forth-coming close of time.

Female writers in England, France, and America, are pretty nearly a match for their male opponents, and if the sword is to be definitely laid aside, and the field open for a fair and impartial discussion, we have no doubt but women will in the end talk men out of countenance. But to whatever extent these ladies may carry their female radicalism, they will easily perceive that their social reforms will not be immediately applicable to all countries alike; and as we hear every day of nations being unripe for the blessing of liberal institutions, as we see statesmen insisting on the necessity of fitting a people for better destinies by the gradual influence of civilization and culture, so it will be likewise understood that the fair sex cannot be everywhere equally ready for an immediate enfranchisement, and that, for instance, the Georgian slave of an eastern harem could not be as easily trained to take her share in the weighty deliberations of the sublime Porte, as a Yankee girl might be called to sit among the members of Congress.

These reflections were awakened in our mind at the sight of the work of which the title stands at the head of the present article, and we were curious to ascertain what notions concerning woman's mission might be entertained by a lady born and bred up in a country in which the persons of her sex are kept in something like a middle station between oriental seclusion and — what would strike every other traveller but

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Miss Martineau as — the total independence of American women.

We like to look over a book written by a lady. There is, we believe, an immense tract of unknown world in the female heart; there exists between these two sexes, created so essentially to belong to and to be necessary to each other, to share all hopes and fears, all cares and enjoyments of life, a barrier of conventional dignity and propriety, of sexual etiquette, which almost every lover and husband flatters himself with removing, but which perhaps no living man ever succeeded in so doing, and which we do not know but it were perhaps unadvisable that every one should attempt to remove.

Yet it is but too natural that we should all stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of this *terra incognita,* and we would willingly renounce all the pleasure derivable from one of Captain Parry's voyages to the North Pole, or from an American South Sea expedition, to be enabled to overhear, without indelicacy, a conversation between two fair «bosom friends» in some trying and unguarded moment, or to possess the key to that magic telegraph of nods and winks and smiles by which two female spirits commune with each other before company, to the utter mystification of the duller sex.

Next to this would be the other no less unhallowed gratification of intercepting one of those four-page, small-hand, close-written, cross-lined feminine epistles, to the uninitiated conveying scarcely any meaning at all, but where, in every turning in every letter, the corresponding parties are enabled to decipher so much «more than meets the eye.»

Next to this, again, is the pleasure of perusing the works of a female author; for although the fair writer, knowing that her page is to stand the full glare of broad daylight, may be constantly on her guard lest she should by any involuntary indiscretion jeopardize the secret interests of the community, yet some unlucky expression, some half-word may, in the heat of inspiration, happen to drop from her pen; which will shoot like wild-fire across the benighted understanding of a man who *can* read, and do more than an

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age of learning towards his initiation into the mysteries of female freemasonry.

Of these voluntary confessions and involuntary revelations, thanks to heaven, in our own country, we have enough; and the new novels and essays by ladies, misses and mistresses, issuing every year from the English press, bid fair to leave scarcely one fold of the female heart unexplored, scarcely one blush of the maiden's cheek unaccounted for.

But if this be the case in Old and New England, as well as in France and Germany, the same can hardly be said of the Italian peninsula, where, with the exception of a very few Petrarchesque poetesses, and still fewer moral or ascetic writers, man seems still almost completely to monopolize the trade of book-making.

For this apparent sterility of the female mind in the land of Vittoria Colonna and Olimpia Morata, it would not perhaps be difficult to adduce many important reasons. But the most insurmountable obstacle against female authorship lies in the deep-rooted antipathy, or, if we must call it so, prejudice, of the people of that country against any attempt on the part of a woman to call upon herself the gaze of the multitude or court notoriety.

The Italians, a highly sensitive and cultivated nation, are as far from grudging the tender and timid creatures whom they associate with their destinies through life, the advantages of a liberal education, as any other people can well be; but a fond notion—it may be a mistaken one—prevails among them, that all a lady's accomplishments and acquirements should be exclusively consecrated to enliven that little domestic circle which she is called to bless with her presence. Hence an authoress, no less than an actress or an *improvisatrice*, is for them an anomaly, an exceptional being who has cast aside all the delicacy, grace, and modesty, which constitute the peculiar charm of her sex, and thereby forsworn its inalienable privileges, and rendered herself liable to the disrespect of the other.

Female authorship in Italy is looked upon as a kind of moral anomaly; nor would the high station and still higher

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character, the noble and irreprehensible life of the lady whose name graces this page, have secured her against the sneering comments of her jealous countrymen, had she not made choice of that only subject which exclusively belonged to one of her sex—the illustration of the domestic and social virtues which ought to characterize «a wise and amiable woman,» and the degree of moral and intellectual distinction to which it is not only lawful but even desirable that she should aspire.

Anna, Countess Pepoli, and widow of the Marquis Sampieri—for her titles, according to the Italian custom, are carefully omitted in the title-page,—belongs by birth to one of the most ancient and illustrious historical families of Bologna. Her brother, Count Carlo Pepoli, already well known to the republic of letters as the author of the melodrama «I Puritani» and other poems, is an exile from his native country, and belongs to ours for various reasons, because he fills the chair of Professor of Italian Literature in London University College, and because he evinced his preference in favour of our ladies by choosing a bride among the daughters of Albion.

The Countess Anna has been a wife and a mother, and it was only after having performed her uxorial and maternal duties in a manner that won her the admiration and esteem of all who knew her, having trusted to another the happiness of her only daughter, whom she had brought up with all the solicitude of love, that she endeavoured to draw up a theory of those countless and nameless cares by which woman can make a heaven of a husband's home, and indemnify the world for the unavoidable, however remote, contingency of her loss, by leaving behind her what has been not unaptly called «a second edition of self.»

But besides her desire of communicating to her countrywomen all that her own experience had taught her respecting the duties of woman as a house-keeper (reggitrice) or, as an instructress (educatrice), and as a social being (donna conversevole), the Countess harboured in her bosom a higher object, common in Italy to every person who thinks or feels, no less than to all who write, that of vindicating the women of Italy «from the unjust judgment» and «false accusations» brought

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against them by partial or prejudiced foreigners, the rehabilitation of the national character being the aim of the most anxious endeavours of every generous soul that lives between the Alps and the sea.

Certainly this plea in favour of the national character is neither uncalled-for nor inopportune.

That the character of the Italians has been wilfully misrepresented by ignorant travellers, who have hurried through the country under the influence of illiberal prepossessions, is a fact sufficiently demonstrated by the more mature and rational reports of other visitors, who had leisure to ground their estimate on a closer observation and a more intimate acquaintance. We do not believe that those writers have any wish or interest to be unjust to other nations, but the poor honest Milanese, or light-hearted Florentine, who happens to read a smuggled French or English newspaper, or a stray volume of a novel, where it is unblushingly stated that « Italian life is a mass of rottenness and corruption, » that « every man is there a swindler, every woman a wanton, » (we quote at chance from a leading article in the « Britannia » newspaper) must be sympathized with, if taking such compliments literally, and supposing such uncharitable animadversions to be implicitly relied upon abroad, he feels sore and bitter on the subject, and considers himself bound to seize every opportunity to stand forth as his country's sworn champion and advocate.

We shall be always as willing to open in these pages a list where duties to the sex, no less than our sense of right, are equally engaged to allow the Countess Pepoli to plead in favour of a class of women, of whom her virtues no less than her rank have made her one of the brightest ornaments, and upon whose morals her book is likely to exercise the most pious and salutary influence.

We need scarcely repeat here the well-known maxim that woman is invariably such as man wishes her to be: that the female mind and heart are moulded according to the ideas prevailing in the society in which she is brought up, and that, by a natural reaction, she exercises an equal ascen-

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dancy over society itself, that as she is physically a daughter and a mother, so is she by turns also a pupil and a mistress; so that her sex may always be taken as a fair representative of the moral standard reached by the human family in all ages and countries.

In proportion, therefore, as our authoress succeeds in demonstrating how far her country-women have attained a high degree of feminine excellence, so shall we feel inclined to judge more or less favourably of the morals of the nation at large; and every proof she may be able to bring forward in support of her subject will have the force of a hundred arguments in refutation of the charges brought against the Italian name.

The work of our authoress seems from its very beginning calculated to overthrow our long-cherished ideas of Italian female education. No mention of convents is made. That strict rule of monastic seclusion to which every young lady of high rank was almost universally supposed to be condemned in Catholic countries, there to be walled up in a narrow cell, only to pass from the silence and solitude of the cloisters, to the glare and bustle of the wide world, affianced to a husband, whose very portrait she had never seen, we know that many of our readers will be astonished and scandalized to hear it—is neither better nor worse than one of the thousand and one absurd fables by which Italian life is rather romantically than veritably represented.

Countess Pepoli does not inquire into the good or evil effects of monastic education. She does not advocate or inveigh against the system. She seems not even to suspect, to dream of its existence; belonging by birth to and moving all her life among the highest circles, she knows very well that neither herself nor her daughter, nor any of her friends, at least since the days of Napoleon, ever set their foot within the precincts of a nunnery, except only those few unfortunate or perhaps deluded ones, who, either through disappointment, or dread of the world, or misunderstood devotion, are still occasionally induced to leave all their worldly hopes and anxieties with their shorn hair on its threshold.

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Female delicacy in Italy is looked upon as a pure crystal which the faintest breath of the world may contaminate. It is a sweet, tender flower, equally dreading the scorching meridian ray and the blast of the northern gale. The Italians believe in a virginity of the soul, without which personal chastity has hardly any value in their eyes. To secure this moral innocence, and here perhaps is their main error, they know no better means than an almost entire abstraction from, and ignorance of, the world. The independance of the Yankee girl—we make use of that obnoxious denomination, not through disrespect for the «smartest nation in creation,» but better to designate the people of New England, that part of the United States where American manners are most characteristically developed,—begins with the earliest stage of boarding-school life. Early in the morning she walks out alone sometimes for a distance of miles to her academy; who are her tutors and companions, what her studies, what books she reads, what friendships or habits she contracts, her parents scarcely ever care to enquire; or, if asked, scarcely ever does she condescend to reply. In proportion as she grows, more completely and absolutely does she acquire the mastery over her own actions. She chooses her dancing and music masters, her congregation, her minister. She subscribes to cotillion parties, shines off at a fancy fair or at a flower auction. She walks home late at night from a rout with her favorite partner, and takes a long tour by moonlight to enjoy the coolness and sentimentalism of the night air. She introduces her male friends to her mother, and sends out her invitations to tea without consulting the «old lady;» finally, she informs her parents that her lover has «popped the question,» unless indeed she prefers the éclat and excitement of a runaway match. And yet this unbounded latitude is scarcely ever attended with mischievous results. Thanks perhaps to natural coldness of temperament, or to the early marriages which in those wide-spreading colonies are and will long continue to be the order of the day, the American young lady very early acquires the *calculating* habits of the country. She is her own *duenna* and *chaperon*. Her fancy and heart are always

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under the control of reason. She learns to value her admirers according to their *worth*. You never hear of a *faux-pas*, or if you do, you may be sure that all worldly advantages have been duly weighed, and that even that apparent imprudence is the result of the most consummate policy. Before she leaves school, a Yankee girl — God bless her! — has a thorough knowledge of the world. She is up to every trick, secure against all dangers of amorous seduction. Else, what were the good of the million of novels she reads? Her look is proud and daring; her step firm and secure. With her, as with the Spartan virgin,

«E la vergogna inutile
Dov' è la colpa ignota.»

Modesty she would look upon as a want of sincerity and frankness; delicacy as a lack of spirit and independence. With the exception of a few luckless words, which her nice notions of decency have proscribed from the English dictionary—for a list of them vide Sam Slick—there is scarcely a subject of conversation which she would dream of rebuking or discountenancing.

Having still a queen at the head of our nation, as well as a national church and aristocracy, we cannot boast of going the whole length of American freedom. Our English girls are made sometimes to remember that they *have* a mother. If not absolutely under the sway, they are still at least under the guidance of their natural guardians. They have got eyes, and are permitted to make use of them; a taste, and they are free to exercise it; a heart, and we let them believe that it is theirs to bestow. Truly this liberty exists rather in words than facts. The tether is long and loose, but we never let it entirely slip from our hands; our daughters have the motion of their marriage bill, but we reserve the enactment for ourselves. We do not control their inclinations, but reason them out of them. We do not crush their feelings, but tamper with them. We do not thwart their love, but awaken their ambition. We do not present them the alternative between an old husband and a convent — God forbid! we only bid

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them choose between a young gallant and a coronet. They are not dragged like victims to the altar, oh no! they are driven to church in glittering carriages, decked out with jewels and garlanded with flowers.

An Italian mother—we speak of the ladies of the old school, since Countess Pepoli seems to entertain more liberal ideas—can be contented with nothing short of making herself the jailor of her daughter. The poor girl must grow up in her parent's bower like a sweet rose-bud hidden beneath a bush of thorns, like a gem buried in the depths of the ocean. She is never lost sight of for a moment; never opens a book, never converses with any living being without her guardian's knowledge and consent. Are visitors announced? she is bidden to withdraw. Is mamma going to the opera? she is ordered to bed. The slightest outburst of passion or enthusiasm is visited with a frown. Every thing is studied to guard her against sudden impressions. Her friends are in a constant dread of her southern susceptibility. Her heart is a little half-smothered volcano, which causes them endless anxiety. All her mother is able to teach, the girl must learn from her. If other instructors are required, females are preferred to male teachers, old to young. In all cases the mother is in constant attendance. All this not only lest the silly inexperienced young creature should set off one fair morning with her dancing-master, bound upon what is called in this country "a walk to Kensington Gardens;" but in order to prevent even the possibility of ever conceiving a passing desire of so doing.

The greatest pride of a matron's heart consists in offering her daughter to her chosen lord as perfectly new to all tender sensations as the babe unborn. By such a cautious and watchful system of domestic policy the mother flatters herself to have provided for her daughter's felicity. The intended husband is almost the first man with whom she is brought into close intimacy. Her little heart is a blank, upon which every image can be with equal facility engraved. She has no dangerous comparison before her eyes. Her affections, her ideas, her very curiosity, have been hitherto concentrated upon the very few persons constituting her domestic circle. Her

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feelings have gained in intensity what they they have lost in extent and variety. Her husband is almost naturally sure to obtain her first love, and it entirely depends upon his own conduct to secure her last.

We would not confidently bring forward this as the most perfect system of feminine education; its faults and imperfections are obvious enough, nor indeed do we believe that it is always followed to the letter even in Italy. Still the leading idea of every instructress in that country seems to consist in guarding a youthful mind from pollution, by removing it as far as practicable from the tainted atmosphere of society.

It is not difficult to perceive that such is the main object even of Countess Pepoli's directions to her «Educatrice.» That part of her work which relates to educational purposes seems to us by far the most interesting and commendable. We have seen nowhere a, more perfect exhibition of the beau-ideal of a mother instructress. Never was a theory of sound and practical moral education more discerningly and satisfactorily traced out. True to the national feeling, she does indeed recommend a constant solicitous vigilance of the mother over every step, every thought of her child. She evinces the same anxious apprehensions of the natural combustibility of Italian young blood, and is equally liberal of her warnings against the chances of its sudden ignition: — but her guardianship is one purely of confidence and love. The mother's security is to be grounded entirely on an unceasing interchange of social sympathy. She is to leave nothing unattempted to win her daughter's friendship and devotion. Mother and child must be necessary to each other, indivisible in their graver, as well as in their lighter pursuits. The girl must feel that she is never left to herself, not because she is by any means mistrusted, but only because her mother loves her too well to be able to spare her company. She is not bidden to stifle every sentiment in her heart, but she is taught to let her mother into its inmost core. She is not rigidly kept aloof from society —though too great a familiarity with the world is considered as equally baneful to the purity of her mind and injurious to the spotlessness of her character, — but she is to feel the

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propriety, the reasonableness, the blessing of never appearing in public without her tutelar angel. She is in fact to be a prisoner, but utterly unconscious of confinement, unable to look beyond the golden bars of her dungeon without an indefinable awe and misgiving, and incapable of dreaming of her emancipation consistently with her security and happiness. In the like manner we have seen well-trained canary-birds stopping on the unclosed door of their cage, as if afraid of the dreariness of the open air, and loth to quit the comforts of their love-nurtured captivity.

Thus we think it would prove rather amusing to British readers, to see with what warmth and earnestness our fair authoress admonishes every loving mother to keep a sharp look out and trust no person—« e sia oculata e diffidi di tutti; di tutti »—adding, however, that she must so contrive that her mistrust and suspicion be never perceived; with what rigidity she proscribes novels and all other writings calculated to pervert a young mind by amorous extravagances—« non concedere alla figliuola la lettura d' ogni romanza o d' altri libri che pervertono l'imaginazione con amorosi vaneggiamenti » —alluding especially to « those pestiferous works of fiction, which late in the eighteenth and during the present century are sent by hundreds from 'oltremonti ed oltremare' to pervert Italian manners, already so deplorably corrupted; » exception being made only in favour of those « stupendous creations » of Walter Scott and a few others in that style, which the countess expressly and strenuously advocates. These cares and solicitudes redouble when « the girl has reached that age in which duty and expediency equally demand that she should be produced into society. » Then, indeed, must the mother beware of every living being, « not excepting even her best friends, especially female friends; » she must, we are taught, « keep close to her daughter, » and at every rout or ball be sure that her eye constantly watches all her movements, « nothing being more shocking than to see a girl dancing or waltzing in one room, whilst the mother sits down at her rubber in another. »

Such are the ideas of a lady who, on every other subject,

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appears to be so very far from harbouring bigoted scruples or illiberal prejudices, but who, on this delicate point, can but write under the influence of that southern delicacy and susceptibility, not to say jealousy and suspiciousness, which seems to crowd the social world with myriads of phantoms and monsters, from which a tender, unsophisticated mind, even if it escape without serious hurt, may perhaps not come off without some of those slight scratches and bruises, which, as an Italian woman is understood to love only once, and that for life—may be left to smart and bleed for an incalculable length of time. In short, a girl in her teens is not in that country thought to be possessed of sufficient discernment to guard her against the suddenness and impetuosity of her own inclinations; and as these may fatally be found at variance with the views that her best friends entertain as to her worldly preferment, her mother's arms are to be thrown around her, so as to shield her against all untoward impressions, which, by rousing unjustifiable desires and expectations, may lead to nothing but disenchantment and misery.

A strong *sense of duty* in England, and a *calculating spirit* in America, may no doubt induce our young ladies to acquiesce in their parents' disposition as efficiently as the most rigid and watchful chaperonship; but whilst we limit ourselves to provide our daughters with fit weapons to spurn and overcome seduction, the more wary Italians secure them even against the dangers of temptation, and spare them the pangs of a struggle.

Many and grave objections have been, and may be raised against this Italian method of female education. In the first place it evidently requires an entire and exclusive devotedness on the part of the mother, and indeed Countess Pepoli plainly insists on «the necessity of a total concentration of all a mother's thoughts and faculties on this foremost and holiest of her duties.» Then, this rigid seclusion of the damsel must, to a great degree, unfit the bride and matron for social life, and she must, at her first outset find herself besieged with vague apprehensions, and also encompassed by real dangers, which a previous initiation into social life might have gradu-

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ally enabled her to steer through with perfect safety.

Still it cannot be denied that an essentially domestic education must necessarily engender domestic habits and tastes; that the very inexperience and helplessness of the novice in the world's ways must naturally compel her to cling to her husband for advice and support, and contribute to increase her respect, deference, and affection for him.

And here the great question arises: «What is woman's mission?» For if home, husband, and children, her domestic circle and her immediate friends are to be the only object of her cares; if her influence on society is to be exercised only through the empire of affection, if she is only to be the adviser, the inciter, and soother of man's passions, through the ascendency of private, social or educational agency, then we contend that Italy—in so far at least as Countess Pepoli's precepts are literally adhered to—ought to rear up the best patterns of feminine excellence; and that if Italian women are not the most faithful wives and the wisest mothers, it must result from any other cause rather than from want or incompetency of education.

True, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Martineau, and a crowd of their disciples, protest against this illiberal limitation of a woman's faculties to what they disdainfully term «the drudgery of domestic life:» nor while the question is so warmly debated, whilst the number of their supporters and partisans are daily increasing, and till a neutral tribunal is found to pronounce an impartial sentence, would we venture to declare either in favour or against them, nor pretend to affirm that a lady would prove a less delightful companion, or a less careful housekeeper, if she were heard thumping and thundering at a political *caucus*, or if she were to stop to drop in her ticket at the polls.

The people of Italy seem certainly to be well acquainted with the peculiar qualities in which their women excel. «*Donna Tedesca*,» says their quaint old proverb, «*buona per la casa; Donna Francese buona per la conversazione*,—we trust they will soon add, *Donna Inglese buona per la politica;*» and after thus having yielded to the women of

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Germany the superiority in the management of the household, to the Parisian ladies the charms of conversational powers, they conclude, «*Donna Italiana buona per gli affetti,*» usurping for their own fair partners the privilege of a more tender sensibility and a more ardent soul.

The ideas developed by our fair author on this subject seem to a certain degree in unison with the popular feelings. She plainly acknowledges an intellectual, as well as a physical inferiority of her sex to ours. «And, on the very outset,» she says, «I am fain to confess that I do not deem women to equal men in strength of intelligence and soundness of judgment; on the contrary, I feel how widely nature has placed them above us.» Again she consecrates a whole chapter to prove «*che la donna non deve ingerirsi delle cose spettanti al governo;*» that woman has no right to meddle with politics; all which would sound to the ears of our emancipators like blasphemy and high treason. But it is quite evident that the «new light» has not yet dawned over Italy, and that woman there, strong in her *moral influence,* has not yet aspired to the acquirement of *legal power.*

The education of women in Italy is then still eminently domestic and feminine. Boarding-schools and young ladies' academies are yet far from being the same flourishing institutions as they are with us: and even our countess, while she seems to approve of colleges and universities for boys, on account of their levelling spirit, of the early development of character, of the knowledge of self and of the world, naturally arising from the bustle and attrition of a public school, insists that, whoever may be called in to adorn their minds with accessory accomplishments, the mother alone should be charged with the moral education of girls, and that an early contact and acquaintance with society, even if not pernicious, would be at least useless to her whose whole world is to be limited to a narrow circle of acquaintance, and to the precincts of home.

But are then the women of Italy as pure and chaste, are they as true to their domestic mission, are they as good wives and mothers as such a social system would seem to im-

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ply? This is altogether a different and indeed a most complicated and insoluble question. If we were to collect the votes of all the rival nations, especially if we were to consult the writings of the most popular authors among the Teutonic races, we are afraid that the verdict would not be greatly in their favour. But we must make some allowance for the inevitable misunderstanding of national antipathies. The French take their standard of Italian women from Catherine or Mary de Medici. The English traveller forms his estimate of Italian female character from the mock countesses the *Cameriere* offers to introduce to him. What if an Italian were to draw his knowledge of English ladies from the painted damsels that are to be seen after dusk rustling in silk and velvet in Regent Street?

Walter Savage Landor has said that it would be difficult to find an honest man in Italy for every forty in England. A bold and gratuitous assertion! Nor do we know on what statistics of probity it is grounded. But he adds soon after, that the one Italian is worth all the forty honest English together. All which only tends to demonstrate that human nature in Italy is equally susceptible of the highest moral excellence and of the utmost depravity. Again, it has been justly remarked, that nowhere are such startling specimens of human deformity, such horrid old hags, to be met with as among the lowest classes at Rome or Naples; but it has also been granted, that although the average standard of beauty may be said to be higher in England, yet such patterns of perfect female loveliness are occasionally found in Italy as are not to be seen in any Christian country of Europe.

In the like manner, and by that law of consistency which nature observes in all her works, we shall expect to see the extremes of moral beauty and ugliness as frequently brought into contact, and exhibiting as striking a character now as they did in the age of Lucretia Borgia and Vittoria Colonna.

It is said with great justice, that the Italians are an eminently passionate people. This word, however, has not among them the same obnoxious meaning as it has with us. True

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to the Greek and Latin etymology, *passione* in Italian is synonymous with feeling. Passion is for them an indispensable element of life. It indifferently leads, they think, to the noblest exploits and to the darkest enormities. Hence they cherish and foster, even though they contrive to guide it. Like good horsemen, they wish their beast to proceed by bounds and capers, and indulge it in every prank and whim short of running away with them. They seem to pride themselves on the violence of their temper as we do on our self-possession and coolness. They mistrust every reasonable, as a calculating, being: «What is man,» says Ugo Foscolo, «if exclusively abandoned to the control of cold reason? A villain and a base villain!» These words are a code of law for the whole nation, and every one is, like Jacopo Ortis, ready «to tear his heart from his bosom and cast it off, like an unfaithful attendant, whenever it proves slack to excitement or blunted to feeling.»

An Italian woman is then a creature of passion, and, as such, equally susceptible of being led to the extremes of good and evil. As a girl, her heart's impulses are governed and kept under restraint by the mother's vigilance. When married, she is as much under her own guidance as under the control of her husband. The Italians are said to make the best lovers, but the most indifferent husbands in the world. Countess Pepoli seems to hint as much. An Italian is jealous as long as he loves. His affection is selfish and exclusive. He must absorb all the faculties, engross every thought of the woman he sets his heart upon. He will shoot her favorite spaniel on his wedding day. He is a self-tormenting domestic tyrant, whom nothing short of a desert island could free from anxiety.

Up to the period of the French revolution, celibacy had been in Italy the order of the day. The country was then swarming with numberless cadets, who unable, on account of their penniless condition, to support a family, numbered marriage rather among the burdens than the advantages of heirship, and conspired to bring about that anomalous state of society which, under the name of *cicisbeism*, has reflected

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perhaps as much ridicule as disgrace on their country, and which certainly gave them little reason to envy the rights and privileges of primogeniture.

Things have now indeed undergone a rapid improvement. It is no longer unblushingly asserted that it is «only the fool that marrieth,» nor is a husband any longer congratulated with, or thanked for, «his devotion to the *public weal.*» The code of *cicisbeism* has been abolished, if indeed it ever existed; for its institutions, like those of ancient chivalry, seem to recede in the past as we look for them, so as to render it a very difficult task to unravel the truth from the fables with which it has been interwoven. But notwithstanding the partition and equalization of property arising from the abolition of feudal laws, and the French agrarian reforms, which had the splendid result of bringing the whole nation to a happy level of beggary, many are still the Italian youths whom sheer want and dread of starvation deters from wedded life; and celibacy, if it has ceased to be a matter of fashion, is still, to a fearful extent, a measure of necessity.

What is elsewhere only called a dutiful wife, in Italy must be a heroine; and yet the number of these heroines is greater by far than foreign travellers are willing to acknowledge, greater even than the Italians themselves seem inclined to suppose.

Against the allurements of a loose society, an Italian woman has the shield of her religious and moral principles, the constant watchfulness of her husband and all around her, and the hundred-eyed vigilance of public scandal.

Religion in Italy is omnipresent. Whatever may be said or thought of Catholic institutions, it must not be denied that that creed yields a constant, faithful support to a wavering mind. As long as frequented by a true believer, confession may have the effect of giving timely warning against, and putting an end to, dangerous connexions.

Again, the Italian wife, even when inclined to evil, will often be restrained by want of opportunity. Her husband, however perfectly indifferent as to the possession of her heart, is still inexorably jealous of what he calls his honour; around

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his lady, at every hour of the day or night, are a crowd of his allies, — his mother, his sisters, and other bigoted dowagers and sour-tempered spinsters belonging to his family, and warmly attached to his interests, who, on the first symptoms of coolness and estrangement between the parties, range themselves into a formidable array on his side, and volunteer their services as an active and sleepless domestic police.

Finally, it can only be a hopelessly abandoned woman, and one dead to all feelings of feminine delicacy, that will brave the meddling and gossiping spirit prevailing in those petty Italian communities. In every small town,—and all towns in Italy are small as to notoriety,—there are its coteries of *male lingue*, idle, and generally worthless beings, whose sole business is to pry into the privacy of families, to weigh and sift their neighbour's conduct, and put the worst construction upon it. The levities of an English commoner's wife, lost as she is among the crowds of this vast metropolis, may amount to the utmost profligacy, ere they attract public attention. Likewise the gentle flirtation of a few months at a German spa, or at a southern watering-place, is not likely to tell against the character of a wandering peeress on her return. But an Italian lady is acting all her life on the same stage and before the same audience. Every word and step are malignantly commented upon by abject creatures, always willing to bring forward any momentary imprudence as an argument in favour of their disbelief in female virtue, and who are never so happy as when they can exult at an angel's fall.

Before such a jury, it is evident that scarcely any woman's fame can escape unsullied, and it is, therefore, no wonder if those foreign observers who grounded their judgment on the venomous report of such compilers of scandalous chronicles, have formed so unfavourable an estimate of the moral standard of woman in Italy, whilst, if they had had chivalry enough in their souls to give stoutly the lie to those vulgar defamers, and challenge them to produce proof of their vague accusations, they would, most probably, have arrived at different results.

This must also account for another moral phenomenon which

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has often struck foreign travellers, viz, that women are to be found in Italy, according to all appearance, perfect specimens of uxorial and maternal excellence, and yet designated by public rumour as the heroines of many a tale of gallantry and intrigue.

For so very inconsistent are the charges brought against the morals of the Italians, that they are, at once and in the same breath, declared to be, of all people in the world, the most loose and remiss in suffering themselves to be carried away by their passions, and the most perfect masters in the art of dissembling or disguising them; at once the hottest hearts and the coolest brains, at once headlong and violent, circumspect and cunning!

Would it not sound more like common sense and Christian charity to suppose that «handsome is that handsome does?» Would it not be humane and generous to estimate a woman's character rather from her deeds than from the scandal of the vulgar? Would it not be more like English justice to admit of no guilt till it is satisfactorily proved before a court of law. Do we not proceed with equal forbearance at home towards our own countrywomen? Why then not on the continent? Why not towards the women of Italy?

It is not thus, we are obliged to confess, that foreign writers are wont to deal with us. «In no region of the earth,» says our fair authoress, «are so many domestic virtues to be met with as are found to adorn the women of England; nowhere is a woman more readily disposed to show her respect and deference towards her husband, or more active and industrious in ministering to his comforts, or promoting his prosperity.»

This compliment,—evidently written in the style of Tacitus's golden description of the German tribes, and which we might perhaps have more unscrupulously accepted in the good old ages of the distaffs and spinning-wheels,—this compliment the Italians send us in return for the many indignities heaped upon their name by our Morgans, Blessingtons, *et hoc genus omne*, it being the object of every patriotic writer in that country to raise the moral standard at home by descan-

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ting even to exaggeration upon the excellent qualities of other nations, whilst we generally seem to have done enough for the improvement of our people when we flatter ourselves that we have satisfactorily proved that we are no worse than our neighbours.

«Let then a woman's heart,» exclaims Countess Pepoli at the close of a long chapter on «Friendship, Love, and Coquetry,» «let a woman's heart be chaste, and her manners and thoughts be chaste; let her greatest beauty be *il Pudore*, and her greatest ornament *la Verecondia*;» —we are obliged to quote her original words, regretting that these sweet Latin terms have not been adopted in the English language. «For if modesty and ingenuousness are, in any country, the most becoming requisites of our sex, much more are such qualities desirable in the women of Italy, that by their irreprehensible demeanour they may put an end to the unfavourable opinions entertained among foreigners about their character. For who can read without sorrow and anger those books from *oltremonti*, where it is unblushingly asserted that the Italian women are loose to all incontinency, that their life is wasted among dissipations and follies, and their minds bent only on coquetry and intrigue. No doubt, there is in all this exaggeration and untruth; but I hope it was reserved for our age to silence slander for ever, and restore our fair name altogether.

«Nor must we follow the dictates of virtue only because it is conducive to our personal welfare, because it secures the love and respect of our husband and children and the estimation of all, but also for the sake of our own beloved though unhappy country; which, as long as it produced a race of valiant and generous men, could also boast of giving life to the wisest and noblest of women; wherefore if, choosing our models among the most applauded characters of by-gone ages, we in our turn make ourselves patterns of chastity and purity, we shall leave an example which will long survive us, and exercise its regenerating influence among future generations.»

We say *Amen* with all our heart, and since our subject has finally led us back to the work of which it was our business to give some account to our readers, we think we may venture to affirm that the countess's precepts are amply calculated to operate a most salutary reform on the morals of a country, which, disposed as we may be in its favour, certainly admits of considerable improvement; and we take the warm

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reception and speedy diffusion of her work—which, in spite of the Papal interdict, has gone through the second and third editions—as an omen of the earnest desire of the Italians for a general reform of their manners and rehabilitation of their name.

Certainly a book that may better answer the purpose of a manual for the easy exercise of all religious and moral duties of woman, in her capacities of wife and mother, that may enter with more minuteness into all the petty details of domestic economy, or with more depth and sagacity into all the inmost recesses of a young heart in its earliest development, and yet with less tediousness and prolixity, is not, perhaps, easily to be found in any language. It would not be difficult to perceive, for instance, more profundity of metaphysical thought, more strength of reasoning, more conciseness and pithiness of style in an anonymous recent publication, entitled «Woman's Mission,» and more skill in the art of writing, more ease and amenity in Mrs. Ellis's «Women of England;» for not women only but writers of every description in Italy seem to be labouring under a perpetual constraint, as if their rich and beautiful language were no longer sufficient and adequate to the conceptions of their thought, and all write in a sort of contorted, affected, mosaic style, as if the choice and collation of every word were the result of a long and painful deliberation. From this affectation, laboriousness, and—if it were not ungallant to use such an expression in reference to a lady's work—pedantry of style, we cannot say that Countess Pepoli is always perfectly free. Luckily, however, language in a work of this description, is an object of secondary consideration, and as a manual of practical education, as a guide for training up «wise and amiable women,» this volume is calculated to do more good than any of our analogous publications.

(THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

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MISCELLANEA.

FAMILY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—How vain are often our most cherished hopes and ambitions! Sir Walter Scott expected—toiled—and died—to found an estate. His family was then numerous; and the Scotts of Abbotsford were, in his imagination, to rival any of the border chiefs of olden time. A long line of descendants would regard him, the poet-founder of their race, with pride and veneration. It seems certain now, that the direct succession will not continue beyond the present generation. His eldest son has no family; the second has died, in a foreign country, without issue; both his daughters are dead. Misfortune and death have lowered the crest of Abbotsford; and the halls which Sir Walter took such pride in rearing, will scarcely ever again be trod by one of his children. The only survivor is now in India. Mr. Charles Scott was of a reserved and diffident disposition, but possessed of considerable intelligence, and a fund of quiet humour, which he delighted to exercise among his private friends. He was carefully educated at Oxford, but from his unobtrusive manner and retired habits was little known, making no exertion beyond his official duties, and mixing with few but a small circle of friends and relations. (LEEDS MERCURY.)

A PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.—Though the wit of Stella, the unhappy victim of Dean Swift's heartlessness, seems to have enjoyed an exaggerated reputation; one saying is recorded of

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her which possesses exquisite humour and quaintness. The literary society of Dublin was haunted by a Reverend Clergyman, who was equally remarkable for affectation of manner and uncleanliness of person. «Pray,» asked one of the company, alluding to his soapless exquisite, «how is it that Dr——'s nails are always so dirty?»—«The circumstance must arise, doubtless,» said Mrs. Johnson, «from his *scratching himself*.» (SWIFT'S MISCELLANIES.)

SUMMER SKAITING.—Some time age an invention was announced on the part of a Mr. Kirk, to lay down artificial ice, so as to form an extensive skaiting-hall for the summer season, in certain premises within the nursery ground of Mr. Jenkins, in the New-Road. On Monday a large party of ladies and gentlemen visited the skaiting-hall, and for the amusement of the former many of the latter figured, literally, on the surface of the saponaceous compound with which the floor is inlaid, with as much easy grace as on real ice in the parks. One of the most eminent members of the Skaiting Club declared the artificial ice equal to that of nature—«not so bad as bad ice, not quite so good as good.» If the ice-room should become as common as the billiard-room in the mansions of the great, its first and most probable effect will be to bring out the ladies as accomplished skaiters on the real ice in the open air. (SPORTING MAGAZINE.)

IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON.—It has been proposed that a better view of St. Paul's Cathedral would be obtained by the removal of a great number of houses at the West end of Cheapside. The estimated loss of property on this change would be about L 150,000. (SUN.)

CAPTAIN ROSS'S DISCOVERIES. — Extracts from Captain Ross's despatches have been published in a parliamentary paper. South Victoria Land, which he discovered, extends in Latitude from 70 1/2 S. to 79, how much farther is unknown; and in Longitude its Eastern coast lies between 163 and 171. Its position is directly South from New Zealand, and at the distance of 1,500 geographical miles. The length of the part seen was fully 500 miles. It was girt with a border of ice

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many miles in breadth, which rendered it inaccessible. The passage southward was closed in Lat. 78 by a barrier of ice 150 feet high, which was traced for 300 miles east of Victoria Land. Ice-bergs were encountered in numbers, after they passed the parallel of 63, and park ice at 69. The land « rose in lofty peaks from 9,000 to 12,000 feet in height, perfectly covered with eternal snow; the glaciers that descended from near the mountain summits projected many miles into the ocean, and presented a perpendicular face of lofty cliffs. » They could not reach the main land, but landed on an island, which they found to consist of volcanic rocks. On Jan. 28th, in Lat. 76 ½, and Long. 169 E. they discovered « a magnificent volcano, emitting smoke and flame in splendid profusion, » and named it Mount Erebus. An extinct one near it was named after the other vessel, Mount Terror. At the distance of less than half a mile from the ice-cliffs which barred their progress southward, they had soundings with 318 fathoms. These cliffs, no doubt, reached the bottom; and, including the 150 feet above water, must have an elevation of 2,000 feet or thereabouts. The observations on the dip and declination induced them to place the south magnetic pole in Lat. 75, and East Long. 153; and they considered its position as well ascertained as if they had reached it, though their nearest approach to it was a point 160 miles from it, on the East coast of Victoria Land. The pole is probably within that region, though this cannot be positively affirmed, as its western boundary is unknown. The highest Latitude they reached was 78, 4. They were therefore only 12 degrees from the pole; and about 4 degrees nearer to it than Captain Weddel, the most successful of their predecessors.

(Times.)

Singular Death. — A lady arrived in Exeter last Monday-week, bringing a female servant with her. On the day of her arrival, the latter broke a looking-glass. She became greatly alarmed at this trifling accident, covered the glass over with a hand-kerchief, and turned it to the wall, saying that she foreboded a life of trouble and misfortune; and could not dis-

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miss the subject from her mind. She said, « she should never prosper in the world again. » Haunted by this idea: she became sad and dejected, and went to bed on the Wednesday, two days after the accident, on account of illness. The next day she was worse. On Friday one of the most experienced of the medical gentlemen of the city was called in. He found her free from bodily pain, but suffering under a perfect prostration of strength and spirits. She continued to sink till twelve o'clock the next day, when she expired, a victim to the absurd superstition of the dreadful consequences of breaking a looking-glass.

(DEVON INDEPENDENT.)

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN. — A Sea-Captain, standing up to dance at a Portsmouth ball, received a gentle hint from his fair partner that it would perhaps be better if he would put on his gloves. « Oh, never mind me, Ma'am, » quoth our Sea-Chesterfield, « I'm going to wash my hands as soon as I have done dancing. »

(QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

SOMNAMBULISM. — There is a man in London, who once walked so far in his sleep, that when he waked he could not find himself anywhere.

(LITERARY GAZETTE.)

NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA.— There exists throughout China but a single Chinese newspaper, which is published at Pekin, and bears the title of King-Paou, or « Messenger of the Imperial Residence. » It consists of extracts of what the Emperor has examined or ordered in council. It is published daily, and the price is 8s. 4d. per annum.

(ORIENTAL HERALD.)

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MAGNETIC DISTURBANCE AT GREENWICH. — There is now circulating a paper, printed for private distribution, or rather with a view of being spread among the scientific, entitled, *On an Extraordinary Magnetic Disturbance recently observed at Greenwich.* It is signed by G. B. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, and is dated, "Royal Observatory, Greenwich, 1841, Oct. 26." The following are the chief features of the paper.—On the 25th September, 1841, a most extraordinary disturbance of the magnetic instruments was noticed in the Magnetic Observatory attached to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The disturbed state of all the instruments attracted the attention of Mr. Glashier, chief assistant of the magnetic department, at an early hour on that day; and he immediately commenced a series of observations on all the instruments. After a time the disturbance became so small that the extraordinary observations were discontinued; but it again increased, and observations were again immediately made. But for the promptitude and judgment displayed by Mr. Glashier, the record of this disturbance, unprecedented in this magnetic Latitude, would probably have been lost. The following statement will give an idea of the magnitude of the disturbance. — That within 8 minutes of time the declination-needle changed its position more than 2 $^1/_8$ degrees (having passed in both directions the range of the observing telescope, which includes that angle); that the vertical force was increased by more than $^1/_{40}$th of its whole value, the instrument having then reached the extremity of its range; and that the horizontal force was increased by about $^1/_{50}$th of its whole value. (Then are given the details and figures of such results.) During the appearance

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of an Aurora on the morning of September 25th, when the needles were in an agitated state, additional observations were taken; and the declination-needle, in less than 3 hours, traversed an arc of 34 minutes. At two o'clock, P. M. Göttingen mean time, it was evident that all the needles were affected by some unusual disturbance: and from this time to the discontinuance of the observations (some hours), two persons were constantly engaged, one taking the observations with the vertical-force magnetometer, the other, those of the declination-needle and of the horizontal-force magnetometer. (The motions of the three instruments are then separately described.) Mr. Airy then proceeds:—«From these descriptions it will be seen, that the magnetometers were more affected on this day than ever before, and that the great disturbance affected the three instruments at the same time. The most abrupt and violent fluctuation of the meridian-needle occurred between 3h. 36m. and 3h. 46m. Mr. Glashier remarked, that the startling and bewildering effect of so great changes was such, that all he could do was to make such observations as seemed practicable, with a view of discovering the extent of such extraordinary disturbances. After the great disturbance the irregularities were still very great, the horizontal-force and the vertical-force magnetometers partook of similar disturbances throughout. With a few trifling exceptions an increase of force in one was accompanied by an increase of force in the other; and so also with respect to the decrease of force. The day, September 25, was cloudy throughout: about 2h. P. M. a few bright streamers were seen through the clouds, then nothing more till 11h. P. M., when an auroral arch, about 24 degrees high, was visible for a short time.» (TIMES.)

STATISTICS OF SMALL-POX.—The following is a valuable table exhibiting the Mortality at different ages and circumstances, as displayed at the Small-pox Hospital during the Epidemic of 1838.

	UNVACCINATED.		VACCINATED.	
	Admitted.	Died.	Admitted.	Died.
Under 5	42	20	0	0
5 to 9	37	11	5	0
10 to 14	30	8	25	0
15 to 19	104	32	90	6
20 to 24	115	50	106	16
25 to 30	45	23	55	8
31 to 35	12	7	13	1
Above 35	11	6	4	4
Total	396	157	298	31

(BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICAL REVIEW.)

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CONSUMPTION OF BUTCHER'S MEAT. — In England one half of the land is devoted to pasture, or to producing food for cattle. In France one-fifth only of the soil is allocated for that purpose. In England, the individual consumption of Butcher's Meat is 134lbs; in France it is only 28lbs, to which may be added 18lbs of pork. In 1839 the individual consumption of Paris was 138lbs; and now that the population is nearly doubled, the aggregate consumption of meat is diminished.

In England, each ox brought to market averages 800lbs; in France not more then from 400 to 600lbs.

(BRITISH FARMER'S MAGAZINE.)

BRANDY AND SALT.—Many simple and ignorant persons are astonished at the circumstance that so common a substance as domestic salt should possess so much apparent power as a medicine: a fact which appears to them very new and uncommon. The *principle*, however of this vaunted specific is absolutely one of the most familiar in regular medicine; but at the same time one of the most objectionable. Simply, then, this compound is a *spirituous solution of a purgative*, and differs in nothing from the tinctures of senna, jalap, rhubarb, &c., except that *it* is a solution of a *mineral*, while the latter are preparations of *vegetable*, substances.

The selection of common salt as the cathartic element in this compound, far from being judicious, is the contrary; since sulphate of soda, tartrate of soda, or Rochelle salts, would all be, not equally only, but more efficacious, and more easy in their action.

(LANCET.)

STREET ACCIDENTS IN PARIS.—The number of accidents in Paris arising from vehicles passing along the streets has greatly augmented since 1834, as will appear by the following table:—

In 1834	there were	154	accidents,	4 deaths.
1835	——	214	——	12
1836	——	220	——	5
1837	——	361	——	11
1838	——	366	——	10
1839	——	284	——	9
1840	——	394	——	14

(FRENCH PAPER.)

INCREASE OF LETTERS.—According to the official statement, there passed through the General Post-Office in London, during the four weeks ending on December 11th, 1841, 5,504,139 letters, exceeding the numbers in the corresponding term of the year 1840 by 1,095,433, and in the corresponding period of 1839, by 3,821,227. Through the district-posts in those four weeks there passed 1,787,325, exceeding

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by 223,190 the number during the corresponding weeks of last year, and by 705,939 the numbers for the same four weeks of 1839.

(Morning Herald.)

Lunatics in England.—Mr. Porter, in an analysis of the Census, states that in all Great Britain there are 13,000 idiots, lunatics, &c., and in England alone 1 in 500.

(Medico-Chirurgical Review.)

Rent of England and Wales.—The rental of England and Wales is estimated by Mr. Mc. Culloch at the sum in round numbers of thirty millions sterling, which, however, appears to be a remarkable understatement of the actual amount; which by concurrent testimony, is at least forty millions.

(Times.)

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

No. IV.

THE ANGLO-NORMANS.

The Anglo-Saxon dominion in England endured for more than five centuries.

A territorial people had ceased to be roving invaders, but stood themselves in dread of the invasions of their own ancient brotherhood. They trembled on their own shores at those predatory hordes who might have reminded them of the lost valour of their own ancestors. But their warlike independence had passed away. And as a martial abbot declared of his country-men, « they had taken their swords from their sides and had laid them on the altar, where they had rusted, and their edges were now too dull for the field (1). » They could not even protect the soil which they had conquered, and often wanted the courage to choose a king of their own race. Sometimes they stood ready to pay tribute to the Dane, and sometimes suffered the throne to be occupied by a Da-

(1) Speed, 441. This was said to the «Conqueror,» and this abbot of St. Alban's paid dearly for the patriotism which had then become treason.

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nish monarch. In a state of semi-civilisation their rude luxury hardly veiled their unintellectual character. Feeble sovereigns and a submissive people could not advance into national greatness.

When the Duke of Normandy visited his friend and kinsman, Edward the Confessor, he beheld in England a mimetic Normandy; Norman favourites were courtiers, and Norman soldiers were seen in Saxon castles. Edward, long estranged from his native realm, had received his education in Normandy; and the English court affected to imitate the domestic habits of these French neighbours—the great speaking the foreign idiom in their houses, and writing in French their bills and accounts (1). Already there was a faction of frenchified Saxons in the court of the unnational English Sovereign.

William the Norman surveyed an empire already half Norman, and in the prospect, with his accustomed fore-sight, he mused on a doubtful succession. A people who had often suffered themselves to fall the prey of their hardier neighbours, lay open for conquest to a more intelligent and polished race.

The victory of Hastings did not necessarily include the conquest of the people, and William still condescended to march to the throne under the shadow of a title. After a short residence of only three months in his newly-acquired realm, «the Conqueror» withdrew into his duchy, and there passed a long interval of nine months. William left many an unyielding Saxon; a spirit of resistance, however suppressed, bound men together, and partial insurrections seemed to be pushing on a crisis which might have reversed the conquest of England (2).

(1) A circumstance which Milton has recorded.

(2) Our great lawyers probably imagined that the honour of the country is implicated in the title usually accorded to William the Norman; Spelman, the great antiquary, and Blackstone, the historian and the expounder of our laws, have absolutely explained away the assumed title of «the Conqueror,» to the more technical feudal term of «*Conquestor, or acquirer of any estate out of the common course of inheritance*. The first purchaser (that is, he who brought the estate into the family which at present owns it) was styled «the Conqueror,» *and such is still the proper*

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During this mysterious and protracted visit, and apparent abandonment of his new kingdom to the care of others, was a vast scheme of dominion nursed in the councils of the Norman nobles, and strengthened by the boundless devotion of hardy adventurers, who were all to share in the present spoliation and the future royalty? In his prescient view did William there anticipate a conquest of long labour and of distant days; the state, the nobles, the ecclesiastics, the people, the land and the language, all to be changed? Hume has ventured to surmise that the mind of the Norman laboured with this gigantic fabric of dominion. It is probable however, that this child of a novel policy was submitted to a more natural gestation, and expanded as circumstances favoured its awful growth. One night in December the King suddenly appeared in England, and soon unlimited confiscations and royal grants apportioned the land of the Saxons among the lords of Normandy, and even their lance-bearers. It seemed as if every new-comer brought his castles with him, so rapidly did castles cover the soil (1). These were strong-holds for the tyrant

phrase in the law of Scotland. Ritson is indignant at what he calls «a pitiful forensic quibble.»

But another great lawyer and lord chancellor, the sedate Whitelocke, positively asserts that «William only conquered Harold and his army, for he never was, nor *pretended to be,* the conqueror of England, although the *sycophant monks of the time* gave him that title.»—Whitelocke's Hist. of England, 33.

In a charter, granting certain lands for the church of St. Paul's, which Stowe has translated from the record in the Tower, William denominates himself, «by the grace of God, *King of Englishmen*» (Rex Anglorum) and addresses it «to all his beloved *French and English People,* greeting.»—Stowe's *Survey of London* 326. Edit. 1603. Did William on any occasion declare that he was «the Conqueror» as well as the Sovereign of England? When William attempted to learn the Saxon language, it is obvious that he did not desire to remind his new subjects that he ruled as Voltaire sung of his hero,

——qui régna sur la France
Par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance.

(1) The final history of these citadels may illustrate that verse of Goldsmith which reminds us—

«To fly from Petty Tyrants—to the Throne,»

In the short space of seventy years the owners of those castles bearded even majesty itself; these lords, by their undue share of power, were in perpetual revolt; till two royal persons, though opposed to each other, Stephen and Maude, decreed for their

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foreigner, or open retreats for his predatory bands; stern overlookers were they of the land!

The Norman lords had courts of their own; sworn vassals to their suzerain, but kinglings to the people. Sometimes they beheld a Saxon lord, whose heart could not tear itself from the lands of his race, a serf on his own soil; but they witnessed without remorse the rights of the sword. Norman prelates were silently substituted for Saxon ecclesiastics, and whole companies of claimants arrived to steal into benefices or rush into abbeys. It was sufficient to be a foreigner and land in England, to become bishop or abbot. Church and State were now indissolubly joined, for in the general plunder each took their orderly rank. It was the triumph of an enlightened, perhaps a cunning race, as the Norman has been proverbially commemorated, over «a rustic and almost an illiterate generation,» as the simplicity of our Saxon prelates, who could not always speak French, is described by Ordericus Vitalis, a monk who, long absent from England, wrote in Normandy. Ingulphus, the monk of Croyland, though partial to «the Conqueror,» however, honestly confesses that when driven from their dignities, their successors were not always their superiors.

All who were eager to court their new lords were brought to dissemble their native rusticity. They polled their crowns, they cut short their flowing hair, and throwing aside their loose Saxon gown, they assumed the close vest of the more agile Norman. «Mail of iron and coats of steel would have better become them,» cried an indignant Saxon. We have

mutual interest the demolition of fifteen hundred and fifteen castles. They were razed by commission, or by writs of the sheriffs; and a law was further enacted that «none hereafter, without licence, should embattle his house.» And thus was broken this aristocracy of castles. See two dissertations on «Castles,» by Sir Robert Sutton, and by Agard; *Curious Discourses by eminent Antiquaries* I. 104 and 188.

This number of Castles seems incredible, possibly many were «embattled houses.» My learned friend the Rev. Joseph Hunter, an antiquary most versant in manuscripts; inclines to think there may be some scriptural error of the ancient scribe, who was likely to add or to leave out a cipher, without much comprehension of the numerals he was transcribing without a thought, like what happened to the eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula.

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seen what a martial Saxon abbot declared to the Conqueror, while he mourned over his pacific country-men. This was the time when it was held a shame among Englishmen to appear English. It became proverbial to describe a Saxon who ambitioned some distinguished rank, that «he would be a gentleman if he could but talk French.»

Fertile in novelties as was this amazing revolution, the most peculiar was the change of the language. The style and power and authority was Norman; it interpreted the laws, and it was even to torment the rising generation of England; children learned the strange idiom by construing their Latin into French, and thus by learning two foreign languages together, wholly unlearned their own. Not only were they taught to speak French, but the French character was adopted in place of their own alphabet. It was a flagrant instance of the Conqueror's design to annihilate the national language, that finding a College at Oxford with an establishment founded by Alfred to maintain divines who were «to instruct people in their own vulgar tongue,» William declared that «the annual expense should never after be allowed out of the King's exchequer (1).

The Norman prince on his first arrival could have entertained no scheme of changing the language, for he attempted to acquire it. The secretary of the Conqueror has recorded that when the monarch seemed inclined to adopt the customs of his new subjects, which his moderate measures at first indicated, the Norman prince had tried his patience and his ear to babble the obdurate idiom, till he abhorred the sound of the Saxon tongue. If because the Conqueror could not learn the Saxon language he decided wholly to abolish it, this would seem nothing more than a fantastic tyranny; but in truth, the language of the conquered is usually held in contempt by the conquerors for other reasons besides offending the delicacy of the ear. The Normans could not endure the Saxons' untunable consonants, as it had occurred even to the unlettered Saxons themselves; for barbarians as their hordes were when

(1) Speed, 440.

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they first became the masters of Britain, they had declared that the British tongue was utterly barbarous (1).

But not at his bidding could the military chief for ever silence the mother tongue. Enough for «this stern man» to guard the land in peace, while every single hyde of land in England was known to him and «put at its worth in His Book,» as records the Saxon chronicler. The language of a people is not to be conquered as the people themselves. «The birth-tongue» may be imprisoned or banished, but it cannot die—the people think in it; the images of their thoughts, their traditional phrases, the carol over the mead-cup, and their customs far diffused survived even the iron tongue of the curfew.

The Saxon themselves, who had chased the native Britons from their land, still found that they could not suppress the language of the fugitive people. The conquerors gave their Anglo-Saxon denominations to the towns and villages they built; but the hills, the forests, and the rivers retain their old Celtic names (2). Nature and nationality will out-last the transient policy of a new dynasty.

The novel idiom became the language of those only with whom the court-language, whatever it be, will ever prevail—the men who by their contiguity to the great affect to participate in their influence. In that magic circle of hopes and fears, where royalty is the sole magician of the fortunes of men, the Conqueror perpetuated his power by perpetuating his language. Ignorance of the French tongue was deemed a sufficient pretext for banishing an English bishop pertinacious in his nationality, who had for a while been admitted to the royal councils, but whose presence was no longer necessary to the dominant party.

To the successors of the Norman William it might appear

(1) A curious fact discovered by Mr. Turner in a Cottonian manuscript has brought this circumstance to our knowledge. In a grant of land in Cornwall, the Anglo-Saxon King, after mentioning the Saxon name of the place, adds, «which the inhabitants there called, *barbarico nomine*, by the barbarous name of Pendyfig;» which was the British or Welsh name.—*Vindication of the Ancient British Poems*, 8.

(2) Camden has noticed this striking circumstance in his «Britannia.» See also Percy's Preface to Mallet's «Northern Antiquities.» xxxix.

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that the English idiom was wholly obliterated from the memories of men; not one of our monarchs and statesmen could understand the most ordinary words in the national tongue. When Henry the Second was in Pembrokeshire, and was addressed in English, «Goode olde Kynge,» the King of England inquired in French of his esquire what was meant? Of the title of «Kynge,» we are told that this majesty was wholly ignorant! A ludicrous anecdote of the chancellor of Richard the First is a strange evidence that the English language was wholly a foreign one for the English court. This chancellor in his flight from Canterbury disguised as a female hawker, carrying under his arm a bundle of cloth, and an ell-measure in his hand, sate by the sea-side waiting for a vessel. The fishermen's wives inquired the price of the cloth, he could only answer by a burst of laughter; for this man, born in England, did not know a single word of English! One more evidence will confirm how utterly the Saxon language was cast away. When the famous Grosteste, bishop of Lincoln, (who would no doubt have contemned his Saxon surname of «Great-head,») a voluminous writer, once condescended to instruct «the ignorant,» he wrote pious books for their use in French; the bishop making no account of the old national language, nor of the souls of those who spoke it.

When the fate of conquest had overthrown the national language, and thus seemed to have bereaved us of all our literature, it was in reality only diverging into a new course. For three centuries the popular writers of England composed in the French language. Gaimar, who wrote on our Saxon history; Wace, whose chronicle is a rhymed version of that of Geoffry of Monmouth; Benoit de Saint Maur (or Seymour); Pierre Langtoft, who composed a history of England; Hugh de Rotelande (Rutland), and so many others, were all English; some were descendants from Norman progenitors, but in every other respect they were English. Some were of a third generation.

Our Henry the Third was a prodigal patron of these Anglo-Norman poets. This monarch awarded to a romancer, Rusticien de Pise, who has proclaimed the regal munificence

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to the world, a couple of fine «chateaux,» which I could not, however, translate as has been done by the English term «castles.» Well might a romancer so richly remunerated promise his royal patron to finish «the Book of Brut,» the never-ending theme to the ear of a British monarch, who, indeed was anxious to possess such an authentic state paper. Who this Rusticien de Pise was, one cannot be certain; but he was one of the numerous brood, who, stimulated by «largesses» and fair chateaux, delighted to celebrate the chivalry of the British court, to them a perpetual fountain of honour and preferment. We may now smile at the Count de Tressan's querulous nationality, who is indignant that the writers of the French romances of the Round Table show a marked affectation of dwelling on everything that can contribute to the glory of the throne and court of England, preferring a fabulous Arthur to a true Charlemagne, and English knights to French paladins (*). When Tressan wrote, this striking circumstance had not received its true elucidation; the hand of these writers had not only flowed with their gratitude,, or some noble patron at the English court, for they were English natives or English subjects, long concealed from posterity as Englishmen, by writing in French. It had then escaped the notice of our literary antiquaries at home and abroad, that these Englishmen could have composed in no other language. How imperfect is the catalogue of early English poets by Ritson! for it is since his day that this important fact in our own literary history has been acknowledged by the French themselves, who at length have distinguished between Norman and Anglo-Norman poets. Mr. Guizot was enabled by the French government to indulge his literary patriotism, by sending a skilful collector to England to search in our libraries for Norman writings; and we are told, that none but Anglo-Norman writers have been found, that is, Englishmen writing on English affairs, and so English that they have not always avoided an unguarded expression of their dislike of foreigners, and even of Normans!

(*) See his Preface to the prose romance of La Fleur des Batailles.

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It is worthy of observation, that even those Norman writers who came young into England soon took the colour of the soil, and what rather surprises us, considering the fashion of the court at that period, studied the original national language, translated our Saxon writings, and often mingled in their French verse phrases and terms which to this day we recognise as English. Of this we have an interesting evidence in an Anglo-Norman poetess, but recently known by the name of «Marie de France:» yet had she not written this single verse accidentally,

«Me nummerai par remembrance,
Marie ai num, si sui de France—»

we should from her subjects, and her perfect knowledge of the vernacular idiom of the English, have placed this Sappho of the thirteenth century among the women of England. This poetess tells us, that she had turned into her French rhymed verse the Æsopian Fables, which one of our kings had translated into English from the Latin. This royal author could have been no other than Alfred, to whom such a collection has been ascribed. We learn from herself the occasion of her version. Her task was performed for a great personage, who read neither Latin nor English; it was done for «the *love* of the renowned Earl William Longsword:»

——Cunte Willaume,
Le plus vaillant de cest Royaume.

Who would calculate the «largesse» Count William, this puissant Longsword, cast into the lap of this living muse when she offered all this melodious wisdom; whose beautiful simplicity a child might comprehend, but whose moral and politic truths would throw even the Norman Longsword into a state of rational musing? Her «Lais,» short but wild «Breton» tales, which our poetess dedicated to her sovereign, our Henry the Third, are evidence that Marie could also skilfully touch the heart and amuse the fancy.

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In her poems, Marie has translated many French terms into pure English, and abounds with allusions to English places and towns whose names have not changed since the thirteenth century. Her local allusions, and her familiar knowledge of the vernacular idiom of the English people, prove that « Marie, » though by the accident of birth she may be claimed by France, yet by her early and permanent residence, and by the constant subjects of her writings, her « Breton Tales, » and her « Fables » from the English, by her habits and her sympathies, was an Englishwoman.

At this extraordinary period when England was a foreign Kingdom, the English people found some solitary friends—and these were the rustic monk and the itinerant minstrel, for they were Saxons, but subjects too mean and remote for the Norman, occupied in rooting out their lords to plant his own for ever in the Saxon soil.

The monks, who lived rusticated in their scattered monasteries, sojourners in the midst of their conquered land, often felt their Saxon blood tingle in their veins. Not only did the filial love of their country deepen their sympathies, but a more personal indignation rankled in their secret bosoms, at the foreign intruders, French or Italian,—the tyrannical bishop and the voluptuous abbot. There were indeed monks, and some have been our chroniclers, base-born, humiliated, and living in fear, who in their leiger-books, when they alluded to their new masters, called them « the conquerors, » noticed the year when some « conqueror » came in, and recorded what « the conquerors » had enacted. All these « conquerors » designated the foreigners, who were the heads of their houses. But there were other truer Saxons. Inspired equally by their public and their private feeling, these were the first who, throwing aside both Latin and French, addressed the people in the only language intelligible to them. The patriotic monks decided that the people should be reminded that they were Saxons, and they continued their history in their own language.

This precious relic has come down to us—The Saxon Chro-

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nicle (1); but which in fact is a collection of Chronicles made by different persons. These Saxon annalists had been eye-witnesses of the transactions they recorded, and this singular detail of incidents as they occurred, without comment, is a phenomenon in the history of mankind, like that of the history of the Jews contained in the Old Testament, and, like that, as its learned editor has observed, a regular chronological panorama of a people described in rapid succession by different writers through many ages in their own « Vernacular Language. » The mutations in the language of this ancient chronicle are as remarkable as the fortunes of the nation in its progress from rudeness to refinement; nor less observable are the entries in this great political register from the year one of Christ till 1154, when it abruptly terminates. The meagreness of the earlier recorders contrasts with the more impressive detail of later enlarged and thoughtful minds. When we come to William of Normandy, we have a character of that monarch by one who knew him personally, having lived at his court. It is not only a masterly delineation, but a skilful and steady dissection. The earlier Saxon chronicler has recorded a defeat and retreat which Cæsar suffered in his first invasion, which would be difficult to discover in the commentaries of Cæsar.

The true language of the people lingered on their lips, and it seemed to bestow a shadowy independence to a population in bondage. The remoter the locality, the more obdurate was the Saxon; and these indwellers were latterly distinguished as « Uplandish » by the inhabitants of cities. For about two centuries « the Uplandish » held no social connexion; separated not only by distance, but by their isolated dialects and peculiar customs, these natives of the soil shrank into

(1) Miss Gurney who has been honourably hailed as «the Elstob of her age,» privately printed her own close version of the «Saxon Chronicle» from the printed text 1810. Happy lady! who when sickness had made her its prisoner, opened the Saxon Chronicle; and she learned that she might teach the learned.

The Rev. Dr. Ingram, principal of Trinity College, Oxon, has since published his translation accompanied by the original, a collation of the manuscripts, and notes critical and explanatory. 1823. 4to. A volume not less valuable than curious.

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themselves, intermarrying and dying on the same spot; they were hardly aware that they were without a country.

It was a great result of the Norman government in England that it associated our insular and retired dominion, with that nobler theatre of human affairs, the Continent of Europe. In Normandy we trace the first footings of our national power; the English Sovereign, now a prince of France, ere long on the French soil vied in magnitude of territory with his paramount Lord, the Monarch of France. Such a permanent connexion could not fail to produce a conformity in manners; what was passing among our closest neighbours, rivals or associates, was reflected in the old Saxon land which had lost its nationality (*).

(*) From the «AMENITIES OF LITERATURE,» a new work by D'ISRAELI, to whose learned and elegant pen the history of our literature owes so large a debt of gratitude. As the chapter which we here present to our readers forms a detached essay upon an interesting epoch in our Literary Annals, and as it contains the demonstration of the important distinction to be drawn between the *Norman* and *Anglo-Norman* writings, we have substituted it for a sketch of the same period which we had prepared for the English Review; but which, from the impossibility of consulting, in this country, the necessary MSS. and other documents, would have been found less complete than Mr. D'Israeli's sound and beautifully-expressed logic.—Note of the Editor.

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STORY OF AZBEAZ,

THE SHOEMAKER KING.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 388.)

When he had dismissed the women, he then inquired whether the youth who was kind to him in his distress had been discovered, and soon after, to the King's great joy, he appeared and stood before him.

« Come forward, » exclaimed Azbeaz.

The youth took off his shoes, made a low bow, and advanced some steps.

« Come up hither, » again he exclaimed.

The youth again advanced some steps, and entered the very room in which the King was seated

« Come and sit here, » said the King, pointing to the very musnud upon which he sat.

The youth, with the greatest humility of mien and attitude, did as he was ordered, and when Azbeaz observed the astonishment expressed by those of his attendants who were near, he said:

« It is thus that I treat the man who dared to show compassion when every one else expressed contempt; who, unmindful of his own safety, only thought of my suffering, and who by so doing had nothing to gain but all to lose. Such a man is above all value. Whatever honour he may receive can in

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no wise add to his worth; the only recompense he really can receive is from Allah.»

Upon this he ordered a robe of great value to be thrown over his shoulders, and a diamond-headed dagger to be brought from the royal treasury and placed in his girdle. The youth, abashed and ashamed at such unheard-of distinction, could scarcely give utterance to his feelings of gratitude: at length, falling on his knee before the King, he said:

Why will your Highness sink the heart of his slave into the lowest depths of humility? He is and ever was the less than the least; and since it has been his happiness to meet with the approval of the centre of the universe, it is plain that his good fortune proceeds more from the decrees of fate than from any merit of his.»

«Speak no more,» said Azbeaz; «we know what we do know, and do that which we approve. Now, as merit is rare, and as there is none without truth, and as I know you have the one, and, therefore, conclude you possess the other, sit down, and without delay relate to me your history, for my name is not 'little and white,' if I do not make you feel what friendship means.»

STORY OF KHODADAD.

The youth then, overcoming his bashfulness, spoke as follows:—

«May it please your majesty, your slave was born under an evil destiny. He is ignorant who is his father, and, what is still more surprising, he cannot say who was his mother—he is the meanest of God's creatures—he does not know to whom he belongs—by no ingenuity has he been able to discover whence he came—no one claims him, and he has lived by the pure and sole protection of that Providence, who watches over the life and being of those creatures whom he has called into existence. The only relatives I can claim are a family of puppies, with whom I was found lying in one confused heap, and I am told it was difficult to distinguish my infant cries from their earliest yelping. In truth, one

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summer morning, I was discovered by a negress, lying upon a dunghill situated close to the walls of the palace, and almost equi-distant between the door of a mollah's house and that of a well-known money-changer. This event was soon known in the *mahal,* or district, and as all good Mussulmans were unanimous in the opinion that I ought to be taken care of, such being the injunction in the blessed Koran, it was determined that I should live: but then came the question, who was to possess me? The general opinion was, that I belonged to the house to which I was the nearest when found; therefore, it remained to be decided whether I belonged to the mollah or the money-changer. Neither of these worthies, when called upon to exercise the virtues of charity and benevolence, seemed at all pleased at the preference shown them, and they contended that my interest being the interest of the whole community, seeing I was the child of destiny, it was not fair that either of them should be entrusted with the duty of bringing me up. Others opposed to this, that it was a great benefit to possess a human creature so circumstanced; it evidently was a gift from heaven, and, therefore, ought to be highly prized; besides, a man-child was worth a good price in the market at all times, and the expense of rearing would be well repaid by a future sale. After much discussion, it was at length determined that I should belong to him to whose threshold I was the nearest when found, and, in order to determine this, it was necessary to come to actual measurement. From the dunghill to the mollah's threshold was fifty-three gez, and to the threshold of the money changer fifty-two gez; thus, in my misfortune, I belonged to the money-changer by one gez. In the mean while, as long as this question was pending, I was running a fair chance of dying from want of sustenance, Wrapt up in the shirt of the negress, a kind-hearted slave who belonged to the money-changer, I was crying my young heart out from sheer hunger, and it was only after the difficulty of who was my master was settled, that any demonstrations were made of supplying me with food.

The next question was how was I to be named? The mollah,

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grown generous from his good luck, said that I ought to be called Khodadad, or «given by God,» but the money changer; smarting under the burthen imposed upon him, insisted upon my being called Nejes Cooli, «the slave of uncleanness,» and thus I was issued into the world. This ill-omened name, which marked the feelings of my master towards me, became an excuse for all the future miseries which I was destined to endure. I had fallen into the hands of one of the worst specimens of our nature in the shape of man. There never was installed, I verily believe, so mean a mind in so ill-favoured a body. Avarice was his ruling vice. The love of gold had entirely choked up every avenue of good feeling in his heart; and having now, so he flattered himself, expiated every sin by taking me in, and adopting me as a child of charity, he felt that he was at liberty to beat me as he chose. He bore on his person all the outward marks of his penurious habits. Long and bony by nature, he became emaciated from scanty food. His haggard face was lighted up by a suspicious eye, that was ever on the watch; and his long skinny hands seemed to be reserved for no other purpose than to handle gold. He never threw away a thing—he even kept the pariugs of his nails and the combings of his beard. His room was the deposit of old shoes and tattered clothes, for he never treated himself to a new *caba* as long as the old one could hang together.

His household consisted of a wife, a daughter, and the negress slave above mentioned. The daughter was an infant when I entered the family, and we grew up together. It is extraordinary that I grew at all, considering the small quantity of food that was allowed for my use; but the negress was a kind-hearted creature, and she often stinted herself for me: the daughter too, as she increased in stature, proved the very reverse of her father in disposition, for her whole pleasure consisted in giving, and she would rather have starved herself than see me want. As soon as my mind began to expand, the mollah, who felt himself in duty bound to contribute to my well-being, offered to educate me, and I was daily sent to his little school in the mosque, where I learnt my *Alif*

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Beh, (1) and where the first rudiments of the Koran were instilled into me. The mollah was a conscientious man, and, therefore, not sparing of his instructions; but as the food for the body, which I received from the money-changer, was not proportionate to that for the mind, which I obtained from the mollah, I did not thrive on either. Indeed, had it not been for the affectionate attentions of Gulchin, the money-changer's daughter, I very probably should have sunk under the miseries I endured. Oftentimes did I determine, as I grew up, to run away, in the hope of dying on the top of some mountain among wild beasts, rather than endure the privations I was made to undergo, but I was always prevented by my affection for Gulchin. She grew up in every grace of body and mind, and as we advanced in years our hearts became united by ties stronger than those of brotherly and sisterly affection. We soon mutually revealed what we could no longer conceal, and we made engagements to love each other by vows of eternal constancy.

It is difficult to say in what capacity I was brought up. I was treated as a slave, frequently as a child of the house, and, as I advanced in life, the money-changer placed more confidence in me than in any other human being, although he scarcely allowed me the necessaries of life. I was permitted to accompany him to his smallest of stalls in the bazaar, where he carried on his traffic, and when he was not otherwise engaged, he would teach me the tricks of his profession, particularly the art of clipping coin, and of extracting from the black stone, on which he tried the purity of the gold which was given him to change, the powder which the metal left upon its surface. I was but a poor scholar, for I had no turn for money-making in any shape, but I endeavoured to acquire his confidence, by never losing an opportunity of exerting myself for his interests. At the proper time I was debarred from seeing Gulchin, for she then became a close inmate of the harem, whilst I became a man; but at this juncture her father died, and, to my

(1) The Arabic A, B, C.

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great grief, I lost the principal charm of my existence, that of seeing and conversing with her. She was conveyed to the house of her uncle, with whom she resided, and it was then with great difficulty that I could communicate with her. My forlorn situation obliged me to abandon all hopes of living near her, for it became necessary to seek some mode of gaining my bread, and the money-changer's brothers, of whom he had many, were neither of them willing to inherit me as a possession. The mollah was still my friend, and he, good man, took me into his house, until I could provide myself with a situation. He possessed an intimate acquaintance in the mirab, or the comptroller of water, an officer appointed by the government to superintend the aqueducts that supplied the city, distributing this necessary of life to the inhabitants according to their wants, and the extent of ground requiring irrigation. This oftentimes was a service of danger, particularly in seasons of drought, when the feuds and squabbles which took place at the opening of the canals were frequently attended by bloodshed. He was in want of an assistant, and my friend the mollah recommended me for the situation, as one able to read, and write, and keep his accounts, as well as to second him in time of need, being a strong active youth, which indeed I was. Having undergone the mirab's inspection, I was accepted, and soon after installed in my office. Provided with a spade as an emblem of office, I appeared in attendance upon my master at the first distribution of the waters. I perceived that I often should be called upon to exercise much inflexibility and resolution, for the gardeners and peasants with whom we had to deal, were a grasping discontented set, always ready to set up claims to more than their due, and enforcing them by something more than mere words. I was fortunate enough to acquire the confidence of my master, who, having discovered that I could be trusted to manage matters alone, frequently left me to deal with the gardeners and peasants single-handed, and I found that more could be done by kind words and conciliation than by the violent language he indulged in.

I became quite reconciled to my new situation, particularly

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as it occasionally gave me opportunities of seeing my beloved Gulchin. But I could aspire to nothing more, for what could an unknown youth, poor, without parents, and born a slave, expect? I was not in a situation to marry; besides, I found that her uncles expected to derive great advantages from her beauty, which now became the talk of the city. However, I determined to persevere in my love, seeing that I was loved in return, and to put my trust in Allah, hoping that destiny might throw something fortunate in our path, and my hopes were soon realised. The ensuing summer proved one of extreme drought, and water became so scarce, that fears were entertained lest the reservoirs should fail us. My master enjoined me to use great precaution in the distribution of the water, and, indeed, all my prudence and forbearance were required to meet the violence with which it was contended for.

One morning in the middle of summer, when the heats were raging, and the drought was at its crisis, I went to open the canal, and, to my dismay, so scanty a stream appeared, that I deemed it advisable to foreclose the supply, rather than promote hopes not to be realised.

The gardeners were informed of this, and soon I was beset by a band of fierce men, who demanded their rights in a tone which told me how much their passions were roused, and made me apprehend the worst consequences. I answered, in as conciliating a manner as possible, «That there was no water; that the springs were dry, and the aqueduct useless.»

My appeal was retorted by language the most violent and abusive.

«What dirt are you eating?» said one. «Are we men to stand by and hear such lies, when our gardens are dying for want of moisture, and ruin staring us in the face?»

«Give us water!» roared out a second, «or, by the twelve Imams, we will burn your father.»

«See this hand!» exclaimed a third, brandishing a dagger; «I am not a mussulman if I do not receive my quantum. You a man, indeed, to be assistant of the mirab, and when

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you ought to be doing your duty, tell us that you will not act!»

I again explained the impossibility of meeting their demands. I could not produce water where none was. I was not a prophet. I could not perform a miracle.

My words were of no avail. I might as well have talked to walls. The abusive language of my opponents became more violent. I was threatened to be torn to pieces. I was approached with violent gestures. Still I bore all with patience; when one, more arrogant than the rest, coming on with a determination to do me harm, and having lifted up his arm to strike, I dealt him such a blow with my spade that it felled him to the ground.

Others then came on. I defended myself with vigour, keeping off the assailants as well as I was able, but I should have fallen a prey to their fury, had not the mirab himself come to my rescue. His superior authority was a sufficient check, and quiet was restored. My conduct, however, was lauded in a manner quite beyond my merit; I was extolled as a hero, and my prowess having come to the ears of the commander of the King's body-guard, I was immediately taken from the service of the mirab, who was loth to part with me, and enrolled among the royal *gholams*.

This was a piece of elevation for which I was not in the least prepared, and I accepted it with gratitude, as well as hope that it might lead to further advancement. In my exultation, I foresaw the possibility of becoming an accepted suitor to Gulchin.

It was reported that her uncles had recently refused the hand of a respectable tradesman; that their noses were well up, their hearts full of arrogance, and that they asserted she was too good for common mortals, a royal harem only being worthy of her. It was about this time, O King! that your slave had the good fortune to offer his humble assistance in relieving your miseries. See how great my good fortune! Who would have thought that so simple and natural an action would have led to the approval of a great Shah, and placed me in the envied position in which I now sit.

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You have spoken well, by Allah!» exclaimed Azbeaz, as soon as the youth had closed his lips. «You have spoken the truth, which of all virtues is the best as it is the rarest to the ears of a King. Now attend. In the first place, then, I shall call you Khodadad; for you, indeed, have been a gift of God to me. In the next place, if I enjoy any power as a King, I can raise the man I love best to whatever dignity I choose. I, therefore, create you a khan. So now you are Khodadad Khan! No more words.»

Upon which the youth was about to kneel before Azbeaz, to make the proper prostrations, and kiss the hem of his cloak, when he was speedily prevented, desired to sit still, and answer a question.

«Now, tell me,» said Azbeaz, «tell me, where does the maiden live of whom you have spoken.» Khodadad designated the precise spot. «And inform me,» continued the King, «whether her uncles be not five old men, the most arrogant, insolent, and ill-spoken old men in the world.» Khodadad answered in the affirmative.

Before another moment has elapsed,» said the King, «you will straightway take with you one of the executioner's officers, proceed, and return, bringing with you the said five old men, accompanied by the maiden, their niece. Conduct them hither without delay. Such are the King's commands under penalty of death.»

Khodadad did as he was ordered. Taking with him an executioner's officer, he proceeded to the house, so well known to him as containing the object of his love, and, knocking at the door, he commanded it to be opened in the name of the King. The youngest old man, with whom the maiden lived, came forward in great trepidation, seeing a King's officer and an executioner at his door, and enquired what might be the news.

«We are come,» said Khodadad, «on the part of the Shah. Collect your brothers and bring hither your niece. You must all go before the royal presence.»

«We have done nothing. In the name of Allah,» said the

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uncle, «wherefore should we again go before the King? We have already been pardoned and dismissed.»

«Words are useless when the King commands,» said the executioner's officer, who well knew his office. «Quick! be stirring; do not keep the Shah waiting. Call hither your brothers; bid your niece put on her veil; let us be going.»

Gulchin, having heard the words of the officer, ran with haste and in dismay, followed by her mother, to the men's apartments, and, seeing Khodadad, she could scarcely recover from her surprise at so unexpected an occurrence.

«Fear nothing!» said Khodadad. «I am with you. Hasten to fulfil the King's commands.»

Her mother would have opened the battery of her volubility had she been allowed, but, seeing that matters were really serious, she prepared to obey commands which could not be resisted.

At length, the five old men, their niece, and her mother, having been marshalled into a procession, they were led before the King. The moment they appeared, he ordered them to stand on one side, with the maiden in front, whilst he placed Khodadad immediately opposite. Then, addressing Gulchin, in a kind and cheering manner, he said:

«Tell me, fair one, do you know that person?» pointing to Khodadad.

After much hesitation, she said, «Yes, I know him. He is the same of whom your slave ventured to speak to your Majesty.»

Her mother, upon this avowal, would have spoken, but she was prevented. Then, turning to the old men, Azbean said:

«Do you too know this youth?»

«Yes,» said one; «yes, we know him; he is Nejes Cooli, our late brother's slave.»

«Yes,» said another, «he was found on a dunghill among a litter of puppies.»

«Yes,» said a third, «he had the audacity to love our niece.»

«Yes,» said a fourth. «he became a brawler, and killed a gardener.»

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«Yes,» said the fifth, «he then thought himself a great man, and proposed for our niece.»

«Now, fair one,» turning to Gulchin, the King said, «now here is Nejes Cooli, the child of uncleanness—a slave—one born on a dunghill—the brother of dogs—one who has dared to love you—a brawler—a killer of gardeners—who has proposed marriage to you. Now I, the Shah, ask you, in the name of Allah, will you have him for your husband!»

The astounded maiden, the bewildered though entranced Gulchin, blushing through her veil, with an accent faltering from joyful excitement, answered in a firm voice, «Yes.»

«What words are these?» exclaimed the mother, no longer able to contain her anger. «Why am I a mother, and why is she my daughter?

«Hold your peace,» exclaimed the King, «and hear me. You, who pretend to be a good mother—you who, with her uncles, refused her to me, because, at the time I proposed, I was only a shoemaker, and who, now that I am a King, would force her to marry me—you, who have heard with your own ears, that she is attached to this youth, with whom she was brought up as a sister, and now exclaim against their union: you wish to dispose of her for your own purposes, not for her happiness; therefore I hold there is no injustice in my decision. This man,» pointing to Khodadad, «who has proved himself resigned in adversity, humble in prosperity, constant to his first affections, true to his trust, brave in its defence, charitable without the hope of recompense, and submissive to authority—this man, who is now my adviser and my confidant, whom I have raised to honours, and will raise to still higher dignities—this man I give to your daughter. What have you to say against my decision?»

«We are your slaves! Whose dogs are we? Praise be to Allah, we agree! *Mashallah, mashallah!*»

These and such-like phrases and exclamations were immediately made; and nothing was said but in acquiescence to the royal commands. The news of this act of the King's judgment was soon spread abroad, and no one could discuss any other subject than his justice and sagacity.

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Khodadad, as he had begun, so did he continue to enjoy the King's favour and confidence. Having been united to his beloved Gulchin, he lived but to evince his gratitude to his benefactor—he became the eye and the anchor of the state. Azbeaz placed the most unlimited confidence in him. There was only one secret which he had never yet disclosed to him, nor even allowed him to know that it existed, that of the miraculous key; he felt a longing so to do, but his tongue was spell-bound whenever he wished to dilate on that subject so uppermost in his thoughts—the whole history of his strange adventures.

One day, when particularly impelled to disclose his secret, he proposed, ere he did so, to say his prayers at the royal mosque; but as he hated parade, and was much oppressed by the ceremonial attendant upon a King, instead of mounting his horse, and calling out his guards and retinue of servants, he determined to walk. Escorted by Khodadad and a few attendants, he took his way through the bazaar, with the intention of passing by his own stall, and visiting the stepping-stones, objects so full of recollections, and affording him a constant lesson upon the mutability of human affairs.

When he had proceeded thus far, looking towards his stall, he remarked that it was open, and approaching, to his surprise he discovered his brother, bending over a last, and his elbows squared, in the very act of making a shoe.

«*Mashallah!*» exclaimed Azbeaz, «this is well; wonderful are the works of God! Here am I a King, and Sakalchok a shoemaker!»

Sakalchok was so intent upon his business, that he did not remark who stood before him. There he was on a low stool, surrounded by leather and lasts, stitching away with all the appearance of entire satisfaction. At length, looking up, he perceived his brother, to whom he said nothing, but the usual salutation of peace.

«*Mashallah, Mashallah!*» exclaimed Azbeaz, «our eyes are enlightened—excellent, excellent—this is as it should be—you are become a man—you have met your destiny in a proper way.»

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« I hope I have » said Sakalchok; « see here, » drawing forth a shoe, « see, here is a shoe then, and I will defy the best shoemaker in the bazaar to produce a better. Sakalchok is somebody after all. »

Azbeaz, who, though he stood before his brother a King, yet was still in heart a shoemaker, when thus appealed to on a point of his profession, forgetting his dignities, asserted his pre-eminence in the craft, and taking up the shoe with a scrutinizing eye, examining every part of it, said:

« It is all very well for a jeweller to make such a shoe, but I could make a better with my eyes shut. Why, there are not half enough stitches, and the upper leather is cut off too much. »

« What say you? » said Sakalchok, exhibiting the same arrogance of manner as a shoemaker which he had of old as an elder brother? « what say you, not stitches enough? here are more than ever you put in the shoes, and the leather is cut out from your own patterns. »

« You are young at the craft, » said Azbeaz, « or you would not talk thus; you surely are not going to put your skill, so recently acquired, in competition with mine, the result of years of hard labour, which has curved my back into the shape you see. »

« I do not know how you acquired your skill, » said Sakalchok with warmth and a taunting look, « but this I know, that that which takes the fool a whole life to acquire, is learned by the clever man in a week. We understand things; whatever comes before us, our wit jumps upon, bestrides, and bears it off. I no sooner saw a shoe than I made one, and I will lay my beard against yours, that I will make a better shoe than you, such a one as you never saw, not even in a dream. »

« *Be hey!* » exclaimed Azbeaz; « these are words, indeed! You make a shoe better than I can! you may be my elder brother, that is true, and I can't help it, but that you should make a better shoe, I'll sooner believe that the end of the world is at hand. »

« Come, sit down and try, » said Sakalchok; « here is a last, here is leather. »

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« And wherefore not? » said the King; « am I a man to make pretensions and not fulfil them? give me the stool and let me sit. »

By this time the brothers had entirely lost sight of their relative positions, and Azbeaz, forgetful of his dignities, would forthwith have wielded the awl in the presence of the whole city, if Khodadad, whose intelligent mind understood the fitness of things, had not reminded his King and patron that the mosque was waiting for his reception, and that, perhaps, it might be as well to perform his devotions before he made the shoe.

« True you have said, » answered the King; « what is woven in the cloth will show itself at the edge; the truth is that I shall ever be a bad King, but, as I believe in Allah, I here declare that I am a good shoemaker. »

Thus terminated this strange scene, in which truth so much prevailed, that Azbeaz sighed, as he proceeded to the performance of his royal duties, and turned his back upon his old habits.

Sakalchok, on the other hand, who had witnessed his brother's elevation with envy, had pondered over it with a heavy heart, and had come to the conclusion that, perhaps, the shortest cut to a throne was a previous seat on a cobbler's bench; making a virtue of necessity, he had adopted that alternative, which though, perhaps, not the means of restoring him to fortune and situation, would secure him a livelihood, accompanied by the good will of the King.

And well did he calculate, for Azbeaz was so well pleased with his brother's conduct, that, ere he left the mosque, he had with his own hand written an order for the restoration of all Sakalchok's possessions.

Upon their return, Azbeaz, whose heart had expanded at Sakalchok's docility, was softened by prayer, and whose affection for his young friend had increased tenfold in proportion as he became better acquainted with his virtues, could no longer resist the desire of unfolding to him the secret of the miraculous key. Therefore, taking him into his private

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closet, and ordering every one but Khodadad from before him, he addressed him thus:

«Khodadad, my son, for I look upon you as such, I have nothing to conceal from you; all I have is yours; you once assisted me in adversity, when shunned by every one else: owing to your care, probably, my life was saved. By the decrees of destiny from being a mechanic I am become a King, by means as strange as they were irresistible. The instrument producing my elevation is in my possession; with it I can command a power which renders me the most powerful potentate in the world, No throne, however guarded, could withstand the armies I might pour forth. But ambition has no charms for me; this power will lie dormant as long as I live, I exist but for peace, and in the hope of doing some little good. I would that others were exalted before me; to me the trappings and circumstance of royalty are oppressive. I have determined to prove the extent of my friendship, by confiding to you the secret of my power; but to you alone must it be confided; were others acquainted with it my peace would be endangered, and I should become a prey to the intrigues of designing men. I can confide in you, Khodadad; the same fidelity you have hitherto shown, you will I am sure continue to exercise, and then, if aught should happen to me, if death were to take me away suddenly, I feel my secret will be in safe hands, and in the possession of one who, I am certain, will not abuse the power he will be able to command.»

So saying, he drew from the secret place the mysterious key.

«This key,» said he, «possesses the astonishing quality of dragging a person forward, whether he will or not, until it discloses wonders which cannot be believed until seen: it has made a King of me, and that is saying enough; here, take it in your hand, and you will judge whether what I say be true or not.»

Upon which he desired Khodadad to take up the key, when, in so doing, the colour of the youth changed, and his features assumed a new expression. Feeling the communicated pres-

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sure, he fain would have immediately walked away in the direction which it seemed to persuade him to go, and, indeed, made some hasty steps towards the door of the apartment, to the astonishment and even alarm of the King.

« Stay! stay, for heaven's sake! » said he; « this is no child's play, if it once gets you clear of the city, you will never stop until you become King yourself. »

Khodadad had sufficient command over himself to let the key drop from his hand, which having done, he bent forward and inspected it with open mouth and outstretched hands, looking like one demented, when, at length, he exclaimed, « wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!! »

« You may, indeed, exclaim wonderful! » said Azbeaz; « I said not half enough of its surprising qualities. »

« No, indeed, » said the youth; « I am become mad with astonishment; wherefore, oh my master, have you disclosed to me this secret? This is the wonder of wonders; let me depart ere the temptation be too strong, and I take it up again. »

« Go, my child, » said Azbeaz; « you are now possessed of my great secret, but as you love me, as you fear Allah, disclose it to no one.—Go. »

Khodadad retired from the King's presence, whilst he, the King, replaced the key whence he had taken it, not without some misgiving concerning the wisdom of the step he had just taken.

« The youth is trust-worthy, » he thought within himself; « I would stake my head on that; he loves me, and is grateful—of that too I am sure. He never can wish to be a King: at least not yet; he is too young, and by the time I am old, he may become King and welcome. »

But Khodadad's whole nature had been strongly affected by what he had seen and undergone; he left Azbeaz wrapt in deep meditation, and would willingly have given half his existence for permission to follow the fortunes of the key, whithersoever it might have led him.

After his marriage with Gulchin, the King had bestowed upon him one of the courts of the palace, as a habitation,

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and there he was now established. His beautiful wife entirely sympathised in his feelings of gratitude to the Shah for all his kindnesses, and, considering the favour with which he beheld Khodadad, there was every prospect of the happy couple enjoying a continuance of increasing prosperity.

When she saw her husband return with a clouded brow and a face expressive of care and abstraction, she became alarmed, and quickly ceding to apprehension, she felt that he might have lost the King's favour.

«What has happened, in the name of Allah?» said she, with affectionate concern in her looks; «say—say, for I am afraid.»

«Nothing, my soul,» said Khodadad; «as you live there is nothing.»

«Then why these looks? I am sure something has happened; you must tell me,» said the affectionate Gulchin; «women are not easily mistaken.»

Again Khodadad repeated, «*Bir chey yok*, there is nothing!»

Again she pressed him, and again he repeated his answer. But in vain did he assure his wife that his wits were undisturbed, and that his brain was in a healthy state, still the miraculous key so entirely occupied his mind, that he walked about like one in his sleep. At length his wife's importunities became so great, that, in his own defence, he was obliged to own that there was a mystery—a strange occurrence had taken place, which he was not at liberty to disclose—in short, he asserted that he possessed a state secret, which he was bound, by an oath, to the Shah, his benefactor, never to disclose.

Gulchin was a woman to the very extremity of her longest tress of hair, and she became determined to know the secret. She first met her husband's disclosure by a long silence, the only words she occasionally uttered were, «a secret!—so, there is a secret!» and this she said with a look so sad and reproachful, that Khodadad was much disturbed by it. The confidence which, to this moment, had been the charm of their existence, was lost. There existed something which one of them knew and was unknown to the other. That little circumstance became sufficient to endanger their happiness, and

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their once joyous and unrestrained intercourse was now destroyed. Khodadad loved his wife with rapture and devotedness; but he also loved his master, and felt bound to obey him under any circumstances however perplexing.

When the secret was fresh in his mind, he was sternly determined to allow nothing, not even the well-being of his wife, to make him disclose it. But when its first effects had passed away, and when, day after day, he was afflicted by the reproachful looks of his Gulchin, and by her evident misery at his apparent want of confidence, he gradually began to argue with himself, whether it might not be possible to disclose it to her, and still preserve his integrity.

Gulchin's depression of spirits at length began to exhibit its effects upon her person. She became thin and pale; she fretted, was peevish, and, in truth, her conduct so caused Khodadad to feel how much his happiness depended upon hers, that the sturdiness of his integrity was step by step undermined, until, at length, it broke down altogether.

«I will tell her,» said he to himself; «if she really loves me, the secret will be as safe in her custody as in mine.» Accordingly he called her to him, and said, «O my soul, Gulchin, you have seen to what extent my heart has been burnt up, and how greatly my liver has drooped. I too have remarked that your countenance has turned from me, and that we have become two. This is not as it should be. It has pleased Allah to send us misfortune. We have been visited by a great secret. It has destroyed our confidence in each other, and we who ought to be like two kernels in one almond, are separated like the shells thereof. I can no longer bear this state. If you love me as you ought, my secret will be your secret, as my heart is your heart. Therefore, Gulchin, O my soul! I will divulge it.»

At these words the drooping wife cheered up, and assumed all the smiles and blandishments of the devoted mistress. She ran to her husband, and kissing his hands, his shoulders, and his kness, said:

«You are again my Khodadad! Now you are, indeed, the same you once were. What can you mean by doubting my

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power to keep a secret? Are not man and wife one? Then what one knows, the other should know; what one likes, the other should like; what one hates, the other should hate. Thanks be to Allah and the Prophet! the days of Gulchin's trials are over, and again, *Mashallah!* we shall see prosperity.»

Upon which the affectionate pair embracing, Khodadad from beginning to end, related the history of the key. Gulchin, as he proceeded, could not discover why the facts which he related should be so much a matter of secrecy. Every one, in general terms, was acquainted with the miracle which had placed Azbeaz upon the throne, although, perhaps, it was not known by what particular agency it had been effected. She, however, continued to give the utmost attention to her husband's words, and when he said, «Now hear!» she redoubled that attention.

«Now hear!» said he. «This key, this extraordinary key, is in the Shah's possession—he showed it me—he placed it in my hand—I felt its influence—I almost became mad with excitement—I would have run with it to the end of the world—it invited me to elope by its most significant pressure—»

«And suppose you had!» exclaimed Gulchin. «What would have happened?»

«I should have returned the King—»

«The King!» she exclaimed, in a voice denoting profound astonishment. «The King!» again she said, pausing with all the inward thought which accompanies the knowledge of a great secret.

«Ay,» said Khodadad, «I should be the King.»

«And where is the key now?» said Gulchin, with faltering lips, and an excited expression of countenance.

«Where?» said Khodadad, as if afraid of allowing the surrounding air to hear where it was concealed. «Am I to tell you where?»

«And wherefore not?» said Gulchin. «What have we to do with the key? But I should greatly like to see it.»

«I should be afraid to feel it again,» said Khodadad, «for

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I will not answer for myself. You have no conception of its all-powerful influence. I could scarcely prevent myself from running off with it, even in the presence of my King and benefactor. What would it be then were he not present to check me by his presence?»

«But I might just look at it,» said his wife; «there can be no harm in that.»

«No, perhaps not,» said Khodadad; «for, after all, it does not differ from any other key in appearance, and in that lies the temptation; it looks nothing at first, but when you come to the touch and the sentiment, then, like many other temptations, it becomes irresistible. If you love me, my life, do not ask me to approach nearer to it than we are at present, for, as sure as you do, you will see me flee from your presence, to go, heaven knows whither, conducted by the powers of jins and peris to the realms of mystery and darkness.»

«But to come back the King!» exclaimed Gulchin, with unwonted animation, at the same time scarcely venturing to trust her lips with the words.

«As you love Allah, as you respect yourself, by my soul, and by the King's salt, never repeat such words!» said Khodadad. «We poor miserable mortals, yesterday the meanest of the earth, to-day basking in the sunshine of power and royalty, shall we venture to breathe a thought so full of wickedness? Shall we think of becoming King, when but a short time since we looked upon our existence as a misfortune, whilst we now owe all our happiness to him who is the King. Heaven and Allah forbid!»

«True,» said Gulchin, with compunction in the tone of her voice and a downcast eye. «Still,» she added, «he was like us before he became the Shah. One morning he was perched on a three-legged stool, stitching a shoe; the next he was seated on a golden throne, pronouncing judgment of life and death.»

«*He* acted through ignorance,» said Khodadad; «*we* know all—there is the difference.»

«But we intend nothing,» said his wife; «Allah forbid! Could I but see the key, I should be satisfied.»

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Upon this, the conversation came to an end for the present, but it had laid the foundation of a long train of thought in both their minds, so subversive of their peace and contentment, that they were no longer the same persons. They never met but Gulchin was sure to lead her remarks to the all-engrossing subject, and although Khodadad did all in his power to get rid of it, still there it was, like his shadow, not to be shaken off.

The apartments occupied by Khodadad and Gulchin communicated with those of the Shah by a private door, through which Khodadad had free access, and the closet containing the key was so situated that temptation never ceased its persecutions. Azbeaz was wont, at stated times, to frequent the royal mosque, invariably accompanied by Khodadad: indeed, such was the King's love for him, that he was never happy unless so accompanied. On this account, it was difficult to find an opportunity, even should Khodadad have so desired, to satisfy his wife's curiosity, but as, in passing events, there is ever something which seems to shadow the future, it was easy to perceive how the struggle here involved between duty and inclination would terminate. A circumstance soon occurred illustrative of this truth.

Sakalchok, the King's brother, having been restored to the full possession of his property, had abandoned the shoemaker's stall in the bazaar, and returned to the enjoyment of his home. In order to celebrate this event, and thereby to make a display of his gratitude, he thought it fitting to invite the King to a grand entertainment. He decorated his house with flowers, spread new carpets where the King was to sit, hired men and women singers and dancers, and ordered fire-works. Every luxury in season was spread on his board; a present of costly stuffs and precious ornaments was prepared, and the ground on which the royal footsteps trod was overlaid with shawls of costly manufacture. All the dignitaries of the court, the chiefs of departments, and those possessing wealth or distinction, not omitting the five old men, were gathered together on the occasion. The King was received at the gate by his brother, who waited upon him as a menial throughout the

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day, whilst Khodadad, the acknowledged royal favourite, stood pre-eminent near the person, receiving constant marks of confidence and preference. During the course of the entertainment, when it was about drawing to a close, the five old men, having obtained permission, stood forward, making the lowest obeisance by touching their foreheads to the ground. The youngest, being spokesman, said:

«May it please the centre of the universe, this humblest of his slaves has a petition to make.»

«Speak on,» said Azbeaz; «what is there new?»

«This less than the least,» said he, «requests permission to address your Majesty without the presence of a witness.»

«So be it,» said the King; let every one go from before me.»

All retired out of hearing distance, excepting Khodadad.

«We are not alone,» said the youngest old man.

«This is my second self,» said the King, pointing to the favourite; «fear not.»

«Your slave must be silent, if such be your royal pleasure; but, as Allah is Allah, the matter is of great importance.»

«Light of my eyes, retire!» exclaimed the Shah to Khodadad, who forthwith retreated, although he kept his attention anxiously fixed upon the scene that was enacting before him.

As soon as the King was thus left, the youngest old man, kneeling down, said in an under tone:

«May it please the asylum of the world, and as I am your sacrifice, my petition principally relates to Khodadad Khan. Your Majesty is aware of the current report, that when an infant he was found on a dunghill among a litter of puppies near the walls of the royal palace, by a negress, then slave to our deceased brother the money-changer. It is but this morning that I received a message from that same negress, now on her death-bed, asserting that she possesses a secret of great importance relating to Khodadad Khan, but which she can and will only divulge to your Majesty in person. Your humble slave, therefore, entreats your Majesty to accede to her wish, and, if it so pleases your Majesty, he will conduct you to her bedside.»

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«There is no harm in her demand,» said Azbeaz. «We will go; where does she live?»

«As I am your sacrifice,» said the other, «she resides in a poor village in the mountains, some five parasangs distant.»

«There will be no difficulty,» said the king; «we will go to-morrow.»

«Your slave has still one more petition to make.»

«Speak on,» said the King.

«It is that Khodadad Khan do not accompany your Majesty.»

«So be it,» said the King; «I will see to that.»

During this conference the eyes of all were fixed upon the King and the youngest old man, great curiosity having been excited; but principally was that feeling aroused in the breast of Khodadad, for he could plainly perceive by the looks and gesticulations of the parties in conversation, that frequent allusion was made to him. His astonishment was still more awakened when he heard the Shah announce publicly that he should hunt on the following morning.

«Hunt!» exclaimed Khodadad; «the King can scarcely sit on a horse, how can he hunt? There is something more in this than meets the eye.»

As soon as he again stood before his royal master, he exclaimed:

«*Mashallah!* your slave is made happy. We hear your Majesty rides out hunting to-morrow.»

«So it is,» said Azbeaz, a slight tint of confusion giving colour to his cheek. «You are surprised because you presume I cannot ride; no more I can, and what is there extraordinary in that, when you know that I have bestrode nothing but a cobbler's stool all my life? Still I hunt to-morrow.»

«What steed is your slave to prepare for your Majesty's convenience?» said Khodadad.

«You are to prepare nothing,» said the King; «and, what is more, you are not to accompany me.»

At these words the favourite was almost struck dumb with astonishment.

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« Not accompany you ! » he exclaimed ; « what fault have I committed ? Has your Majesty spoken your real mind, or has your slave not understood aright ? »

« Whatever I have said—I have said, » answered the King. « You do not go. »

Khodadad left the presence for the first time displeased. Although the King had given no reason why he was not allowed to go, and although his manner was unchanged in kindness, still he was overwhelmed by this evident want of confidence, and in his gloom contemplated it as the beginning of his downfall. He had received no intimation of what the youngest old man had communicated, a slight which the King had never before cast upon him, and he was left to ruminate upon this new position which his affairs had assumed, without the hope of any immediate redress. In this frame of mind, wounded both in pride and in spirits, he returned to his wife, who soon perceived the change which had been effected in his demeanour.

« What has happened, light of my eyes ? » exclaimed the affectionate Gulchin. « Your countenance is turned upside down. »

« In truth it is, » said Khodadad ; « I am full of astonishment and vexation. » Upon which he related all that had occurred.

« Ah ! is it so ? » exclaimed Gulchin ; « this is my uncle's work ; let me go seek him and make him explain. Can those five wretched old men have laid their heads together to plot our destruction ? This cannot be, for by so doing they will take the caps from off their own heads. Is it a little thing to have a niece at court, who can create a good shade for them to sit under ? This passes comprehension. »

Being late in the day when this took place, Gulchin deferred going to seek her uncle until the following morning ; having done so, she found that he had accompanied the Shah in his hunting excursion, and she returned home almost as much vexed and mortified as Khodadad had been. They sat in deep consultation what was to be done.

« I wonder, » said Khodadad, « whether the Shah has taken

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the key with him? If he has, then indeed I shall begin to fear that my day is over, and that the sun has set upon us for ever.»

As soon as he had uttered these words, Gulchin arose from her seat, and with great animation said,

«My soul, Khodadad, let us go see; there is nothing to prevent us; the Shah is absent, and the closet open.»

«Let us go,» said her husband; «there can be no danger; if the key is gone, it is well I should know it; if not, we will straightway return whence we came.»

Accordingly, taking each other by the hand, they proceeded from their own apartment into that of the King. All the attendants of the palace looking upon Khodadad in the same light as the King himself, every door was open to him. When, accompanied by Gulchin, he entered the closet, Khodadad cast his eyes immediately towards the very spot where he knew the key had been secreted.

«Nothing has been touched here,» said he. The very box in which it was kept then met his eye: he approached and straightway opened it—there was the key untouched: his body was seized with a tremor when he surveyed it, whilst his countenance underwent a sudden change.

«My soul, Khodadad, what is the matter?» said Gulchin; «wherefore are you so alarmed? Here is nothing but a common rusty key—what is this?»

«Touch it not, Gulchin!» exclaimed her husband. «You are ignorant of its power.»

«Touch it not!» repeated his wife, in surprise; «how very weak you must be to be thus alarmed! Let me take it up.» Upon which, seizing it, and keeping hold of it for some time, her face too changed colour, and her heart began to beat violently.

«By your soul, Khodadad,» she said, «this is odd! how very marvellous! it quite presses my hand.»

«Give it to me in the name of Allah!» said her husband, fearful lest its impulse might assume too powerful an influence over his wife, and accordingly he took it into his own hand. «Give it to me,» he repeated, and he stood grasping

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it, his hand extended like one impelled by the magic of some mighty temptation. His wife now became frightened at his looks; they bespoke a wildness and an agitation which predicted some strange event.

«Wonderful! wonderful!» exclaimed Khodadad, advancing a few steps towards the door.

«Stop,» said Gulchin; «throw it down in the name of the prophet.»

«I am without help—my power is gone,» said Khodadad, panting from excess of excitement; «I can no more.» Upon saying which he moved, or rather ran off with increasing speed, whilst his wife, almost fainting with fright, summoned strength, and sprung forward to seize his robe, which, falling from his shoulders as he darted away, remained in her hand, whilst her eyes glared upon him in wonder, until she saw him fairly disappear through a distant gate-way. Her faintness then increased, and, tottering back to her own apartment, she gave way to the most desponding apprehension, running to and fro in every direction, devising a thousand bewildering schemes for overtaking him, and then abandoning them in despair as fast as they were devised. She then opened every casement, ran to the terrace top, in the hope of catching some glimpse of him, and finished by despatching servants into every avenue of the palace, to ascertain whether or not he had been seen to pass. At length, exhausted and worn out by anxiety, she lay down in despair, when the following extraordinary words which he had once uttered, «I shall come back a king,» struck her recollection, and she started from her couch like one demented. Her quick imagination rang the changes upon those words in endless variety. She wondered what they could really portend — how such a thing could be—who was to place him on the throne—what was to become of Azbeaz—what would become of her; there was no end to the tortures of doubt and uncertainty by which she became afflicted, and in that state we must leave her for the present, to see what the other personages of our tale are undergoing.

Azbeaz had issued forth from his palace at the earliest call

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of the morning, escorted by the youngest old man as his guide, and by all the state and circumstance attendant upon a royal hunting expedition. He bestrode a steady mule, and was seated upon an easy cushion, for no horseman was he, and no saddle had his knees ever clasped. Having purposely ordered his huntsmen and attendants to disperse in search of game, in order to cloak his purpose, and taking only a few followers with him, he pursued his way, until they reached an obscure village high up in the mountainous range that skirted the plain. He alighted at the door of a hovel, into which his guide entered first, in order to prepare the invalid for the arrival of the King. Azheaz having followed, he perceived, lying on the ground, on a decayed carpet, the old negress, apparently in the last stage of decrepitude. She was still enough alive to be able to understand who was her visitor, and, having been raised up a little, she proceeded in a sufficiently audible voice to stammer out the following words;

« Forgive the weakness of a dying old woman, but the secret she has to divulge must be known, or she will die with the weight of committing an injustice on her head. Give ear; whatever I say is the truth. »

« Good! good! » said the King; « we can't have enough of truth. »

It was thus she continued:

« The late King, every body knows, was a usurper; he put his predecessor to death by poison, slew all the children of that unfortunate man, and no heir was left. The chance of one, however, still existed, because one of the surviving wives proved to be pregnant. That wife happening to be very beautiful, the usurper did not kill her, but ordered that the moment her offspring saw the light, it should be thrown to the dogs. That poor creature (for she died shortly after) placed great confidence in me, and she made me promise to save her child. I did save it. She gave birth to a son, which I was the means of conveying to the house of this man's brother, (pointing to the youngest old man,) and he was brought up by him. I hear he is alive, and noticed by the present Shah. This is a proof of what I assert, » and she held up

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a jewel richly set in gold; «this was round the child's neck when I brought it away from the dying mother. I have said it—now let me die in peace.»

Azbeaz opened well his ears to catch the words of the dying negress, and when she ceased speaking, without betraying any unpleasant emotion, but rather a feeling of joy, he exclaimed,

«Then, as I live, Khodadad is the lawful King.»

The words had scarcely left his mouth, before the sound, the awful sound, of the great gong on the turret, so well known to the ears of Azbeaz, was heard, which rung throughout the mountain with the same portentous reverberations as have been before described. Azbeaz, having listened with the greatest attention until the sound had entirely expired, exclaimed:

«There goes another King, as sure as fate; by my heart that key is at work again. If it be Khodadad, there is no harm done; but should it be Sakalchok, then we must put our trust in Allah, for there is none to be placed in him.»

He had scarcely made an end of these words, when, turning round, he perceived the old negress a corpse by his side, and the youngest old man shaking in his shoes from head to foot.

«Let us go,» he exclaimed; «let us go see what destiny has prepared for us. It is plain that some change has occurred in the world, for if nothing else speaks truth, that gong with a burnt father does.»

Having ordered a proper burial to be provided for the deceased, and given some words of encouragement to his companion, he mounted his mule, and, making all haste across the plain, returned to the city. As he approached, he perceived an unusual stir about the gate, and crowds of people collected together in groups, all being armed, and apparently prepared to meet some great emergency. He roared out to the first man he saw, and inquired what news.

«By your soul and by the King's beard,» said the man, «what can your slave know but what he is told? We are informed that there is a new King.»

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« What is his name? » said Azbeaz, with great anxiety in his accent.

« By the prophet, what do I know? » said he.

Going further and advancing into the city, he again enquired of an assembly of well-dressed men.

« What's the name of the new King? »

As soon as they recognized Azbeaz, they bowed themselves to the ground (for he was highly respected), and said:

« As we are your slaves, it is Khodadad Khan—curses be on his head—what more can we say? »

« If it be Khodadad, » exclaimed Azbeaz, with his inevitable smile, « then praise be to Allah, for he is our lawful King, lead me to him. »

« What manner of man is this? » said they, in utter astonishment; « he is either the maddest or the wisest of men. Whether he be shoemaker or whether he be King, he always laughs and is always contented; see, he says *shukier Allah*, praise be to God, upon losing a throne—wonderful madman is he! »

Azbeaz made his way to the palace through crowded streets, astonishing every one by his determination, for who could conceive that his life was not in jeopardy, if submitted to the power of the new King. When he reached the court of the palace, in the recess of which the great throne is situated, he there found congregated the courtiers, the viziers, men of the pen, and men of the sword; but on looking towards the throne, upon which he expected to see Khodadad duly seated, he perceived it to be vacant. An avenue was made for him to pass through, and he was treated with every demonstration of respect, as if he were still the king. He had not proceeded many steps, ere he perceived Khodadad advancing in haste towards him, holding the key in his hand. He straightway threw himself at his feet, whilst at the same time presenting the mysterious instrument of his elevation, and depositing it before him, he exclaimed,

« Pardon! pardon! we have done wrong! Forgive my crime. The temptation was too great, and your slave could not resist; miserable that he is—oh forgive! forgive!

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"« What words are these? » said Azbeaz. « Am I the only man in the world to be King? What do you see in this hump and monkey face, that you should insist upon its becoming the head of the nation? No, all is as it should be. We are not the children of Allah for nothing. He ordains every event for the best; he sees whilst we are blind; he directs whilst we only follow. You have been pursuing the decrees of fate, and in so doing truth has come to light, and the world will perceive how justice has been ordained. You, Khodadad, you are the lawful King of this country. See this, O you men—men of the pen, and men of the sword! » addressing the assembly, and at the same time drawing from his breast the jewel delivered to him by the dying negress; « this bauble is a proof of the truth of what I say. »

He then described, in a few words, the scene to which he had been witness, ordered the youngest old man to stand forth and corroborate his words, and finished by declaring that Khodadad was the lawful King, the descendant of the former dynasty, and then invited the proper authorities instantly to instal him as such.

Khodadad in all humility consented to that which he could not avoid, and being led forth by Azbeaz and conducted to the room of state, over the great gate of the palace, he was then duly presented to the people as their lawful sovereign. Gulchin looked on from the terrace-top in rapture, whilst Azbeaz, who became in fact the adviser and the principal vizier, as he continued to be the bosom friend of the new King, returned to pursuits and habits which he cherished; and, it is even said, was charmed to have an opportunity of showing that he could make a shoe better than Sakalchek.

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PATCHWORK,

BY CAPT. B. HALL.

We do not see why this author might not have stuck to his old title, 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels.' The three series put forth under that heading were made up of materials not more heterogeneous than the new mosaic—all collected in the course of his wanderings by sea and land—all, in fact, scraps from his pocket-books—and all brought into sufficient harmony of tone and effect by the veracious reflection of an odd and interesting character, which does not seem to have been much altered since he first took pen in hand.

Few writers lay themselves more open to quizzing; few can prose and bore more successfully than he now and then does; but the Captain's merit is real and great. He can draw with the pen as truly as Brockedon can write with the pencil. In the volumes now before us, he mostly goes over trodden ground; but, whenever he really is himself, and exerts his talents, he imparts a freshness to whatever spot he touches, and carries the reader, with untiring good-humour, cheerily along with him. Turn where we will, we find posies of variegated flowers presented to us; and though the *florilegium*

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become embarrassing from their abundance, we are sure to find in every one of them, whether sombre or gay, a sprig of *Basil*. We like this individuality. If he writes about a breakfast, there is a hearty relish in the page—putting us in mind of «*Waiter, be always continually bringing up more dry toast.*» In one of his adventures, when on the road from Naples to Salerno, you are beginning to shudder at the danger of an upset, the question being whether the carriage is to be hurled over the cliff, three or four hundred feet high, to the right, or crushed up the bank to the left—but no! it is the Captain's good pleasure that the whole of your alarm and concern should be, like his own, centered upon the ruin of a capsized pie, from whose savoury interior the rich gravy rains, as it is reversed in the air,—and he succeeds. Had he been in Byron's devoted long-boat, how truly would he have

> 'griev'd for those who perish'd with the cutter;
> And *also* for the biscuit-casks and butter!'

Indeed, for a gentleman by no means indifferent to creature-comforts, he is somewhat unfortunate in the matter of pasties. During his ascent of Etna, the piece of resistance—a noble beef-steak pie—was half sacked by those *chevaliers d'industrie*, the ants; and as the party did not consider formic acid an appetising sauce, the rest was entirely spoiled.

He spares none of his own small miseries—a feature, in its own way, *heroic*—and entitled to be carefully considered by those critics who have sometimes been so very severe on his free and easy method of tampering with the private feelings, and what most men (to say nothing of women) would have guessed to be the sore points, of other Europeans. His cuticle is, in some parts, of a peculiarly dense construction, and he takes it for granted that the rest of his race are constructed upon the same pattern. This is the head and front of his worst offendings—which we regard, not indeed without special wonder sometimes, but on the whole with charitable placidity.

But enough of preface.—On turning over volume the first, the first 'patch' we find pencilled down *secundum artem* with marks of particular approbation, is the account of a

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cheerful August day, spent in exploring the delta of the Rhone, now in process of formation at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva. We believe the Captain is allowed to be a fair *working* geologist; but there can be no doubt that he possesses, in a very remarkable degree, the power of making scientific subjects intelligible, and therefore captivating, to unscientific readers — a power which we are not sure that any first-rate geologists of our time are very highly distinguished for—except, indeed, Dr. Buckland and Mr. Lyell. The passages now to be quoted seem to us quite admirable for clearness; and we therefore conclude they must have cost the author great pains—

'The Rhone at this part of its course is highly turbid, and at certain seasons of the year, when swollen by floods and accelerated in its course, bears along with it materials of considerable magnitude. At all times and seasons, indeed, it carries with it, farther or nearer into the bosom of the lake, the ruins of a hundred hills, and quietly deposits them on the bottom, at distances varying inversely as the magnitude of the particles forming the sediment. The larger ones, such as blocks of stone, and fragments of shingle, after rubbing and grinding against one another over many a turbulent league of the steep bed of the river, at length find a resting-place near the upper edge of the delta. Then follow pebbles and coarse gravel, which are borne somewhat farther into the lake; next fine gravel,—sand still further,—while mud is carried further still; the dividing line between each pair of these deposits being sometimes quite indistinct, though at other times it is very clearly marked. These and some other features in the formation of a delta depend upon the volume as well as speed of the river, the inclination of the ground forming its bed or channel, the peculiar nature of the soil brought down, the height of the circumjacent mountains, the latitude of the district, and various other circumstances modifying the climate. After the stones, gravel, sand, and the coarser sorts of mud have been successively deposited at the bottom of the lake, a whitish, milky-looking set of clouds may be observed to extend for a considerable distance beyond the outer edge of the delta. These clouds roll about independently for a time in the eddies caused by the influx of so great a stream, as if unwilling to mingle with the pure waters of the lake. In point of fact, they do not mix, for the particles, which form the subaqueous clouds alluded to, are merely very finely powdered limestone, granite, schistus, and other rocky materials, and are all heavier than water, and have quite as decided a tendency to reach the bottom as the larger masses have. Owing, however, to their extreme

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minuteness, their weight becomes disproportionately small compared to the resistance which their surfaces offer to the fluid in which they seem to be floating; and thus, though they are all the time sinking, and must eventually reach the bottom, their downward motion is imperceptible to the eye.

'If you take a boat, which I strongly recommend, and not only skirt along the outer edge of the delta, and cross it in various directions, but row off to some distance, you will perceive the gradual diminution of the turbidness in the supply of the water coming from the Rhone, till at last you will scarcely be able to perceive any impurity in it at all. If, when you reach that point, viz., the extreme outer edge of the delta, you sink a lead to the bottom, prepared with a little grease (or *arming*, as we call it at sea), you will fish up some mud, which, though abundantly visible, will be almost if not totally impalpable or insensible to your touch when rubbed between the finger and thumb. If now you begin at that point, and steer directly for the mouth of the river, you will find at each cast of the lead not only a diminished depth, but you will also observe an increased size in the particles forming the floor of the lake, till at last the bow of your boat will rattle amongst the shingle, or grate along a bed of gravel. You will now be in front of a natural plantation of willows, alders, canes, and other thirsty, deep-drinking plants, which, both by their growth and decay, co-operate with the stream in producing dry land over districts where but a few years before, geologically speaking, the lake may have measured many fathoms in depth. If you now row to the other or south-western end of the lake, you will find the Rhone, which entered as thick as pea-soup, running out through the middle of the city of Geneva, as clear as the deep blue sea itself, all its contaminating materials having been long ago deposited at the bottom.' — vol. i. pp. 12-14.

He pauses to remind us that, besides the mighty Rhone, a hundred minor streams are all rushing from the Alps into the Leman lake—all performing, according to their resources, the same species of work within its bosom; and he then invites us to accompany him up the valley of the great river, that is above the lake. Here, he says,—

'We shall find many extensive ranges of perfectly horizontal alluvial ground, now thickly covered with vegetation, which had evidently, in old times, been the basins of lakes into which the very same Rhone must have flowed, and gradually filled them up from end to end, by slowly protruding its delta or deltas into each of these lakes in succession, precisely as the great delta above descrip-

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ed is now filling up the Lake of Geneva. In these remote days, the deposit of materials in the present lake was probably very insignificant compared to what it now is, since the grand cargo of materials brought down from the hills was arrested by some one or other of the intervening lakes (now alluvial plains), which then acted the part of cess-pools, higher up the valley. So, in future times—(the distance of which from our epoch is perhaps not utterly beyond the reach of a bold geologist's computation)—the inhabitants of Geneva will see a magnificent plain where they now behold a magnificent lake; while the great Mediterranean delta will then receive the whole burthen of materials brought down by that stream and all its tributaries, the greater portion of which is now arrested by the Lake of Geneva, and must be so till it is entirely filled up. This process must go on until all the inequalities are worn away, and the mighty Alps themselves are either reduced to level plains, or degraded into gently-sloping banks. Such scenes will bear no resemblance to what we see now; for when the snow-topped mountains and their attendant glaciers—the sources of the stream—are gone, the Rhone will have dwindled into a pretty rivulet, and the grassy or wooded ground, stripped of its snows, and basking in a more genial, perhaps a torrid climate, will afford few materials for removal.'—vol. i. p. 15.

Another chapter, headed 'An Alpine Debacle,' well demonstrates the power of moving water as a geological agent, and the description is set off by some gracefully expressed thoughts:—

'Until the fatal moment of destruction arrives, or at all events till the hour of danger approaches, mankind, all the world over, are pretty nearly equally indifferent, and go on dancing and singing, marrying and giving in marriage, under the very ribs of death, with as much unconcern as if they were living in perfect safety! The inhabitants of Portici and Resina, for instance, living at the base of Vesuvius; or those of Catania, at the foot of Mount Etna, where torrent upon torrent of lava has flowed in endless succession,—never dream of an eruption till the parched volcano drinks up their wells, and, in the language of Scripture, «fire runs along the ground!» In like manner I have observed the gay voluptuaries of Lima scarcely disturbed in their reckless enjoyment of life by the shock of an earthquake, which interrupted only for a transient moment of fear and impatient prayer their darling «Tertulias,» while the ceilings and walls of their houses cracked in their ears, and church steeples toppled round them! So with ourselves—the coasts of our own country, strewed every winter with wrecks, suggest no ideas of danger to the British seaman, nor make him one whit less anxious to leave the wearisome land for the merry sea. Precisely in the same spirit of

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confident and happy security an inhabitant of the Val de Bagnes prefers living amongst his cold, and almost barren, but much-loved mountains, in a situation of constant danger, with which he has become familiar from his infancy, rather than dwell in perfect security on the rich adjacent plains of Lombardy.'—vol. i. pp. 23-25.

Captain Hall arrived at Martigny on the 5th of August, just seven weeks after the catastrophe.

'Many of the houses had been swept away, and all the remaining habitations gave token of having been invaded by the flood which, even at the lower extremity of the town, where the valley is widest, had risen to the height of ten feet, as we could remark by the traces left on the walls. Higher up, the torrent had been much deeper; and the inhabitants pointed out to us the manner in which a considerable district of houses had been saved from destruction by the intervention of the village church, a compact stone building, placed — perhaps not accidentally — with one of its corners directed towards the adjacent gorge, out of which the overcharged torrent of the Dranse burst with such violence on the 16th of June. Had the side or end of the church faced the stream, it is supposed that not only must it have given way, but, in its train, all that quarter of the village would have been overwhelmed. The strong angle of the church, however, seems to have divided the waters; and as the valley at this point begins to spread itself out, the stream readily obeyed the new direction given to it, and flowed to the right and left. With some difficulty we made our way into the church, which was nearly half full of sand, mud, and stones, brought there by the flood. The pulpit just peeped above the mass of rubbish, but the altar was no longer visible, being quite buried under the mud. This very substantial building, indeed, had acted its part so firmly in the hour of need, that the old man who acted as our guide, patted the wall familiarly with his hand, saying, 'The church was, and is, after all, our chief reliance in the hour of danger!'—something figurative, perhaps, mingling with the poetical sentiment.

'All the hedges, garden-walls, and other boundary-lines and landmarks of every description, were of course obliterated under one uniform mass of detritus which had levelled all distinctions in a truly sweeping and democratic confusion. In every house, without exception, there lay a stratum of alluvial matter several feet in thickness, so deposited that passages were obliged to be cut through it, along the streets, as we see roads cut in the snow after a storm. On that side of every building which faced up the valley, and consequently against which the stream was directed, there had been collected a pile of large stones under all, then a layer of trees, with their tattered branches lying one way, and their roots the other. Next came

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a net-work of timber; beams of houses, broken doors, fragments of mill-wheels, shafts of carts, handles of ploughs, and all the wreck and ruin of the numerous villages which the debacle had first torn to pieces, and then swept down the valley in one undistinguishable mass. The lower part of the bark had been completely stripped off all the trees still standing, each one being charged on the side next the torrent with a singular accumulation of rubbish, consisting chiefly of uprooted trees, and those wooden portions of the buildings which were bolted together. I ought to mention, also, that from every house, and behind every tree, circumstanced as I have described, there extended down the valley a long tail or train of diluvial rubbish, deposited in the swirl, or, as a sailor would say, in the eddy, under the lee of these obstacles. All over the plain, large boulders or erratic blocks lay thickly strewed: these varied in size from a yard to a couple of yards in diameter; but just at the point where the ravine of the Dranse leaves the mountains and joins the open valley of Martigny, I examined some enormously large masses of granite, which the inhabitants assured me had been brought down and placed there by the sheer force of the debacle.' — vol. i. pp. 33-35.

Let us now see in how short a period nature perfects her restorative process, and how soon human industry obliterates desolation, making the ruined valley smile in its renovation.

'I can find no adequate terms in which to describe the sort of hopeless feeling which filled our minds as we viewed the total, and, as it seemed, irremediable nature of the misfortune which had befallen the inhabitants of Martigny. We said to ourselves, that no time could ever restore their town to prosperity, or re-clothe their fields with verdure. Yet, only fifteen years afterwards, when I again visited this scene of utter, and, as it seemed, hopeless desolation, I could scarcely, by any effort of the imagination, recall the spot to my mind, or be persuaded that it really was the same ground I had seen laid waste. I knew very well, because I found it so set down in memorandums made on the spot, that a huge debacle, or mountain torrent, had burst over the hapless village, swept away all its herds and flocks, utterly destroyed its gardens and fields, drowned not a few of the inhabitants, and caused infinite distress: and I well remembered thinking it almost impossible that any length of time could effectually remove the traces of this gigantic misfortune. In spite of this prophecy, the only circumstance which I could now discover to mark the event, of which I supposed the visible effects were to exist for ages, consisted in a black line painted on the wall of one of the hotels, at the height of ten feet from the ground, to point out to travellers that such was the limit to which the inun-

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dation had reached! The fields were all again matted thickly with verdure; the hedges and dividing walls appeared never to have been disturbed; flower-gardens, and kitchen-gardens, and grass plots smiled on every side of the happy valley; apple-trees laden with fruit, and rows of tall poplars, marked out many lines of new and better roads than before, leading from new bridges which formerly had no existence! On examining matters more closely, I discovered one, and only one, remarkable trace of the debacle. All the old trees remained still stripped of their bark on the side which had faced the stream; and though a new coating had gradually formed itself, the rough handling of the torrent was still deeply marked on the trunks of all the trees which had been alive at that period, and had possessed strength enough to resist the flood. In one of the gardens also, I came upon an erratic block or boulder of granite, so nearly hid in a mass of flowers and foliage, that I could not for some time recognise it as one of my old friends of the Dranse flood. So many young trees had been planted, and so many new houses built, and such had been the regeneration of the cornfields, vineyards, and orchards, that it required the retrospective, theoretical optics of a geologist to discover any symptoms of diluvian action at all. Indeed, I much question whether even a practised geologist, unless put upon his guard and his curiosity roused, would now be able to infer, from the existing appearances, that such a catastrophe had occurred; and we certainly might defy him to affix a date thereto. Even I, who can almost say that I witnessed the catastrophe, and took a careful survey of the attendant circumstances when they were all fresh and obvious, could scarcely help fancying that the account I had myself recorded, and which I carried in my hand, must have been exaggerated, though written in good faith, and, if anything, short of the reality.'—vol. i. pp. 36-39.

Skipping lightly over the Alps, we are carried to Aosta and the Great St. Bernard. The dogs, immortalised by Edwin Landseer, and the prattle of every nursery, are so well touched that we cannot omit them.

'Far up in the clouds, and well above these imaginary terrors, we found the excellent monks of the Great St. Bernard plying their generous and truly public-spirited calling. I believe our chief object in this part of our expedition was to see the celebrated dogs, whose exploits amongst the snows of winter have endeared them to every one's childish recollections. Indeed, I do not suppose there are any quadrupeds alive more *fêtés* than these fine animals, and it gives one a good idea of the Christian spirit of the worthy priests, to observe the indulgent manner in which they submitted to the undisguised interest shown by every guest in the dogs, more than for them.

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'I have met with monks possessed of piety, good-nature, learning, intelligence, and active benevolence, in various parts of the world; and I have seen countries in which they formed, almost exclusively, the educated class; but I have nowhere seen men of this stamp so thoroughly devoted to the service of mankind as the good fathers of St. Bernard.

'We took a sun-rise walk with the prior, accompanied by three of his principal dogs, and listened with an interest I cannot describe to his account of the manner in which he and his brethren, assisted by these faithful attendants, hunted among the snow for fainting passengers during the long and dreary winter. He pointed out to us many scenes of suffering and of death; some where the dogs had succeeded in carrying provisions to persons too much exhausted to walk further, but who were instantly sought for by the monks, on the dogs returning with their empty baskets, and appealing for further assistance. It would appear that these noble animals enter fully into the spirit of this singular species of hunting—in which the object is to save, not to destroy; and that their natural sagacity is so sharpened by long practice and careful training, that a sort of language is established between them and their masters, by which mutual communications are made, such as few persons, living in situations of less constant and severe trial, can have any just conception of.

'I remember hearing Sir Walter Scott say that he would believe anything of a St. Bernard dog; and certainly, if half the stories told us are true, this eulogium is not exaggerated. I have sometimes wondered that, amidst all the odd freaks which come into the heads of English travellers, it has not occurred to any one to pass a month or two in the depth of winter on the summit of this pass. I feel sure that the current incidents of the day would furnish admirable sport, with the superadded advantage of a highly exciting and praiseworthy purpose.'—vol. i. pp. 128, 133, 134.

We strongly recommend the pleasing experiment of 'a month or two in the depth of winter' to the amiable Skipper himself.

At Leuk, it seems, the bathing is conducted on the Socialist principle:—

'On reaching at last, in safety, the baths of Leuk, lying near the foot of this extraordinary mountain-pass, I managed, by the help of a stick on one side and a friend's arm on the other, to crawl into one of the large bath-rooms, where rather a comical sight met our eyes. The heads and shoulders of between twenty and thirty persons might be seen above the surface of a great reservoir or bath, of a

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square form, all the party being immersed nearly up to their throats in water so hot that the steam rose from it in clouds, while they seemed to be patiently undergoing the process of parboiling! The ladies and gentlemen, mixed indiscriminately together, were surrounded by children, romping and splashing through the water near their parents. Each patient, of course, wore a long robe or bathing-gown, and most of them some kind of head-dress. Before them floated small tables, on which the ladies placed their work, the gentlemen their books and newspapers, and the children their toys. Some of the company sipped their chocolate; others passed their time in clipping different coloured papers, and pasting them into artificial flowers; and certainly the greater number, though merely chatting together, appeared to be enjoying themselves greatly. In short, it was like an ordinary assembly, seated in different parts of a large drawing-room, with only the queer addition of hot water as a medium of communication! In a low gallery, extending along the four sides of the bath, sat groups of other persons, friends of the invalids, who without entering the water, lent their society to keep up the spirits of the patients whom the protracted discipline of this strange method of cure requires to remain soaking from eight to ten hours a-day!'—vol. i. pp. 148, 149.

The author advises his readers to try this bath — nay, he says, there seemed to be 'such a merry sort of innocent indecorum about the whole of this transaction,' that he himself felt strongly tempted to join the party in the hot water. Again we regret that the Captain's practice should not have corresponded with his preaching.

In the second volume there are some very good sketches of Paris and its society—and in the midst of these gaieties comes the darkest chapter in the book, and, notwithstanding its faults, the best. The very title, 'The Gallows and the Guillotine,' seems to blot the page.

The frequent agitation of the great and awful question, regarding the abolition of the punishment of death, argues well for the humanity of the age in which we live. Much had been done, before the last session of Parliament, to mitigate the severity of our criminal code, and, as we think, wisely and well; but it now seems as if we might live to see the extreme penalty wiped from the statute-book altogether. For the last outrage of ferocious man upon feeble woman, and for all cruel violences where the sufferers are left in such a state,

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'That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die,'

we had hoped never to see it abolished; and we humbly think that the House of Lords has now gone too far — but such steps are hard to be retraced.

It being still allowed, however, that the punishment of death is a necessary evil in some cases, few, we think, will be found to renew the proposition lately brought forward by Mr. Rich, for converting the execution of the blood-stained felon into a little private exhibition within the gaol — a *tableau mourant* to be contemplated only by the duly-appointed authorities and a small circle of individuals. The only legitimate object of punishment is to deter from the commission of crime; and that paramount consideration forms the only ground of justification for taking away life. To say nothing, then, of the odium with which any such select death-commission must be always regarded in this country, and the dangerous practices to which it might lead, what becomes of the example, if the criminal be executed in private? We are aware of all the thousand-times repeated objections about 'brutalising,' &c.: but the general effect produced is the point; and we are of opinion that the good greatly overbalances the evil.

We willingly give to those who are constantly mooting these and similar questions credit for their humanity: but it is not to be concealed that the besetting sins of the present day are mob-worship and felon-sympathy. There is nothing greater than the people of this country; there is nothing so base as its mob, except those who pander to it. We respect the sincere politician, however we may condemn his opinions: but the gorge rises equally at a Radical fawning on a lord, or a Tory begriming himself in order to propitiate the many-headed monster. As to the other spot — it is impossible not to see that, with a certain class of persons, indifference to the loss of human life is gaining ground, *except* in the case of ruffians and assassins, for whose fate a maudlin lament is drawled out by morbid sentimentalists and disappointed men, mortified into patriots. No thought is wasted on the victim hurried

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ruthlessly to his account, full of bread; nor on his desolate hearth, nor on his ruined family: but the murderer immediately becomes an object of interest, and even tenderness. No wonder that novelists enough should be found to flatter this vileness in the selection of their heroines: it is however, too bad to find real genius stooping to such a traffic.

Captain Hall had, as he tells us, long felt a great desire to compare together the methods of execution adopted in England and France. He, accordingly, lays before us both of these dreadful scenes, and so vividly that his reader may spare himself the pain of ever actually beholding either. Powerfully, however, as these pictures are branded upon the imagination, Captain Hall has not, in our opinion, been fair in his choice of examples — nor has he introduced one of them in a manner worthy of his good sense.

His English scene is the execution of Thistlewood and others in 1820 for high treason.

We purposely pass over the execution itself: we have not space to give it entire; and to garble it would be to destroy the effect of the whole. Captain Hall's reflections after the fatal bolt had been withdrawn are these:—

'The whole sight up to this terrible moment, and for the next hour, was one in the highest degree solemn and impressive; and I could not help believing, as I looked over the silent crowd, and observed their awe-stricken gaze, that, although there must of course have been among so numerous an assemblage some hardened breasts, incapable of being moved even by such a sight, the vast majority could not possibly remain unmoved during the very long hour in which they beheld these five lifeless bodies suspended high in the air over their heads. For my part, at least, I can say with truth that I have never beheld anything nearly so impressive as the whole of this painful tragedy; and judging from what I could detect of the sentiments of the crowd, I should say that they were as deeply moved as it was possible for persons of their class and habits to be moved by anything. I consider, accordingly, that the instruction and warning, the moral lesson, in short, which it is the sole purpose of the laws to inculcate by such dreadful examples, were as fully imparted to the populace as the nature of things will admit of.

'I afterwards heard it remarked by an acute observer of men and manners in different countries, that, revolting as capital punishments sometimes are, and of doubtful utility in certain cases, there is no-

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thing which tends so indisputably as a public execution does to prove to the mass of the people that there is actually a government in the country, willing and strong enough to enforce the laws. Up to the period of the ceremony, therefore, to which we have now brought the description, and which it is of importance to bear in mind terminates all ordinary executions in England, nothing can be conceived more effective, or better calculated, by the awful solemnity of its details, to advance the ends of justice. What follows, in cases of high treason, after the punishment of death, is of far more questionable propriety; not only from its shocking the feelings of the multitude, but what is a still more important consideration, from its tendency to remove, or at all events essentially to weaken, the impression made by what has gone before!—the effect being more or less to draw the sympathies of the spectators from the side of government to that of the sufferers, instead of linking them cordially with the offended laws of their country.

"It seems quite obvious that, whenever in a free country the execution of justice is severe, it ought to be divested of everything which looks vindictive—precisely as it is of importance in the preliminary administration of justice to carry on all the proceedings not only with patience and temper, but with a constant leaning towards the accused party; nor is this done from any over-refined tenderness to poor suffering guilt, but solely for the purpose of carrying the sympathy of the people along with the acts of those to whom they have delegated the duty of administering the government."—vol. ii. pp. 81-83.

The French execution, and its effect on those who witnesed it, form a strong contrast with the English example. As Captain Hall described Thistlewood's *exit* in London, we could have wished that he had in Paris selected a criminal or criminals of the corresponding class—Fieschi and his associates, for instance. Nothing, however, but the author's own words can convey any idea of the truth with which the spectacle is brought before our eyes; and we must present it, though it absolutely seems to make the page run blood:—

"On a bitter cold day in Paris, in the beginning of December, some years ago, I was present at the execution of a murderer, one Dauma Dupin, by the guillotine, which in those days used to be erected in the well-known Place de Grève, now called the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville. This situation, which is one of the most central in Paris, has recently been changed to one of the places (I forget its name) at a distance from the populous parts of the town, and one better adapted, in many respects, to the purpose.

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'My object in going to such an exhibition was two-fold. I had a great curiosity to see the instrument which performed such an important part in the French revolution, at a period when the greater part of the executive functions of the administration resided in the very edge of the knife; to what purpose the world has seen. In the next place, I wished to establish, by actual observation, a fair comparison between the French and English methods of carrying the extreme sentence of the law into effect. I had heard many arguments in favour of the French system, chiefly grounded on two points: first, on the rapidity of its action, and the consequent diminution of suffering to the unhappy object of the punishment; and, secondly, from its being preferable, as a matter of taste, to what is called the dog-like death and protracted exposure of the culprit on the English scaffold.

'The prisoner was brought along the quais from the Conciergerie in a common cart, such as the billets of fire-wood used in Paris are carried about in. He was seated on a cross bench with his back turned to the horse, and by the side of a priest, who every now and then held a cross to his companion's lips, but he did not receive this act of attention in a very edifying manner. In spite of the severe cold, the prisoner's head was left uncovered, and his neck also bare, in ominous preparation. The crowd along the different quais had become so dense that the mounted guard who accompanied the cart had enough to do to clear a passage, which was closed again behind, the instant the cart had passed. It seemed a very bad regulation that a prisoner under such circumstances should be paraded for so great a distance through the crowd, and certainly it would facilitate any attempt at rescue, should such a measure be contemplated. The transit of every other kind of conveyance had been intercepted, so that the only sound of wheels came from those of the cart bearing the culprit to the place of execution. Every one I am sure, will remember the descriptions given of this lugubrious sound, which, during the reign of terror, gave dreadful note of preparation at a certain hour every day.

'On entering the Place de Grève, or rather that part of it which the mounted gendarmes managed with considerable difficulty to keep clear, the surrounding crowd took off their hats, and remained uncovered during the remainder of the ceremony. The effect of this movement was striking enough; but it would have been greater had it been accompanied by any cessation of the universal talking which prevailed from first to last over the whole assembly. More than one-half of the crowd consisted of women and children. The cart drew up at the foot of a short ladder, reaching from the scaffold to the ground, a height of about six feet. The prisoner and priest then got out, and the poor wretch's hands being tied, and his neck and shoulders still more effectually bared, he was desired to ascend the lad-

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der. On reaching the platform at top, he was placed on a small step or shelf fixed to the lower end of an upright board about five feet long, to which he was instantly bound by means of two straps This board was then turned down, with the man attached to it, by means of a hinge or pivot, in such a way that he was stretched along horizontally, at full length, with his face downwards. A slight push by the executioners impelled the board along a grooved plane, till the man's neck came directly under the fatal knife, suspended high in the air, between two upright posts. In the next instant the cord which held the bolt was pulled—the weapon descended, and in the twinkling of an eye, the murderer's head, separated from the trunk, fell into a box placed at the further end of the scaffold. It took exactly fourteen seconds from the time the prisoner's foot first touched the scaffold till he lay a lifeless corpse before us.

'The next proceeding was to draw back the board on which the headless body now lay, to unstrap it, and to trundle it in the most unceremonious way possible, all gory and horrible as it was, into a large oblong basket on one side. The box into which the head had fallen, when separated by the blade, was then lifted up, and its ghastly contents pitched, with equal unconcern, into the basket. All this was fearful enough; but when the basket, streaming with gore, was lifted off the platform into the cart, and driven away, its ghastly track could be followed all along the quais!

'The gendarmes now gave the crowd free permission to approach the scaffold; a licence of which they availed themselves with the greatest eargerness, apparently desirous of gloating their sight with a nearer view of the actual evidences of what had taken place. In this they were amply gratified; for the crimson flood was still streaming along the flooring, and dripping between the planks on the streets. The huge knife, too, and the ponderous mass of wood and metal to which it was fixed, as well as the pillars of the horrible machine, being literally bathed in blood, were very terrible to behold.

'Meanwhile the executioners set to work, with the utmost *sang froid*, to wash the guillotine; and a row of persons, all chattering and laughing, as were the rest of the crowd, having been stationed between it and the Seine, a series of large buckets full of water were handed up. I counted no fewer than twenty-four of these, which were required before the whole machine could be purified from the stains left upon it by the execution. During the half-hour which elapsed while this was going on, I caught myself repeatedly saying, with Lady Macbeth, «who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?» But the consequences of this process of ablution werd such as I certainly had never contemplated, nor have I ever heare them described, though they serve to explain, in a perfectly intelligible manner, a well-known characteristic expression of the French revolution, which up to that time I had considered as merely figu-

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rative; I allude to the descriptions of the « streets running with blood. »

'It must be understood that since a large quantity of water is contaminated, or rendered red, by a few drops of blood, the effect of dashing upwards of twenty bucketsful of water on the scaffold was to fill all the gutters in the neighbourhood with a red stream. Now, as the rush of men, women, and children to the point of attraction was so great that they neither saw nor cared for what was under-foot, the whole place, and even the pavement of the adjacent streets for some distance, was covered with footmarks, every one of which told its separate tale of horror.'—wol. ii. pp 88-93.

Now, what effect had this bloody business upon the people present?

'During the whole *ceremony* the sound of the most animated general conversation never ceased *for a single moment;* and altogether, I must say, that anything less impressive, in the way of example, I never beheld. In the first place, the procession from the prison to the guillotine, in an ordinary wood-cart, would have been ludicrous had it not been for the terrible end of the journey. Secondly, the excessive hurry of the final proceedings, by which the unhappy man was hurried out of the world in less than a quarter of a minute after he mounted the scaffold, gave an air of rude and savage precipitancy to the action, very hurtful, I thought, to the effect on the minds of the spectators. Then came the fearfully shocking scene of the basket, and, lastly, the washing, which really looked more like the cleaning out of a shambles than anything else; followed up, as it was, by the paddling of the feet of the multitude in the streams which flowed from the place of execution.

'It might be possible, no doubt, to remove some portion of these disagreeable accompaniments of this method of inflicting capital punishments; but I should say that the worst points about it, namely, that very haste which is sometimes pointed out as its chief recommendation, and the hideous quantity of blood which is spilt, can never be got rid of; and I am quite convinced, from what I then saw in Paris, that the corruption of taste, and the induration of feeling, together with the total absence of all solemnity and of any instruction derivable from impressive example, are sufficient to outweigh every advantage which can be imagined to belong to the guillotine, as compared to the gallows. Besides which, I am thoroughly persuaded by the English method of execution, as now arranged at the «new drop,» the sufferings of the unfortunate culprits are to the full as brief as they are in the case of the guillotine. It is dreadful to think that the punishment of death should ever be necessary; but as long as civil society exists, there will be some crimes which can

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be kept in check only by means of this extreme measure. If this be true, as the best authorities on such subjects seem to be agreed upon, it becomes a most important consideration to decide which method is the least painful to the unhappy sufferers, and at the same time the most calculated to leave on the minds of the spectators that impression of awe and respect for the laws of the country, to produce which appears to be the only legitimate object of judicial punishments.

'To talk of hanging being «a dog-like death» is quite to mistake the nature of cause and consequence: for surely if a man commit a murder, or stir up a rebellion, or otherwise conduct himself much worse than any dog, he forfeits all claim to delicacy on that score. And if the question of bodily suffering were settled to be equal in both cases, as I believe it is, it seems to be a waste of sympathy to consider the matter in the light alluded to.

'I can only say that I have used no exaggeration whatever in describing these two terrible scenes,—the one in England, the other in France; nor have I a moment's hesitation in saying that while the French method is not only unimpressive but disgusting, and calculated to shock the feelings of the multitude, and to corrupt their manners, the solemn ceremony of an English execution is not only one of the most striking and awful scenes in the world, but is essentially instructive, from being directly calculated to vindicate the outraged majesty of the laws, and thence to deter the turbulent and wicked from interfering with the well-being of society.' — voll. ii.

In these observations we concur; we think Captain Hall has set this dreadful question at rest. There is a curious branch of the object into which he hardly enters; we mean the amount of suffering actually inflicted by the cord and the knife. It is a dark and disgusting one; but without going into the details which a recent French author has accumulated and sifted *con amore*, we may state our opinion that, even on the score of *humanity*, the gallows is far preferable to the guillotine.

The great attraction of the last volume is the ascent of Mount Etna: and it is amusing to observe how earnestly the author tries to persuade Mr. Burford to give the world a panorama drawn from the top of 'Mongibello,' whilst he himself is painting it with his pen in the most masterly style.

'In spite of our hurry, or perhaps in consequence, it was necessary to stop for breath at the end of every ten or twelve paces; and as the footing was among loose ashes, and the wretched sea-sick feel-

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ing encreased, our utmost efforts brought us only within about fifty or sixty paces of the top, when the sun leaped up from the eastern sea; and long before the plains of Sicily, or even the mountains of Calabria, spread out at our feet, caught the least touch of his direct rays, the whole top of the volcano was bathed in gold. This effect of height we often see from below, and always admire, but it is very rarely that we are made actual sharers in the anticipated splendour. The physical superiority in level then gives us a feeling of moral elevation above the rest of the world, and mingles with the other sources of interest which crowd about the imagination at such a moment and amply repay the fatigues of the ascent. What struck me most was the map-like appearance of Sicily, with a considerable part of which, but only round the coast, we had already become familiar. The Lipari Islands, the sea near the Faro of Messina, the ports of Catania and Syracuse, the highlands over Girgenti, and even those near Palermo, and the Mediterranean lying beyond those places, together with an immense range of the Calabrian mountains, capped with clouds, but several thousand feet below us—to say nothing of the rich fields of the interior of Sicily spread like a carpet—all filled the eye, and rather embarrassed the attention, by bringing at once into one enormous panoramic view so many objects widely separated, geographically speaking, never seen together upon any other occasion.

'The moment of the sun's disk showing itself above the sea is, no doubt, the grand object; still I have invariably found, when watching for this splendid phenomenon from great elevations, that the hour, or three-quarters of an hour, before the sun's actual appearance, possesses a wonderful degree of interest, and amply repays the additional exertion of reaching the highest point in good time. The gradual manner in which the curtain of the night is drawn up, and the enormous landscape exposed to view, from such an elevated station as Etna, is what no imagination can pretend to conceive—no experience in the smallest degree prepare us for. We have the authority of Captain Smyth, the great surveyor, for saying that the radius of vision from that spot is about one hundred and fifty miles —or, in other words, that the eyes take in, at one view, a range of the earth's surface three hundred miles in width! It will be easily understood that certain parts of this gigantic panorama enjoy the touches of the coming day long before others. The highest and the most eastern, of course, are the first lighted up—but owing to the shaded sides of all objects situated in that direction being turned to the spectator, very curious modifications take place, and give to those elevated spots which lie to the westward a priority of distinctness in their details which we should not have anticipated. As the fields and towns, and the various indentations of the coast become visible, and the colours of the foliage begin to show themselves, we

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are apt to fancy the sun must be close at hand; but it is generally long after this period that he actually appears—such is the surpassing splendour of his rays. This effect is perhaps encreased by the clearness of the air at great altitudes.

'After the sun has fairly risen, I think the most interesting thing to look out for is the shadow of the mountain, which is flung upwards of a hundred miles over the western country. It is true, its edges are ill defined in the distance, and at some places can scarcely be made out; but still the general effect is very grand, and as the sun gradually gets higher, and the light reflected from the clouds, and from the sky, even when there are no clouds, is distributed over the earth, the parts under the shadow of the mountain become so softened in their tints, as to engage the attention even of those who have least feeling for the beauties of nature.'—vol. iii. pp. 37-52.

This is the last *patch* we can afford; though much of high interest remains untouched, particularly a notice of some recently discovered manuscripts of Tasso (vol. iii. p. 197), which prove, as the Captain says, 'that the poet was not only in love with the lady Leonora of Este, but, what is agreeable enough, was beloved again. The chapter 'On the Improvements which have been introduced into the arts of Seamanship and Navigation of late years, should be read and acted on by every one who has the welfare of our marine at heart. It makes us long to have the gallant Captain afloat again; for, pleasant as he is on shore, he is without a rival on 'the merry sea,'—and smart will be the ship and happy the crew, monkey and all, which may have the good fortune to be under his command. With this valuable essay ends a book full of varied information, rich in materials for thinking, and certainly, as a whole, far more amusing than any novel or romance of recent manufacture that we have happened to encounter.

(Quarterly Review.)

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DIARY OF A DINING-OUT MAN.

So, here we are in the season again.—Goodness be praised! —Those country houses take too much out of a man, in return for what he extracts from them. It is well enough in those where one has the ear of the house, as well as the run of the house,—remaining a fixture, while successive parties of guests appear and disappear; for the same *bons mots* and good stories serve to amuse his Grace on Friday, which were tried upon the country-neighbour party with success, the preceding Monday,—as inoculation was attempted upon criminals, before the royal family were submitted to the prick of the lancet. More particularly when the *whole* set has been renovated. It is a bore to have some single gentleman, or stationary *souffre douleur* cousin, on the watch for the point of every well-worn anecdote,—like people at a pantomime, familiar before-hand with the tricks.

Still, even when one makes a hit, the wear and tear of the thing is prodigious. One goes through the work of three dinners per diem ;—to wit, breakfast, luncheon, and dinner,—and all without refreshment! In town, one has the chance of the clubs and morning visits to brighten one ; but in a country house, where one can only rub up per aid of the new works and periodicals lying on the table, or visits shared

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in common with the rest of the party, one *must* fall back on one's own resources,—and the effort is prodigious.

This is the third Christmas I have spent at K—— Park; and decidedly, I must provide for myself elsewhere next winter. Lord K—— is such a bore, with his everlasting relations!—that eternal brother and sister-in-law, and the neighbours Sir John and Lady Wiseacre, seem as completely established there, as the family plate; and it is too much to expect a man to do the agreeable, year after year, to the same people. I saw a smile exchanged between K—— and Lady Theresa, when I began my famous story about Perceval and Michael Angelo Taylor, as much as to say, «WHAT AGAIN?»—And the Wiseacres, who are as rude as all the rest of the Shropshire squirearchy, told me in plain terms one morning at breakfast, on my attempting to hitch in poor Copley's capital pun about Vale Royal, that they had been circulating it all over the country ever since they heard it from my lips, five years ago!—

Rebuffs of that description are like a blow with a pole-axe. Next Christmas, I will try Yorkshire. Yorkshire is unbroken ground. They are hospitable people, with a good hearty, wholesome laugh at one's service, and a strong capacity for being amused. There is something exhilarating in a fresh audience of that description.

I am sadly afraid, meanwhile, that K—— Park was a failure!—I did not do what was expected of me, or what I expected of myself. Several of the dinners were flat as the turbot; and the Duke yawned fifty-four times during the two short days he was there. I saw Lord K—— look at me reproachfully, as much as to insinuate that it was my fault; and I have no doubt he said to Lady Theresa, «I would not have invited Prattles, if I had known how dull he was growing;» whereas had not Lady Theresa and her husband been there, I should have done wonders. Wilmot K—— is the dullest fellow breathing; and Lady Theresa's cold steadfast eye chills one like a nightmare!—

(*Mem.* to book a good story of Lady Theresa's Englis nursery-maid, who calls the «nightmare» the «coach-mare,»—

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having caught the word *cauchemar* from the French *bonne.*)

To return to K——Park.—It would be the deuce and all if a rumour should transpire that our party was *fiasco*. I had been foolish enough to circulate, far and near, that I was going. It has always a respectable air to be engaged, Christmas after Christmas, to the same country house. Should those yawns of the Duke's, therefore, get into circulation, the thing may cut me out of pleasant dinner-parties without end. As I mean decidedly to cut K—— Park next year, I have a great mind to take the initiative, and proclaim that the party was a lost case. It will be laid to the Kennedys, who were there for the first time. For last Christmas, nothing could be more brilliant than we were; and I was so universally admitted to have been the life and soul of the party, that I was invited to all Lady Hunchback's dinners last season, solely on the strength of K—— Park.

Yes! the Kennedys shall answer for it. They are vulgar, pushing people, trying everything that false finery will do, to climb into good company. It won't do, There is nothing in either of them congenial with the listless *haut ton* of the great world. I heard Lady Theresa whisper to the Duke one evening, «I never saw one of Lord K——'s parties turn out so ill. Too much quince in the apple-pie—too many monkeys in the menagerie!—One keeps fancying that all those whom these people were invited to entertain, had sent excuses. We have got the chorus; but the soprano and prima donna are absent without leave.»

The Duke replied by one of his best-executed yawns!—And after *that,* K—— expected one to be agreeable!—

Parliament has met, and the dinners are beginning. No more country-house work till Easter, except for fox-hunters; and to amuse *them,* heaven be thanked, no one ever dreams of inviting conversation men. The whipper-in suffices.

My first care at the commencement of the season is to look over my list, preparatory to sowing cards for the dinner-crop, and a melancholy task it is!—Two or three of my best dowagers are pretty sure to have dropped in the interval, as is the case this very year. There is old Lady Fivecourse, in

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Berkeley Square, whose cook was really a meritorious artist, a fellow who will one day rank with the Udes and Francatelles. I called at the door the other day, to enquire what was become of him; and find that one of the executors has bribed him off to Ireland! This is a public loss. Besides which, the man himself is lost. Genius of that description requires an enlightened audience. The Irish are scarcely up to more than roast and boiled. It is throwing pearls before swine to give them such a man as Survilliers, who has glimpses of real inspiration.

I confess I had looked forward to many more pleasant dinner-parties at Lady Fivecourse's. There was no more occasion for that woman to die!—Though seventy-three, she was strong as a seventy-four—*(mem.* book *that!)*—and might have lived to be a hundred. It was entirely her own doing. She *would* go dining out, when, with such a cook as Survilliers, it was her duty to dine at home. And then she called in a young apothecary, instead of adhering to Sir Thomas, who never does anything, so that *his* patients *have* some chance of getting through. I don't mean to be ill-natured; but if I were a man of sufficient consequence for my funeral to figure in the Morning Post, with a list of the mourners,—"third mourning coach, the medical attendant of the deceased Earl; John Pillbox, Esq."—I would not employ a young apothecary, who knew that his connection in business might be established by such an advertisement.

Poor Lady Fivecourse!—What a capital set one used to meet at her house! It was one of the places where I most enjoyed myself. Nothing but quiet, humdrum, mediocre people, who understood nothing but eating, and for whom one's oldest stories had the charm of novelty. I remember at a dinner in Berkeley Square, last April, setting the table in a roar with an anecdote, which originally set me up as a dining-out man, in the time of George the Fourth! It was a story of Jekyll's; but he never did it justice, his imitation of the brogue being wretched. It improved in my hands. There are some stories, like some wines, which grow mellow with travelling. I never told it better than that day at Lady Five-

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course's, for I was taking pains. Lord Grangehurst was there; and I was wild to get an invitation to his new house, with the style and splendour of which the newspapers had been boring one for the last year. The spec. prospered. I dined with him three times after Easter, and was asked to Grangehurst for the *battue*. But, on the whole, I was not satisfied. His cellar is not what it ought to be. No man ought to pretend to Hock who is not certain that his grandfather saw it in bottle.

Good lord! what a sorry life should I have led, but for the lucky chance which gave me a cast in the Marquis of Woodsbury's post-chaise, on our transit from Oxford on quitting college!—Both were in high spirits, bursting forth like a fresh-opened bottle of champagne; and my companion fortunately mistook spirits for wit. The mistakes of a young nobleman in the enjoyment of thirty thousand a-year are sure to find imitators. The women who wanted Woodsbury, whether for themselves or their daughters, protested that I was a charming creature; and after Woodsbury married, they did not think it decent to swallow their words, as they had swallowed mine.

During the scene of his bachelor-hood I was invited everywhere. It disarmed suspicion,—that is, the pretty creatures fancied it disarmed suspicion, to say, "Mr. Prattles, are you disengaged on Friday?—We shall be delighted to see you at half-past seven. Lord Woodsbury, will you do me the favour to meet Mr. Prattles?"—though if, after my acceptance, it turned out that Woodsbury had a prior engagement, they took care to make my venison, mutton, and my claret, *ordinaire*. They were practising on my inexperience, and I upon their cunning; for it was at the expense of these manœuvres I learned almost all I know of the ways of the world.

I was such a boy, that they talked freely before me; making it tolerably clear that, according to the code of fashionable hospitality, nobody must expect to be entertained who cannot entertain in their turn, either by their invitations, or their power of shedding grace upon the invitations of others.

This was a cruel lesson. Chambers, I knew, were my des-

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tiny. I was as likely to have a mitre to give away, as a dinner. I had no alternative, therefore, but to abjure the lordly haunch and luscious pine, and stick to loins of mutton carved haunch-wise, and mealy apples by way of dessert, or study to become amusing. I am convinced that any person of even moderate abilities may become anything he chooses, perforce of earnestness of purpose,—a stay-maker, or a Chancellor, or an opera-dancer, or a conjuror, or a quarterly reviewer,—no matter what! It is only the enervation of indolence that causes one to lag in the van. Before the Woodsbury spec. was over, I had run over my part, and was almost perfect. I watched the conversation men of the day; I studied their very studied mode of being unstudied in their wit.—I discerned the most natural mode of lugging in impromptus made at leisure. Mademoiselle Mars at sixty-five enacts the part of the *ingénue*, or simple young girl, better than all the little misses of sixteen on the Parisian stage. So the skilful professional wit throws out bait for his own puns, as Anthony sent divers into the river to attach fishes to his hook, when angling in presence of Cleopatra.

There were giants on the earth in those days. There were some capital dining-out men on the pavé. From punning Caleb Whitefoord to racy Joseph Jekyll,—from polished William Spencer to unrivalled Sharpe,—from Colman to Canning,—from Brummel to Alvanley,—from Copley to Ward,—there was talking going on in London every day between six and nine, which it did one's heart harm to hear; so envious did it make one of their colloquial tactics.

To attain high eminence as a diner-out, something more is required than the mere power of conducing to the amusement of the company. A very entertaining fellow, who was nothing *but* an entertaining fellow, and known to be in want of a dinner, might be asked once or twice, by way of lion, but would never be tolerated as a regular dinner guest in our best houses: In the first place, the diner-out must eat like an epicure, and not like a glutton. A hungry man is not sufficiently at ease in his body, to be at ease in his mind. To be able to dispose of his own faculties, he must be in circum-

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stances to appreciate the merits of the *entrée* he is tasting, while the party is tasting his *bons mots*,—but not to be *engrossed* by their excellence. His responsibility to his host must preponderate over the exquisiteness of his palate.

People do not like to throw away a first-rate *menu* upon a man who does not know *quenelles de veau* from sweetbreads, any more than on a fellow who sends his plate half a dozen times to the joint on the side-table.

On this head, I had nothing to fear. I possessed what is called «a genteel independence;» I was certain of my roast and boiled, fish and soup, at my own expense, all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. But what a prospect! Roast and boiled from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, when so many stew-pans were simmering in the aristocratic kitchens of Great Britain! I felt that I had done nothing to deserve such a sentence at the hand of destiny. I felt myself predestined to the *salmi* and *capilotade;* and by dint of following up my vocation, can safely say, that for the last six seasons not a man in this gastronomical metropolis has enjoyed a more universal acquaintance with the sauce-boats of the great world.

A vulgar-minded man, incapable of seizing the lights and shadows of social life, thinks it enough to push on straight to the mark; and, with a predetermination to be entertaining, begins to open his budget before the soup is off the table. Whereas there is scarcely more art required in dressing the dinner, than in addressing those who are invited to eat it. There are certain appointed epochs of a dinner, differing in different sets and countries, appointed for the specific introduction of certain wines,—as sherry or madeira after soup, or hock between the courses. So also there are especial moments for the introduction of divers orders of anecdotes. The man who attempts a bit of scandal while the patés or cutlets are going their rounds, will find his risk rewarded by a reproving silence. People look as if they did not understand a word he was saying; whereas if he wait till after the second round of champagne, he will set the table in a roar. Even the first will so far thaw the faculties or decorum of the party, that as ignificant smile may possibly repay his pains.

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Soup admits of nothing of more stirring interest than the weather. People are not yet at their ease. They have not recovered the fuss of taking their places; they have not got accustomed to their neighbours, or to the brightness of the dinner-room. They look blinky and perplexed. The edge of appetite, too, must be appeased. A few mouthfuls of hot, clear, spring soup, or *bisque d'écrevisses*, cheers up the spirits, and disposes to sociability. A sip of sherry perfects the charm. By the time turbot and its lobster sauce, or Severn salmon and its cucumber, figure on your plate, you may venture upon politics and the news of the day. If a clever man be near you, and you have important intelligence *in petto*, enquire of him whether he have anything new; then, with easy negligence, let fall the startling news that is to fix every eye at table upon yourself. Choose that moment to take wine, or to whisper confidentially to the servant behind your chair a request for a second investigation of the fish-sauces. You should appear to be anxiously interested in the coaxing of your own appetite, when you announce the abdication of the Emperor of China, or that her Majesty's favourite parrot is sitting. All this, as stage effect, tends powerfully to the success of the piece.

Anything superlative in the way of wit should be reserved, like the hock, for the *finale* of the first course. Even in the best regulated household, there occurs a momentary pause most propitious to the explosion of a *bon mot*. The host is grateful to you; the *maître d'hôtel* is grateful to you; everybody is grateful to you. A minute later, and the bustle of placing the second course on the table would be fatal to the success of your attempt. That most disagreeable interruption at an end, the real business of dinner conversation begins. The tide is setting in. Till the rubicon of the second course is passed, your careful talker feels that all is preamble. It is not worth while to hazard anything of real excellence. It is waste of powder and shot to lavish pearls before the rapacious animals who think more of what reaches them through their lips, than through their ears.

But after the pheasant, green-goose, or turkey poult,—after

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the *fondu*, cabinet-pudding, and *Chambertin*, comes the tug of war! Not only are the ears of the party opened, but its hearts. People are ready to laugh at anything; yet not too merry to distinguish between wit and humour, an old story and a new anecdote. With the orange jelly, you may whisper to a fair neighbour; with the *méringues glacées*, you may acquaint a dark one with some fact of foreign policy or fine-art fiddle-faddle, of which he was wholly ignorant. He will not turn sulky at finding you better informed than himself.

During a diner-out's first season or so, he takes almost as much pleasure in all that he causes others to swallow, as in all that he is swallowing. He enjoys his own stories and his own success. But after making himself a name, after being cited here, there, and everywhere as the agreeable Mr. Prattles, the new Sheridan, the future Macaulay, he begins to grow nervous. He feels it necessary to talk up to his reputation; and a duty is always irksome. One dull dinner would undo him! A party where the sound of knives and forks is audible from pauses in the conversation, reflects eternal disgrace on its component parts, should it come to be known that a regular diner-out was one of the offenders. He is a lost mutton,—that is, a lost buck.—

He accordingly begins to cram, as if reading for a degree, saps scandal, and works up his small talk as for the Seatonian prize. When first a man confronts the publicity of society, he is unable to distinguish its shades and gradations. Like a child contemplating the starry firmament, he beholds millions of stars, and rates them alike, incapable of distinguishing their gradations of magnitude. To make oneself agreeable at the dinner-table in certain circles, it suffices to read all the periodicals as they appear, to skim the daily papers, and be able familiarly to quote the jokes of the last number of the Quarterly Review. In others, it is necessary to have written one of these showy flare-ups, to obtain the ear of the company; and to hazard any direct allusion to them, above all to cite their witticisms, or any other good thing that has appeared in print, would be destruction. In such a party, a stale joke would be thought as offensive as

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a stale John Dory. The stories narrated must have their bloom upon them, like the grapes; and every anecdote boast its virgin bouquet, like every bottle of claret. Even a moderately witty thing, wholly new and inedited, obtains a higher value than the best *mot* of Alvanley filtered through the clubs.

«As somebody was saying yesterday at White's,» observed a man at the capital table of the late Lord S——, and was about to relate some thrice-told tale, when Lord —— interrupted him with, «If I wanted to know what any one said at White's, I would go there and hear it. I prefer something which you both think and say yourself, or, at all events, something new and original.»

Such a rebuff is too disagreeable to be wantonly provoked. For the same reason, nothing is so stupid as to cram from such books as Walpole's Letters, or Crequy's Memoirs, or any other, not old enough to be forgotten. News should be of Charles the Second's time or Queen Victoria's; and nothing in the way of crib can be safely hazarded later than the times of George the First.

Time was that ten pounds' worth of French, from the usher of some preparatory school, was worth a whole season's entertainments; and in the early part of the present century, more than one diner-out traded exclusively upon popular books of French memoirs, still unfamiliar to the jog-trot London world.

They fished their gastronomy out of Grimod de la Reynière and Brillat Savarin; their wit out of Grimm, Diderot and Mesdames du Deffant and D'Epinay; their philosophy from L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin, and their sentiment from Madame de Souza. Even our comedies were then «taken from the French,» without fear of reprisal. But now that every lawyer's clerk visits Paris at least once a-year, and that the Burlington Arcade and its libraries supply wit and information at three-and-sixpence per month, to all classes of the community, a man attempting to dine out upon the Revue de Paris, Revue des deux Mondes, La Mode, and La Presse, would be coughed down. It is only some solemn review that

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dares put on its considering cap, and inflict these little scraps upon the public. For my part, having a reputation to sustain, I would not venture on anything, even wet from the press of Dumont or Lavocat. Several of the young members have over early sheets to brighten their speeches.

I had once a severe lesson on that score. Everybody knows the story of Conversation B. strolling to the toilet-table of Conversation S. one afternoon, where his card of menus for the night was laid out with his pumps and white waistcoat; conning by rote the topics to be dragged in, and preceding him in the various opera-boxes to which they were assigned: so that every time the professed wit opened his lips, it was to recount some anecdote or *bon mot* which had been recited ten minutes before, by his rival. Exactly such was my disaster!—I had received one morning a batch of pamphlets from Paris; and as usual, extracted the pith for my private use. The gems thus strung together, I intended to powder over my conversation that day at one of Lady Cork's choice dinner-parties; and had consequently provided myself with nothing else. I entered her famous old china-gallery, on the divans and slender porcupine-chairs of which I found scattered the best and brightest of the season. «All was prepared, the judges were met, a terrible show.» Unluckily I came late, having been detained running my eye over my notes; so that when I made my *entrée,* that pushing fellow, L., had already the ear of the company. Judge of my horror when I found him giving tongue to one of my most striking novelties!—I longed to fly at him, and snatch it from his mouth, as one sees a sharp terrier when another dog has pilfered a bone from him!—But it was all in vain!—He had taken the first move. *Bon mot* after *bon mot* did he let fly from his pigeon-trap, and every shot told. I had nothing left. The fellow subscribed to the same library as myself; had obtained a view of the books four-and-twenty hours before me,—and reduced me to bankruptcy. Cut up as I was, not even an incipient influenza, which I pleaded, sufficed as my excuse with the old lady; and though I had the precaution to keep my chambers for a week, to give colouring to the pretext,

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she never invited me again the whole season, except to one of those horrible *olla podridas* which she sometimes gave at the end of her dinner-weeks, to dispose of the fragments, and drink the bottlings-up of wine. It may be supposed that I did not allow myself to be converted into quick-lime.

Ill-natured people fancy that the life of a dining-out man is a life of corn, wine, and oil; that all he has to do is to to eat, drink, and be merry. I only know that, had I been aware in the onset of life of all I should have to go through in my vocation, I would have chosen some easier calling. I would have studied law, physic, or divinity; I would have gone the circuit; I would have even gone the whole hog, and become a parson, rather than enjoyed the Barmecide's feast of a professor of wit. Eat and drink he may, but to be really merry I defy him—Viands and generous wines pass through his lips, without making the least impression on his palate. His attention is pre-engrossed. By venturing to dwell upon some dainty dish, he is sure to lose the opportunity of introducing some striking remark, or hazarding some neat little pun. His appetite is continually on thorns. His slice of venison is, perhaps, brought him just as he has launched into some capital story; and he has only the alternative of spoiling it, or finding the fat become of opaline opacity when enabled to pay himself proper attention. Now venison, like time and tide, waits for no man; and the stupidest ass of a country cousin may swallow it when the said fat is clear as amber, while the diner-out finds it gradually freezing upon his hapless plate!—

In the same way, one's iced pudding begins to melt while one finishes a series of *reparties* with some sharp opposite neighbour. I remember last season having an *avalanche* before me, that would have cooled the fire-king only to look at; and before I could command the use of my lips, the recent inundation at Brentford was not more fluent than my plate!—

It is the custom, by the way, of quadrille dancers to be very scrupulous in engaging a *vis-à-vis*. Young ladies pretend that it is of as much consequence to them to be mated with an eligible opposite neighbour, as with an eligible part-

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ner. It is of fifty times as much importance to a dining-out man!—What he says to his two next neighbours, however interesting, does him little or no credit with the party. But a confederate opposite, is as invaluable an adjunct as the clown attending the horsemanship at Astley's. The whole audience is convulsed by the witticisms addressed to him. The whole table is in a roar when I happen to sit facing Horace or Sydney. In such a partnership, one loses nothing by a division of profits.

On the other hand, it is a horrible trial of patience to bowl to an awkward bat; or throw the ball which there is no one to catch. I know nothing more bewildering than for a man who knows himself to have been invited for the entertainment of the company, to get placed, through one of those blunders which so often occur in mixed dinner-parties, next to some dunny dowager—dunny in mind as well as body; or opposite to a bevy of misses of muslin frocks, to whom it is not permissible to plead guilty of an idea. Conversation is out of the question. It is like singing with your face to a stone-wall. Every fresh attempt at liveliness is rewarded with a stare of stupid wonder; and it is only when you make yourself comprehensible to the meanest capacity by abusing the weather, or canting about the state of the times, that you are rewarded with more than monosyllables in reply. In vain do you chafe and fret. You have, perhaps, half a dozen capital stories fermenting in your brains. Take my advice. Postpone your triumph. Endure your total eclipse in solemn silence. It is useless attempting to make bricks without straw.

One of my best houses is the Marquis of Bexfield's, What a *chef!*—what a *maître d'hôtel!*—what an establishment!—what a master thereof! Such a pleasant set, too!—fine people, who are not too fine, and coarse people, who are not too coarse. From the moment of crossing the threshold, one is conscious of a certain *bien-être* pervading one's animal nature; as in a warm-bath, or the sortie from a long sermon at Christmas, or in the dog-days. There are certain capital dining-houses, such as that of the late Lord S. where gastronomy is made of too engrossing importance. One eats too critically, and grows ner-

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vous lest one should be betrayed into enjoying something which the knowing ones decide to be not of the highest quality. In such a set, the conversation-man is of secondary importance. People are invited exclusively to eat and drink. The talker is there only to fill up the pauses between the numerous courses. At Lord Bexfield's, this is not the case. One stands one's ground with the *bastions de volaille* and *château margot*.

The only fault I have to find with his lordship's arrangements, is the multitude of plums in his pudding. He has too many of us. The other day I dined there, expecting to meet the Guernseys, the Middlesexes, and others of that class, with whom I had noticed in the Morning Post, Lord Bexfield to have been lately dining. Not a bit! Nothing but authors and diners-out, with their females!—I never met a stupider set of people. They all looked affronted at being asked to meet each other; and every time the door opened, I saw them looking out anxiously for some lordly or ladyly arrival. We were there to enjoy each other's society, to entertain each other; when every soul of us knew that not one of the party was a dinner-giver, and consequently deserving the attention of the rest. The utmost which any of them pretended to, was what is anomalously called a good plain cook!—«Oh! oh!»

I wonder whether the Mæcenases of Astley's Ampitheatre or Sadler's Wells would do so stupid a thing as collect their tumblers to entertain each other with feats of agility? that is, to betray the mysteries of their calling, and allow a rival to discover how the fire was eaten, and how the eggs were balanced? For my part I was once idiot enough to let fall one of my choice stories, one of my «gems for the season,» before Punham, who most nefariously made it his own; and, as he goes among a set of people ignorant enough of the etiquettes of society to feel entitled to seize on all they hear, and appropriate waifs and strays, like Cornish wreckers, I had the agony of hearing one of my best compilations torn to pieces wherever I went,—served piecemeal,—and martyrized by clumsy dealing in the operation. Punham used to sit by, listening with an untortured countenance; and, like the distracted mother,

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brought to light by King Solomon's division of the living babe in her presence, any one of common discretion might have recognized me, by my anguish, to be the legitimate parent of the bantling.

By the way, Punham has one terrible advantage over me. His seat in the house places him in the current of a thousand rumours, which I only receive by a side-wind. Punham knows on Monday, the scandal I am glad to repeat on the Tuesday. I have been sometimes ready to expire when, after firing great guns to draw the attention of the table to some little bit of news I had picked up in the afternoon at the Athenæum, or some visit, my narration has been met with, «Yes; I fancy it is true. Punham mentioned it at Riddlesworth's yesterday at dinner.» Parliament, too, keeps him out of the routine of nauseous humdrum dowager-visits, to which I am harnessed. I have heard old Lady Clairville say to *him*, «Oh! I always make excuses for *you*. I know how much you are taken up at the house;» and while I wear my wits to the stump in fetching and carrying tittle-tattle for her, she invites Punham to all her pleasantest dinners,—*he* who never does more than leave a card at her door!—I have half a mind to renounce her set altogether; for I look upon Punham as a sort of extinguisher chained to my flambeau. Would I could hope that her set would regret me, as I deserve to be regretted. But they pretend to call me a tale-bearer. One day, when I was sitting there, that saucy fellow, Sir Henry ——, began talking about the legislative wisdom of putting to death all stray animals in the time of the Plague, protesting that more mischief was conveyed from house to house by idle in-and-out puppies, than by responsible persons. I knew what he meant. I was almost inclined to call him out. But I was to dine the next day with the Marquis, and did not want to injure my digestion.

Those dinners at the Marquis's are my sheet-anchor!—I dine at twenty other places, on the strength of them. It is not alone the excellence of my friend Casserole, or the splendid liberality with which the whole thing is conducted, but next day,—nay, for three days afterwards,—one is able to drop in

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at a hundred different houses, letting fall incidentally something one heard or saw there as an excuse for a careless allusion to the dinner. Then comes the inevitable enquiry, «Did you dine there yesterday?»—«Yesterday, or Wednesday was it? Yes, yesterday.»—«And who had you?»—«Not a very large party—the Duke of Wellington (or whoever may be the lion of the day,) and a few others of one's own set.»

«I hardly ever knew the bait fail of a nibble. Slow people are fond of being able to say to the next equally humdrum morning visitor,—«Prattles has just been here. He heard yesterday at Lord So-and-so's ——» and next day one gets an invitation. The Marquis's dinner kittens half a hundred other dinners.

I must own, however, that I had fewer on my list last season, than any preceding one. Did this arise from a diminution in the aggregate of dinners given, or of my own popularity?—The latter, I fear! People are fanciful in the matter of their conversation men. Though certain dishes must recur again in their *menus* every spring,—salmon, turbot, lamb, or turkey-poult,—they seem to think, it necessary to have a change in their talkers. It is only Rogers who blooms afresh every season, with the lilacs. There is always some new man,—something that has taken an honour,—or returned from the North Pole or Timbuctoo,—or written a book that has been exalted in the Edinburgh, or cut to mincemeat in the Quarterly,—or blown up a fort in Syria,—or inherited half a million a year,—or run away with somebody's daughter, or *from* somebody's wife,—or something wonderful or other, that entitles him to the veneration and dinners of an indulgent public. With such a card in hand, our friends grow ungrateful; forget how many a stupid party of theirs one's efforts had redeemed from the yawns;—and invite one to a family dinner! I must do as poor lady Cork used, when her popularity was flagging; *viz.* send an account to the newspapers of my own death, and next day, the contradiction. Something to this effect:

«We learn, with the liveliest regret, the death of that amiable man, and charming companion, Alfred Prattles, Esq. Few persons could be so ill spared from the symposia of social life! Mr. Prattles has been for many years past recognized as one

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of the most distinguished members of the literary and fashionable world; and no party was considered perfect without the addition of his brilliant and highly piquant conversation. He was, perhaps, on the whole, the liveliest talker of the day.»

Followed by, «It is with the most unfeigned satisfaction we learn that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumour of the premature decease of that highly-popular individual, Mr. Prattles. We had ourselves the satisfaction of seeing him yesterday in St. James's Street, walking arm-in-arm with the Duke of Wellington; nor can we sufficiently despise the callous and wanton levity with which certain persons for the furtherance of private pique, presume to harrow up the feelings of anxious friends by the circulation of reports of this cruel nature. We cannot sufficiently apologize to our subscribers for our insertion of so ill-advised a fabrication.»

I foresee from hence the compunctious visitings brightening up the damped affections of my friends and acquaintance, on perusing such an announcement! «Poor Prattles!» they will exclaim, «I don't know how it was,—I had not seen so much of him lately,—yet he is one whose company is always an acquisition.—a most amusing little fellow,—a man who knows everything,—a man whom everybody knows.—Heartily glad to find he is still extant!—By Jove! I 'll call on him to-morrow and ask him to dinner.»

Even those less-affectionately disposed towards me, even those who perhaps think me a bore, will be moved to ejaculate, «Poor little Prattles!—after all, there was more twaddling than mischief in his gossip. His tittle-tattle was only the labour of his vocation. He never did any harm,—that is, he never meant to do any harm.—If he sometimes administered arsenic instead of magnesia, it was only through a mistake of the labels. He never poisoned people malice prepense. And he was really very good fun in rainy weather in the country, or when trying to sit his horse in the Park.—I fancy we could better spare a better man than Prattles.»

And then one's works! — The moment a literary man dies, and the newspapers take to getting up his memoirs, every little anonymous thing of merit that has been floating about for the last ten years, is laid to his charge. The real author has

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always the power of establishing his right to his unclaimed dividends;—a letter to the editor from the «constant reader of his invaluable journal,» informing him in round-about phrase that his facts are fictions, and his fictions rubbish, only serves to encrease the interest of the paper. On the strength of my decease, I shall probably be charged with «Violet the Danseuse;» or the «Adventures of a Coxcomb.» I have a great mind to charge myself with «Fashionable Friends,» and «The Nun of Arrouca.» It might be a considerable relief to the shoulders of the administration,—and at all events produce a newspaper controversy, certain to bring all parties into notice. 'Pon honour! the idea may be worth working out!—What neat little articles in the Examiner, Spectator, Athenæum, Atlas, and Literary Gazette, will endeavonr to fix the cap upon the rightful head!—What fudgerations in the magazines,—what solemn sneers in the Quarterlies.—I foresee a vista of dinners prolonged from the Easter feast to the July banquets of Lovegrove's (when the white-bait, like hobbledehoys, have out-grown their melted butter,) issuing from this lucky suggestion.

How I hate all those weekly papers,—with their «Library Tables,» and «Weekly Gossip,» and «Foreign Correspondence, taking the very roll out of one's mouth!—The digestive doctors swear that the human constitution has never got on half so well since the elaborate processes of modern gastronomy in the form of soups, gravies, and jellies, took half its labours out of its hands. They protest that the epigastric functions, not having enough to do, prey upon themselves, and consequently do mischief. The processes of the human mind are vastly analogous to those of the human stomach. When people used to work hard in the pursuit of knowledge, a healthy appetite was engendered; and it is only since the hashes of literature came to be constantly served at our tables,—scraps of poetry, romance, or history, enhanced by the peppery sauce of the reviewers,—that we lost all taste for the wholesome learning, the solid sirloin of the historian, the homely batter-pudding of Mrs. Trimmer and Mrs. Chapone. Above all, the impertinent celerity which these placarders of literature send flying all abroad news of the birth of every

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chef-d'œuvre, and the suicides of rash authorship, is enough to distract one.—Five-and-twenty years ago, people took a couple of months to decide whether it were worth while to send to Hookham's for the new novel; and six weeks after the publication of Southey's last epic, used to be asking each other whether that strange man, who wrote Espriella's Letters had not been attempting something new?—Now, while Bulwer's youngest is still damp from the press, not a linen-draper's apprentice in Regent Street but is competent to inform the errand-boy that «it ben't by no manner of means hequal to Huge and Harem.»—The march of intellect makes its way into every hole and corner, in more than double-quick time.

I have long perceived that my little trips of discovery to Paris, for the importation of «novelties of the season,» are of no more use than if I marched up Highgate Hill and down again. Nothing nearer than Constantinople is in the slightest degree available. Between steam-navigation and yachting, the Mediterranean is grown as vulgar as the Nore. Could the ghost of Captain Cook arise to enquire why it has never been laid in Westminster Abbey, how immensely astonished it would be to find people steaming it over the Red Sea, as easily as they used to row, in his time, over Chelsea Reach; and the name of Polynesia as familiar in their mouths as that of Polly Peachum!—For my part, I am thinking of a tour for next autumn (if the untimely decease scheme do not fructify as I anticipate,) and cannot for the soul of me hit upon anything sufficiently exclusive to give a fillip to public curiosity, or pretend to being written up by the Quarterly.

The only spot of earth concerning which St. James's Street and Belgrave Square know nothing, is the City of London. I have a vast mind to try, «TRAVELS TO THE EAST; WITH SKETCHES OF SMITHFIELD AND THE BARBICAN; by one of the opera-five class,» or some such taking title. One might furbish up famous antiquarianisms out of the Gentleman's Magazine, about Crosby Hall and Winchester House, and bring in a host of savoury little compliments to the various companies, and different aldermen, certain to bring down coveys of dinners!—I smell turtle and venison in the very promise!—The Albion—

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Bleaden—Birch! august names!—Cornhill, promiseth corn in Egypt;—Smithfield, marrow and fatness;—Warwick Lane, manna.—The city must necessarily abound in byres and cellars,—fat beeves, and strong beer. Fish ought never to be eaten westward of Temple Bar; and albeit the Bank and Stock-Exchange make their turtle-soup, like their twenty per-cent, out of calves' heads, there are capital little *fricots* tossed up in the Poultry.—Yes,—decidedly, if a supposititious demise do not mend my fare, I will try the Eastern circuit.—

I wonder whether any body will start anything *new* this season?—The town is wretchedly in want of a startle—to make it open its eyes. Society is miserably drowsy. The great deficiency of the English mind is invention. The country is full of originals; yet collectively, we are the most jog-trot nation in Europe. I must not quarrel with the fault, but for which, the vocation of diner-out would be extinguished. The *Pique-assiette* of the French was a fellow who arrived with *couplets* in his pocket, to enliven the dessert, and administer to their love of gaiety. The diner-out of the English, is a man who brings news to stir up the stagnancy of the unimaginative natives of Great Britain.

To-morrow, being Sunday, I will drop in at the Marquis's, and ascertain what «novelties he has in preparation,» as the theatres say. Everything that is cleverest, throws off at Bexfield House, and should there be anything worth talking of in rehearsal, it were fatal not to be behind the curtain.

Where will the next volcano start up?—Canada is burnt out, and Syria subsiding,—nobody cares about Circassia, except the perfumers. I wish they would push the thing a little in China. When that hare was started, I pumped a monstrous deal out of Henry Ellis; and have got notes embellished with names, polysyllabic enough to stretch from the first course to the second, which I could make deliciously available.—Souchong and pekoe exhale from every syllable!—Besides, I once received a note from Lord Jocelyn, (declining a dinner invitation,) which entitles me to hint, in a careless manner, that I am in correspondence with his lordship. *Nous verrons.* (Bentley's Miscellany.)

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LE CHATEAU DE VANDYK.

On the eighth day after my arrival at Brussels, I told my wife to pack up: for, as Mr. Thysens the lawyer, who promised to write before that time, had not done so, we had nothing to wait for. We had seen Waterloo, visited the Musée, skated about in list slippers, through the Palais d'Orange, dined at Dubos's, eat ice at Velloni's, bought half the old lace in the Rue de la Madelaine, and almost caught an ague in the Allée Verte. This was, certainly, pleasure enough for one week; so I ordered my bill, and prepared to evacuate Flanders. Lord help us, what beings we are! had I gone down to the railroad by the Boulevards, and not by the Montagne de la Cour, what miseries might I not have been spared. Mr. Thysens's clerk met me, just as I emerged from the Place royale, with a letter in his hand.

« *Ah, Monsieur, quel plaisir de vous voir, — voilà une lettre pour vous.* »

I took it—opened—and read.

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»Sir,—I have just completed the purchase of the beautiful Château of Vanderstradentendonk, with all its gardens, orchards, pheasantries, piscinæ, prairies, and forest rights, which are now your property. Accept my most respectful congratulations upon your acquisition of this magnificent seat of ancient grandeur, rendered doubly precious by its having been once the favourite residence and château of the great Vandyk.«

Here followed a long encomium upon Rubens and his school, which I did not half relish, knowing it was charged to me in my account, the whole winding up with a pressing recommendation to hasten down at once to take possession, and enjoy the partridge-shooting, then in great abundance.

My wife was in ecstacy to be The Frow van Vanderstradentendonk, with a fish-pond before the door, and twelve gods and goddesses in lead around it. To have a brace of asthmatic peacocks on a terrace and a dropsical swan on an island, were strong fascinations, not to speak of the straight avenues, leading nowhere, and the winds of heaven blowing everywhere. A house with a hundred and thirty windows and half as many doors, none of which would shut close; a garden, with no fruit but crab-apples; and a nursery, so called, because the playground of all the brats for a league round us. No matter, I had resolved to live abroad for a year or two; one place would do just as well as another; at least, I should have quietness; that was something: there was no neighbourhood, no town, no high road, no excuse for travelling acquaintances to drop in, or rambling tourists to bore one with letters of introduction. Thank God! there was neither a battle-field, a cathedral, a picture, nor a great living poet, for ten miles on every side.

Here, thought I, I shall have that peace Piccadilly cannot give —Cincinnatus like, I'll plant my cabbages, feed my turkeys, let my beard grow, and nurse my rental. Solitude never bored me; I could bear anything but intrusive impertinence; and, so far did I carry this feeling that, on reading Robinson Crusoe, I laid down the volume in disgust on the introduction of his man Friday.

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It mattered little, therefore, that the *couleur de rose* picture, the lawyer had drawn of the château, had little existence out of his own florid imagination: the quaint old building, with its worn tapestries and faded furniture, suited the habit of my soul, and I hugged myself often in the pleasant reflection that my London acquaintances would be puzzling their brains for my whereabouts, without the slightest clue to my detection. Now, had I settled in Florence, Frankfort, or Geneva, what a life I must have led! There is always some dear Mrs. Somebody going to live in your neighbourhood, who begs you'll look out for a house for her: something very eligible; eighteen rooms well furnished, a southern aspect, in the best quarter; a garden indispensable; and all for some forty pounds a year: or some other dear friend who desires you'll find a governess with more accomplishments than Malibran, and more learning than Porson, with the temper of five angels, and a vow in heaven to have no higher salary than a college bed-maker. Then there are the Thompsons passing through, whom you have taken care never to know before; but who fall upon you now, as strangers in a foreign land, and take the benefit of the alien act in dinners at your house during their stay. I stop not to enumerate the crying wants of the more lately arrived resident, all of which are refreshed for your benefit; the recommendations to butlers who don't cheat, to moral music-masters, grave dancing-masters, and doctors who never take fees; every infraction by each of these individuals in his peculiar calling being set down as a just cause of complaint against yourself, requiring an animated correspondence in writing, and concluding with an abject apology and a promise to cut the delinquent that day, though you owe him a half-year's bill.

These were all pleasant—not to speak of the curse of disjointed society, ill assorted, ill conceived, unreasonable pretention, vulgar impertinence, and fawning toadyism on every side, and not one man to be found, to join you in laughing at the whole thing, which would amply repay one, for any endurance.

No, thought I, I've had enough of Florence, I'll try my bark

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in quieter waters, and though it's only a punt, yet I'll hold the sculls myself, and that's something.

So much for the self-gratulation I indulged in, as the old chaise de poste rattled over the heavy pavement, and drew short up at the portico of my future dwelling. My wife was charmed with the procession of villagers who awaited us on the steps, and, although an uglier population never trod their mother earth in wooden slippers, fancied she could detect several faces of great beauty and much interest in the crowd, I saw nothing but an indiscriminate haze of cotton night caps, striped jackets, blouses, black petticoats and *sabots:* so, pushing my way through them, I left the bassoon and the Burgo-master, to the united delights of their music and eloquence, and, shutting the hall door, threw myself in a seat and thanked heaven that my period of peace and tranquillity was at length to begin.

Peace and tranquillity! What airy visions! Had I selected the post of cad to an omnibus, a steward to a Greenwich steamer, were I a guide to the monument or a waiter at Long's, my life had been one of dignified repose, in comparison with my present existence.

I had not been a week in the château, when a travelling Englishman sprained his ancle, within a short distance of the house. As a matter of course he was brought there, and taken every care of for the few days of his stay: he was fed, housed, leeched, and stuped, and, when at length he proceeded upon his journey, was profuse in his acknowledgments for the services rendered him: and yet, what was the base return of the ungrateful man?... I have scarcely temper to record it. During the very moment, when we were most lavish in our attention to him, he was sapping the very peace of his benefactors. He learned from the Flemish servants of the house that it had formerly been the favourite residence of Vandyk; that the very furniture then there was unchanged since his time; the bed, the table, the chair he sat on were all preserved. The wretch! am I not warranted in calling him so? made notes of all this, and, before I had been three weeks in my abode, out came a «Walk in Flanders,» in two

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volumes, with a whole chapter about me, headed «CHATEAU DE VANDYK».... There we were, myself and my wife, in every window of the Row—Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green had bought us at a price, and paid for us: there we were—we who courted solitude and retirement, to be read of by every puppy in the west end, and every apprentice in Cheapside. Our hospitality was lauded as if I kept open house for all comers, with «hot chops and brown gravy at a moment's notice.» The antiquary was bribed to visit me by the fascinations of the spot, sacred to the reveries of genius; the sportsman by the account of my preserves; the idler to say he had been there; and the guidebook-maker and historical biographer to vamp up details for a new edition of «Belgium as it is, or Vandyk and his Contemporaries.»

From the hour of the publication of that d—d book, I never enjoyed a moment's peace and ease. The whole tide of my travelling countrymen—and what a flood it is! came pouring into Ghent. Post horses could not be found sufficient for half the demand; the hotels were crowded; respectable peasants gave up their daily employ, to become guides to the château; and little busts of Vandyk were hawked about the neighbourhood by children of four years old. The great cathedral of Ghent—Van Scamp's pictures—all the historic remains of that ancient city, were at a discount; and those who formerly exhibited them, as a livelihood, were now thrown out of bread. Like the dancing-master who has not gone up to Paris for the last summer, or the physician who has not taken up the stethoscope, they were reputed old-fashioned and *passés;* and, if they could not describe the Château de Vandyk, were voted among the by-gones.

The impulse once given, there was no stopping; the current was irresistible; the double lock on the gate of the avenue, the bull-dog at the hall door, the closed shutters, the cut away bell-rope, announced a firm resolution in the fortress not to surrender; but we were taken by assault, escaladed, and starved out in turns.

Scarcely was the tea-urn on the breakfast-table when they began to pour in: old and young, the halt, the one-eyed, the

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fat, the thin, the melancholy, the merry, the dissipated, the dyspeptic, the sentimental, the jocose, the blunt, the ceremonious, the courtly, the rude, the critical, the free and easy: one came forty miles out of his way and pronounced the whole thing an imposition and myself a humbug; another insisted upon my getting up at dinner, that he might sit down in my chair, characterised by the confounded guides, as «la chaise de Vandyk;» a third went so far as to propose lying down in the great fourpost bed just to say he had been there, though my wife was then in it. I speak not of the miserable practice of cutting slices of all the furniture as relics. John Murray took an inventory of the whole contents of the house for a new edition of his guidebook, and Holman the blind traveller felt me all over with his hand, as I sat at tea with my wife; and, last of all, a respectable cheesemonger from the Strand, after inspecting the entire building from the attics to the cellar, pressed sixpence into my hand at parting, and said, «Happy to see you, Mr. Vandyk, if you come into the city!»

Then the advice and counsel I met with, oral and written, would fill a volume, and did; for I was compelled to keep an album in the hall for the writers' names.

One suggested that my desecration of the temple of genius would be less disgusting, if I dined in my kitchen and left the ancient dining room as the great artist had left it.

Another hinted that my presence in my own house destroyed all the illusions of its historic associations.

A third, a young lady—to judge by the writing—proposed my wearing a point beard and lace ruffles, with trunk hose and a feather in my hat; probably to favour the illusion so urgently mentioned by the last writer, and, perhaps, to indulge visitors like my friend the cheesemonger.

Many pitied me—well might they!—as one insensible to the associations of the spot; while my very servants, regarding me only as a show part of the establishment, neglected their duties on every side, and betook themselves to ciceronéship, each allocating his peculiar territory to himself, like the people who show the lions and the armour in the Tower.

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No weather was either too hot or too cold, too sultry or too boisterous, no hour too late or too early, no day was too sacred. If the family were at prayers, or at dinner, at breakfast, or in bed, it mattered not: they had come many miles to see the château, and see it they would.

Alas! thought I, if, as some learned persons suppose, individuals be recognisable in the next world, what a melancholy time of it will be yours, poor Vandyk! If they make all this hubbub about the house you lived in, what will they do about your fleshly tabernacle?

As the season advanced, the crowds encreased, and, as autumn began, the conflicting currents to and from the Rhine all met in my bed-room. There took place all the *rendezvous* of Europe. Runaway daughters there first repented in papa's arms, and profligate sons promised amendment for the future. Myself and my wife were passed by unnoticed and disregarded amid this tumult of recognition and salutation. We were emaciated like skeletons: our meals we eat when we could, like soldiers on a retreat, and we slept in our clothes, not knowing at what moment the enemy might be upon us. Locks, bolts, and bars were ineffectual: our resistance only encreased curiosity, and our garrison was ever open to bribery.

It was to no purpose that I broke the windows, to let in the north wind and acute rheumatism; to little good did I try an alarm of fire every day about two, when the house was fullest, and I failed signally in terrifying my torturers when I painted the gardener's wife sky blue, and had her placed in the hall, with a large label over the bed, «collapsed cholera.» Bless your heart, the tourist cares for none of these, and I often think it would have saved English powder and shot to have exported half a dozen of them to the East, for the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. Had they been only told of an old picture, a tea-pot, a hearth-brush—or a candlestick that once belonged to Godfrey de Bouillon or Peter the Hermit, they would have stormed it under all the fire of Egypt. Well, it's all over at last: human patience could endure no longer, we escaped by night, got away by stealth to Ghent, took post horses in a feigned name, and fled from the Château de Van-

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dyk, as from the plague. Determined no longer to trust to chances, I have built a cottage myself, which has no historic associations further back than six weeks ago, and fearful even of being known as the *ci-devant* possessor of the château, never confess to have been in Ghent in my life, and, if Vandyk be mentioned, ask if he is not the post-master at Tervueren.

Here then I conclude my miseries. I cannot tell what may be the pleasure that awaits the live lion, but I envy no man the delights that fall to his lot, who inhabits the den of the dead one.

(DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.)

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MISCELLANEA.

Census of the United States.—The editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle has been examining the six returns of the census, taken at intervals of ten years each, since the adoption of the constitution. The investigation shows some curious facts.—1. The population of the United States increases exactly 34 per cent, each ten years, and doubles every 24. The law is so uniform and permanent, that, when applied to the population of 1798, and brought to the present time, it produces nearly the result as shown by the census of 1841. And thus we may tell, with great accuracy, what will be the census of 1850. It will be nearly twenty three millions.—2. But, although this is the aggregate result, it is by no means true of each particular part of the country, for New England increases at the rate of 15 per cent, each ten years, while the northwestern states increase 100 per cent, in that period. 3. The slave population increased at 30 per cent, but since at time, at less than 25 per cent. The free population have, however, increased at the rate of 30 per cent. At this rate, therefore, the difference between the free and slave population is constantly increasing.—4. Another fact is, that the coloured population increases just in proportion to the distance south, and that slavery is certainly and rapidly decreasing in the states bordering on the free states. This state of things continued would, in half a century, extinguish slavery in these states,

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and concentrate the whole black population of the United States on the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent states on the southern Atlantic. (CHRONICLE.)

NEW WARLIKE INVENTION.—Some highly interesting experiments have lately been made at Portsmouth, for the purpose of ascertaining the application and capabilities of the mantelet, lately invented by Lieut.-Col. Blanchard, of the Royal Engineers, to gun rocket practice, and the result has proved highly satisfactory. Each mantelet requires only two men, one of whom is capable of carrying it nearly a mile, and rockets also; the other carries the gun and sticks. They both advance against the ennemy to the required distance, nearly covered by the mantelet, and when in the act of firing completely so. The same protection from the enemy's musketry is afforded in retiring as in advancing, the two men being so disposed as to admit of this destructive weapon being fired with the greatest safety over the manteleteer 's head, whilst preparing the next round; and such is the accuracy to be acquired by practice, that the rocket may at the distance of 400 yards be fired into an embrasure. One or two mantelets may also be so disposed on the forecastle of ships' boats, that a beach may be swept, or a landing secured, while the rocket party, troops, or boat's crew, are sheltered from the enemy's musketry without impeding the rowers. The application of the mantelet to so formidable a weapon of war as the Congreve rocket, solely originated with, and was suggested to, the inventor of the mantelet by Lieutenant-Col. Menzies, R. H., commanding the Royal Marine Artillery, who has also written an ingenious little drill for its adoption.

(TIMES.)

EARTHQUAKE AT CARTAGO. — This calamity took place at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd Sept. In a second, the Department of Cartago has become a total ruin. The destruction is so great that the site of any particular edifice is hardly to be distinguished among the ruins. In the city, the houses, even to the stone-work, were thrown upwards by the shock, and fell down again in heaps of rubbish. It is painful to dwell upon this event. The loss of life is very great

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among all classes—all ages; the number is not even to be estimated at the present moment. The inhabitants of those villages in the Department which have suffered the least, have assembled, by order of the Government, with spades and picks, to disinter the bodies. They are now hard at work, and will continue digging while necessary. People perished in the streets, in the plazas, and in the churches. All our provisions are beneath the ruins, and we are suffering a horrible state of want, which is likely to continue, for the fences having been thrown down, the cattle are destroying all they can reach. In Turidaba, Tros-rios, Cartago, Paraiso, Ujames, and even to the vicinity of Matina, there is not left a single shed, and in the villages and on the haciendas, we find a proportionate destruction. From San Jose to this place, and to Alajuela, the ruin is considerable. In San Jose, a number of edifices were thrown down, and those houses that are standing are uninhabitable. We are hardly better off in this city, and Alajuela has fared worse than we have. Tranquilino Bonilla and his family are among those taken from the ruins. They are alive, but bruised and crippled. The number of sufferers is very great. Bodies are disinterred that cannot be recognised—shapeless masses and headless trunks; everything in horrible confusion. Up to the present moment, there has been no eruption from the neighbouring volcanos; the shocks continue without cessation, and no one can tell how it will end.»

(MORNING HERALD.)

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.—We hear that Sir J. Burgoyne and Mr. Pym are coming over from Dublin to be present at some experiments on the Atmospheric Railway, with Sir F. Smith and Professor Barlow, at Wormwood Scrubbs. The object is to ascertain whether there is sufficient likelihood of success to justify the Directors of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway in extending their line to Dalkey upon the atmospheric principle, and whether the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland would be justified in lending money to the Dublin and Kingstown Railway for this purpose. (SUN.)

A STEADY SERVANT.—He never appeared to have «organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions;» he seemed to be simp-

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ly a thing of clock-work. «Master wants a bit more muffin,» or «The ice has broke and master's drownded in the pond,» would be uttered by him in exactly the same formal tone of voice, with exactly the same stiff and deliberate air. Never shall I forget his walking into the room one day, an hour after dinner, and fixing himself behind his master's chair while the squire was telling us one of his sporting stories, which were sometimes rather long; waiting patiently until the close for the signal to proceed, and then, when the Squire had turned leisurely round to know what he wanted, saying in his slow tone: «when I went up stairs, Sir, a little while ago, the house was a-fire! It's burning now.»

(The Omnibus.)

Spital Tongues Colliery Tunnel.—On saturday this immense undertaking, belonging to Messrs. Porter and Latimer, was opened throughout the whole length from the colliery to the river Tyne, near the glasshouse Bridge. The extreme length of the tunnel, which passes under the town of Newcastle, is $2^1/_2$ miles; the total descent from the entrance at the colliery to the level of the spouts for shipping the coal is 222 feet. It is intended to work this line of railway by a stationary engine, the loaded waggons taking after them the rope to draw the empty waggons back. The power of the engine is 40 horse, and will draw 32 empty waggons back; and should the trade require the quantity, three runs, or 12 keels, could be shipped in an hour. The gauge of the rails is 4 feet $8^1/_2$ inches; and the waggons contain one chaldron each. They are made of an improved form. The tunnel, from end to end, is arched with bricks, and a stone inverted arch at bottom. Dimensions inside, 7 feet 5 inches high, by 6 feet 3 inches wide. The workmen, to the number of 200, were regaled with a substantial supper and strong ale.

(Durham Advertiser.)

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

Robert Wilson, of Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, currier and tanner, for improvements in the manufacture of leather. Dec. 2; six months.

William Irving, of Princes street, Rotherhithe, gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks and tiles. Dec. 7; six months.

James Colman, of Stoke Holy Cross, Norfolk, starch manufacturer, improvements in the manufacture of starch. Dec. 9; six months.

William Henry Fox Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, Wilts, Esq., for improvements in coating or covering metals with other metals, and in colouring metallic surfaces. Dec. 9; six months.

John Hall, of Breezes Hill, Ratcliff Highway, sugar refiner, for improvements in the construction of boilers for generating steam, and in the application of of steam to mechanical power. Dec. 9; six months.

Archibald Templeton, of Lancaster, silk spinner, for a new or improved method of preparing for spinning silk and other fibrous substances. Dec. 9; six months.

Jonathan Guy Dashwood, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, plumber, for improvements in the construction of cocks and taps. Dec. 9: six months.

Moses Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, gentleman, for improvements in the construction of masts for ships and vessels, and in applying the shrouds. Dec. 9; six months.

Josiah Taylor, of Birmingham, brass founder, for improvements in the construction of lamps. Dec. 9; six months.

Robert Henderson, of Birmingham, china dealer and glass stainer, for certain improvements in apparatus for heating and lighting apartments, and for other like purposes. Dec. 9; six months.

Henry Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, gun-maker, for improvements in machinery to be used in constructing buildings, and in raising and lowering weights and materials. Dec. 9; six months.

John Edwards, of Shoreditch, warehouseman, for improvements in giving signals on railways, Dec. 11; six months.

William George Henry Taunton, of Liverpool, engineer, for improvements in machinery for raising weights. Dec. 11; six months.

William Westley Richards, of Birmingham, gunmaker, for improvements in the construction of gun and pistol locks and primers for the discharge of fire-arms. Dec. 14; six months.

William Edward Newton, of Chancery Lane, civil engineer, for certain improvements in printing and delineating patterns, and printed cloths for floor cloths, covers, and other uses. Dec. 14; six months.

Francis Mar, of 81, Eaton Square, Esq., for certain improvements in the construction of ships or other vessels, and the method of propelling them. Dec. 16; six months,

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William Neilson, builder, David Lyon, builder, and Peter Mc. Onie, engineer, all of Glasgow, for a mode, or modes of, or an improvement, or improvements in cutting, dressing, preparing, and polishing stones, marble, and other substances, and also in forming flat or rounded mouldings, and others figures thereon. Dec. 16; six months.

Charles Edwards Austin, of Fulham, engineer, for an apparatus for what is commonly called «changing the line,» on railways. Dec. 16; six months.

James Stewart, of Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park, piano-forte maker, for an improvement in the construction of castors. Dec. 16;

William Prowet, of Northamptonshire, victualler, for improvements in giving signals on railways. Dec. 16; six months.

Henry Booth, of Liverpool, esquire, for improvements in the method of propelling vessels through water. Dec. 16; six months.

John Norton, of the Junior United Service Club, Regent-street, esquire, for improvements in sheathing ships and other vessels. Dec. 16; six months.

Antoine Mertens, of the London Coffee-house, publisher, for improvements in the manufacture of plaited fabrics. Dec. 16; six months.

William Church, of Birmingham, civil engineer, and Jonathan Harlow, of the same place, manufacturer, for certain improvements in the mode of manufacturing metallic tubes, and in the mode of joining them, or other tubes or pieces, for various useful purposes. Dec. 16; six months.

Thomas Starkey, of Birmingham, copper cap manufacturer, for improvements in percussion caps for discharging fire-arms. Dec. 16; six months.

John Americus Fanshawe, of Hatfield-street, Christ Church, gentleman, for an improved manufacture of waterproof fabric, applicable to the purposes of covering and packing bodies, buildings, and goods, exposed to water and damp. December 16; six months.

William Buckwall, of Trinity-street, Borough, civil engineer, for improvements in scaffolding or frame-work for building purposes. Dec. 16; six months.

Charles Loosey, of Half-moon-street, Piccadilly, civil engineer, for improvements in steam-engines, and which improvements are also applicable in raising or forcing water and propelling vessels. Dec. 16; six months.

John Bould, of Overden, Halifax, cotton spinner, for an improvement or improvements in condensing steam-engines. Dec. 16; six months.

Antoine Jean Francois Claudet, of High Holborn, glass merchant, for certain improvements in the process or means of and apparatus for obtaining images or representations of nature or art. Dec. 18; six months.

Henry Hough Watson, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, consulting

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chemist, for certain improvements in dressing, stiffening, and finishing cotton and other fibrous substances, and textile and other fabrics, part or parts of which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of paper, and also to some of the processes or operations connected with printed calicoes and other goods. Dec. 21; six months.

William Edward Newton, of Chancery-lane, civil engineer, for certain improvements in lamps and burners, and in the means of supplying air and heat thereto for the support of combustion. Dec. 21: six months.

William Newton, of Chancery-lane, civil engineer, for certain improvements in cleansing wool and facilitating the operation of dyeing, and also in washing and bleaching cotton yarns or fabrics. Dec. 21; six months.

Ovid Topham, of Whitecross-street, engineer, for improvements in engines, machines, apparatus, or means for extinguishing, or stopping the progress of fire in any room or part of different buildings which may have become ignited, such as noblemen or gentlemen's mansions, houses, factories, stores, and warehouses, and consequently preserving them from destruction, and preventing the loss of life. Dec. 21; six months.

George Palmer Henry, of Peckham, chemist, for improvements in apparatus to be applied to glass chimneys of gas burners. Dec. 21; six months.

John Cox, of Gougie Mills, Edinburgh, tanner, and glue maker, for a certain improved process of tanning. Dec. 21; six months.

John Oliver York, of Upper Coleshill-street, Eaton-square, engineer, for improvements in the construction of railway axles and wheels. Dec. 21; six months.

William Carron, of Birmingham, lathe-maker, for improvements in the construction of clogs and pattens. December 21; six months.

William Henry Smith, of Finsbury Chambers, civil engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of connectors or fastenings applicable to garments and other uses. Dec. 21; six months.

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BARNABY RUDGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQRE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

In the year 1775, there stood upon the borders of Epping Forest, at a distance of about twelve miles from London—measuring from the Standard in Cornhill, or rather from the spot on or near to which the Standard used to be in days of yore—a house of public entertainment called the Maypole; which fact was demonstrated to all such travellers as could neither read nor write (and sixty-six years ago a vast number both of travellers and stay-at-homes were in this condition) by the emblem reared on the roadside over against the house, which, if not of those goodly proportions that Maypoles were wont to present in olden times, was a fair young ash, thirty feet in height, and straight as any arrow that ever English yeoman drew.

The Maypole—by which term from henceforth is meant the house, and not its sign—the Maypole was an old building, with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; huge zig-zag chimneys, out of which it seem-

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ed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes, imparted to it in its tortuous progress; and vast stables, gloomy, ruinous and empty. The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry the Eighth; and there was a legend, not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion, to wit in a certain oak-pannelled room with a deep bay window, but that next morning, while standing on a mounting block before the door with one foot in the stirrup, the virgin monarch had then and there boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty. The matter-of-fact and doubtful folks, of whom there were a few among the Maypole customers, as unluckily there always are in every little community, were inclined to look upon this tradition as rather apocryphal; but whenever the landlord of that ancient hostelry appealed to the mounting block itself as evidence, and triumphantly pointed out that there it stood in the same place to that very day, the doubters never failed to be put down by a large majority, and all true believers exulted as in a victory.

Whether these, and many other stories of the like nature, were true or untrue, the Maypole was really an old house, a very old house, perhaps as old as it claimed to be, and perhaps older, which will sometimes happen with houses of an uncertain, as with ladies of a certain age. Its windows were old diamond-pane lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the hand of time and heavy with massive beams. Over the doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved; and here on summer evenings the more favoured customers smoked and drank—ay, and sang many a good song too, sometimes—reposing on two grim-looking high-backed settles, which, like the twin dragons of some fairy tale, guarded the entrance to the mansion.

In the chimneys of the disused rooms, swallows had built their nests for many a long year, and from earliest spring to latest autumn whole colonies of sparrows chirped and twittered in the eaves. There were more pigeons about the dreary stable-yard and outbuildings than anybody but the landlord

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could reckon up. The wheeling and circling flights of runts, fantails, tumblers, and pouters, were perhaps not quite consistent with the grave and sober character of the building; but the monotonous cooing, which never ceased to be raised by some among them all day long, suited it exactly, and seemed to lull it to rest. With its overhanging stories, drowsy little panes of glass, and front bulging out and projecting over the pathway, the old house looked as if it were nodding in its sleep. Indeed it needed no very great stretch of fancy to detect in it other resemblances to humanity. The bricks of which it was built had originally been a deep dark red, but had grown yellow and discoloured like an old man's skin; the sturdy timbers had decayed like teeth; and here and there the ivy, like a warm garment to comfort it in its age, wrapt its green leaves closely round the time-worn walls.

It was a hale and hearty age though, still: and in the summer or autumn evenings, when the glow of the setting sun fell upon the oak and chestnut trees of the adjacent forest, the old house, partaking of its lustre, seemed their fit companion, and to have many good years of life in him yet.

The evening with which we have to do, was neither a summer nor an autumn one, but the twilight of a day in March, when the wind howled dismally among the bare branches of the trees, and rumbling in the wide chimneys, and driving the rain against the windows of the Maypole Inn, gave such of its frequenters as chanced to be there at the moment, an undeniable reason for prolonging their stay, and caused the landlord to prophesy that the night would certainly clear at eleven o'clock precisely,—which by a remarkable coincidence was the hour at which he always closed his house.

The name of him upon whom the spirit of prophecy thus descended was John Willet, a burly, large-headed man with a fat face, which betokened profound obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits. It was John Willet's ordinary boast in his more placid moods that if he was slow he was sure: which assertion could in one sense at least be by no means gainsaid,

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seeing that he was in everything unquestionably the reverse of fast, and withal one of the most dogged and positive fellows in existence—always sure that what he thought or said or did was right, and holding it as a thing quite settled and ordained by the laws of nature and Providence, that anybody who said or did or thought otherwise must be inevitably and of necessity wrong.

Mr. Willet walked slowly up to the window, flattened his fat nose against the cold glass, and shading his eyes, that his sight might not be affected by the ruddy glow of the fire, looked abroad. Then he walked slowly back to his old seat in the chimney-corner, and, composing himself in it with a slight shiver, such as a man might give way to, and so acquire an additional relish for the warm blaze, said, looking round upon his guests:

«It'll clear at eleven o'clock. No sooner and no later. Not before and not arterwards.»

«How do you make out that?» said a little man in the opposite corner. «The moon is past the full, and she rises at nine.»

John looked sedately and solemnly at his questioner, until he had brought his mind to bear upon the whole of his observation, and then made answer, in a tone which seemed to imply that the moon was peculiarly his business and nobody else's:

«Never you mind about the moon. Don't you trouble yourself about her. You let the moon alone, and I'll let you alone.»

«No offence I hope?» said the little man.

Again John waited leisurely until the observation had thoroughly penetrated to his brain, and then replying, «No offence *as yet*,» applied a light to his pipe and smoked in placid silence; now and then casting a sidelong look at a man wrapped in a loose riding-coat with huge cuffs ornamented with tarnished silver lace and large metal buttons, who sat apart from the regular frequenters of the house, and wearing a hat flapped over his face, which was still further shaded

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by the hand on which his forehead rested, looked unsociable enough.

There was another guest, who sat, booted and spurred, at some distance from the fire also, and whose thoughts—to judge from his folded arms and knitted brows, and from the untasted liquor before him—were occupied with other matters than the topics under discussion, or the persons who discussed them. This was a young man of about eight-and-twenty, rather above the middle height, and though of a somewhat slight figure, gracefully and strongly made. He wore his own dark hair, and was accoutred in a riding-dress, which, together with his large boots (resembling in shape and fashion those worn by our Life Guardsmen at the present day), showed indisputable traces of the bad condition of the roads. But travel-stained though he was, he was well and even richly attired, and, without being over-dressed, looked a gallant gentleman.

Lying upon the table beside him, as he had carelessly thrown them down, were a heavy riding-whip and a slouched hat, the latter worn no doubt as being best suited to the inclemency of the weather. There, too, were a pair of pistols in a holster-case, and a short riding-cloak. Little of his face was visible, except the long dark lashes which concealed his downcast eyes, but an air of careless ease and natural gracefulness of demeanour pervaded the figure, and seemed to comprehend even these slight accessories, which were all handsome, and in good keeping.

Towards this young gentleman the eyes of Mr. Willet wandered but once, and then as if in mute inquiry whether he had observed his silent neighbour. It was plain that John and the young gentleman had often met before. Finding that his look was not returned, or indeed observed by the person to whom it was addressed, John gradually concentrated the whole power of his eyes into one focus, and brought it to bear upon the man in the flapped hat, at whom he came to stare in course of time with an intensity so remarkable, that it affected his fireside cronies, who all, as with one accord, took their pipes from their lips, and stared with open mouths at the stanger likewise.

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The sturdy landlord had a large pair of dull fish-like eyes, and the little man who had hazarded the remark about the moon (and who was the parish clerk and bell-ringer of Chigwell, a village hard by,) had little round black shiny eyes like beads; moreover this little man wore at the knees of his rusty black breeches, and on his rusty black coat, and all down his long flapped waistcoat, little queer buttons like nothing except his eyes; but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light of the fire, which shone too on his bright shoebuckles, he seemed all eyes from head to foot, and to be gazing with every one of them at the unknown customer. No wonder that a man should grow restless under such an inspection as this, to say nothing of the eyes belonging to short Tom Cobb the general chandler and post-office keeper, and long Phil Parkes the ranger, both of whom, infected by the example of their companions, regarded him of the flapped hat no less attentively.

The stranger became restless; perhaps from being exposed to this raking fire of eyes, perhaps from the nature of his previous meditations—most probably from the latter cause, for as he changed his position and looked hastily round, he started to find himself the object of such keen regard, and darted an angry and suspicious glance at the fireside group. It had the effect of immediately diverting all eyes to the chimney, except those of John Willet, who finding himself, as it were, caught in the fact, and not being (as has been already observed) of a very ready nature, remained staring at his guest in a particularly awkward and disconcerted manner.

«Well?» said the stranger,

Well. There was not much in well. It was not a long speech. «I thought you gave an order,» said the landlord, after a pause of two or three minutes for consideration.

The stranger took off his hat, and disclosed the hard features of a man of sixty or thereabouts, much weather-beaten and worn by time, and the naturally harsh expression of which was not improved by a dark handkerchief which was bound tightly round his head, and, while it served the purpose of a wig, shaded his forehead, and almost hid his eyebrows. If it

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were intended to conceal or divert attention from a deep gash, now healed into an ugly seam, which when it was first inflicted must have laid bare his cheekbone, the object was but indifferently attained, for it could scarcely fail to be noted at a glance, His complexion was of a cadaverous hue, and he had a grizzly jagged beard of some three weeks' date. Such was the figure (very meanly and poorly clad) that now rose from the seat, and stalking across the room sat down in a corner of the chimney, which the politeness or fears of the little clerk very readily assigned to him.

«A highwayman!» whispered Tom Cobb to Parkes the ranger.

«Do you suppose highwaymen don't dress handsomer than that?» replied Parkes, «It's a better business than you think for, Tom, and highwaymen don't need or use to be shabby, take my word for it.»

Meanwhile, the subject of their speculations had done due honour to the house by calling for some drink, which was promptly supplied by the landlord's son Joe, a broad-shouldered strapping young fellow of twenty, whom it pleased his father still to consider a little boy, and to treat accordingly. Stretching out his hands to warm them by the blazing fire, the man turned his head towards the company, and after running his eye sharply over them, said in a voice well suited to his appearance:

«What house is that which stands a mile or so from here?»

«Public-house?» said the landlord, with his usual deliberation.

«Public-house, father!» exclaimed Joe, «where's the public-house within a mile or so of the Maypole? He means the great house—the Warren—naturally and of course. The old red brick house, sir, that stands in its own grounds—?»

«Ay,» said the stranger.

«And that fifteen or twenty years ago stood in a park five times as broad, which with other and richer property has bit by bit changed hands and dwindled away—more's the pity!» pursued the young man.

«Maybe,» was the reply. «But my question related to the

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owner. What it has been I don't care to know, and what it is I can see for myself.»

The heir-apparent to the Maypole pressed his finger on his lips, and glancing at the young gentleman already noticed, who had changed his attitude when the house was first mentioned, replied in a lower tone.

«The owner's name is Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey Haredale, and» —again he glanced in the same direction as before—«and a worthy gentleman too—hem!»

Paying as little regard to this admonitory cough, as to the significant gesture that had preceded it, the stranger pursued his questioning,

«I turned out of my way coming here, and took the footpath that crosses the grounds. Who was the young lady that I saw entering a carriage? His daughter?»

«Why, how should I know, honest man?» replied Joe, contriving in the course of some arrangements about the hearth, to advance close to his questioner and pluck him by the sleeve, «*I* didn't see the young lady you know. Whew! There's the wind again—*and* rain—well it *is* a night!»

«Rough weather indeed!» observed the strange man.

«You're used to it?» said Joe, catching at anything which seemed to promise a diversion of the subject.

«Pretty well,» returned the other. «About the young lady —has Mr. Haredale a daughter?»

«No, no,» said the young fellow fretfully, «he's a single gentleman—he's—be quiet, can't you see this talk is not relished yonder?

Regardless of this whispered remonstrance and affecting not to hear it, his tormentor provokingly continued:

Single men have had daughters before now. Perhaps she may be his daughter, though he is not married.»

«What do you mean?» said Joe, adding in an under tone as he approached him again, «You'll come in for it presently, I know you will!»

«I mean no harm»—returned the traveller boldly, «and have said none that I know of. I ask a few questions—as any stranger may, and not unnaturally—about the inmates of a

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remarkable house in a neighbourhood which is new to me, and you are as aghast and disturbed as if I were talking treason against King George. Perhaps you can tell me why, sir, for (as I say) I am a stranger, and this is Greek to me?»

The latter observation was addressed to the obvious cause of Joe Willet's discomposure, who was adjusting his riding-cloak preparatory to sallying abroad. Briefly replying that he could give him no information, the young man beckoned to Joe, and handing him a piece of money in payment of his reckoning, hurried out attended by young Willet himself, who taking up a candle followed to light him to the house door.

While Joe was absent on this errand, the elder Willet and his three companions continued to smoke with profound gravity, and in a deep silence, each having his eyes fixed on a huge copper boiler that was suspended over the fire. After some time Joe Willet slowly shook his head, and thereupon his friends slowly shook theirs; but no man withdrew his eyes from the boiler, or altered the solemn expression of his countenance in the slightest degree.

At length Joe returned—very talkative and conciliatory, as though with a strong presentiment that he was going to be found fault with.

«Such a thing as love is!» he said, drawing a chair near the fire, and looking round for sympathy. «He has set off to walk to London,—all the way to London. His nag gone lame in riding out here this blessed afternoon, and comfortably littered down in our stable at this minute; and he giving up a good hot supper and our best bed, because Miss Haredale has gone to a masquerade up in town, and he has set his heart upon seeing her! I don't think I could persuade myself to do that, beautiful as she is,—but then I'm not in love, (at least I don't think I am,) and that's the whole difference.»

«He is in love then?» said the stranger.

«Rather,» replied Joe. «He'll never be more in love, and may very easily be less.»

«Silence sir!» cried his father.

«What a chap you are Joe!» said Long Parkes.

«Such a inconsiderate lad!» murmured Tom Cobb.

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«Putting himself forward and wringing the very nose off his own father's face!» exclaimed the parish clerk, metaphorically.

«What *have* I done?» reasoned poor Joe.

«Silence sir!» returned his father, «what do you mean by talking, when you see people that are more than two or three times your age, still and silent, and not dreaming of saying a word?»

«Why that's the proper time for me to talk, isn't it?» said Joe rebelliously.

«The proper time sir!» retorted his father, «the proper time's no time.»

«Ah to be sure!» muttered Parkes, nodding gravely to the other two who nodded likewise, observing under their breaths that that was the point.

The proper time's no time sir,» repeated John Willet; «when I was your age I never talked, I never wanted to talk, I listened and improved myself, that's what *I* did.»

«And you'd find your father rather a tough customer in argeyment, Joe, if anybody was to try and tackle him»—said Parkes.

«For the matter o' that, Phil!» observed Mr. Willet, blowing a long, thin, spiral cloud of smoke out of the corner of his mouth, and staring at it abstractedly as it fleeted away; «For the matter o' that, Phil, argeyment is a gift of Natur. If Natur has gifted a man with powers of argeyment, a man has a right to make the best of 'em, and has not a right to stand on false delicacy, and deny that he is so gifted; for that is a turning of his back on Natur, a flouting of her, a slighting of her precious caskets, and a proving of one's self to be a swine that isn't worth her scattering pearls before.»

The landlord pausing here for a very long time, Mr. Parkes naturally concluded that he had brought his discourse to an end; and therefore, turning to the young man with some austerity, exclaimed:

«You hear what your father says, Joe? You wouldn't much like to tackle him in argeyment, I'm thinking sir.»

«—Ir,» said John Willet, turning his eyes from the ceiling

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to the face of his interrupter, and uttering the monosyllable in capitals, to apprise him that he had put in his oar, as the vulgar say, with unbecoming and irreverent haste; «If, sir, Natur has fixed upon me the gift of argeyment, why should I not own to it, and rather glory in the same? Yes sir, I *am* a tough customer that way. You are right sir. My toughness has been proved, sir, in this room many a time, as I think you know; and if you don't know,» added John, putting his pipe in his mouth again, «so much the better, for I an't proud and am not a-going to tell you.»

A general murmur from his three cronies, and a general shaking of heads at the copper boiler, assured John Willet that they had had good experience of his powers, and needed no further evidence to assure them of his superiority. John smoked with a little more dignity and surveyed them in silence.

«It's all very fine talking,» muttered Joe, who had been fidgeting in his chair with divers uneasy motions. «But if you mean to tell me that I'm never to open my lips—»

«Silence sir!» roared his father. «No, you never are. When your opinion's wanted, you give it. When you're spoke to, you speak. When your opinion's not wanted and you're not spoke to, don't you give an opinion and don't you speak. The world's undergone a nice alteration since my time, certainly. My belief is that there isn't such a thing as a boy—that there's nothing now between a male baby and a man—and that all the boys went out with his blessed Majesty King George the Second.»

«That's a very true observation, always excepting the young princes,» said the parish-clerk, who, as the representative of church and state in that company, held himself bound to the nicest loyalty. «If it's godly and righteous for boys, being of the age of boys, to behave themselves like boys, then the young princes must be boys and cannot he otherwise.»

«Did you ever hear tell of mermaids, sir?» said Mr. Willet.

«Certainly I have,» replied the clerk.

«Very good,» said Mr. Willet. «According to the constitution of mermaids, so much of a mermaid as is not a woman

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must be a fish. According to the constitution of young princes, so much of a young prince (if anything) as is not actually an angel, must be godly and righteous. Therefore if it's becoming and godly and righteous in the young princes (as it is at their ages) that they should be boys, they are and cannot by possibility be anything else. »

This elucidation of a knotty point being received with such marks of approval as to put John Willet into a good humour, he contented himself with repeating to his son his command of silence, and addressing the stranger, said :

« If you had asked your questions of a grown-up person— of me or any of these gentlemen—you'd have had some satisfaction, and wouldn't have wasted breath. Miss Haredale is Mr. Geoffrey Haredale's niece. »

« Is her father alive? » said the man carelessly-

« No, » rejoined the landlord, « he is not alive, and he is not dead— »

« Not dead! » cried the other.

« Not dead in a common sort of way, » said the landlord.

The cronies nodded to each other, and Mr. Parkes remarked in an under tone, shaking his head meanwhile, as who should say, « let no man contradict me, for I won't believe him, » that John Willet was in amazing force to-night, and fit to tackle a Chief Justice.

The stranger suffered a short pause to elapse, and then asked abruptly, « What do you mean? »

« More than you think for, friend, » returned John Willet. « Perhaps there's more meaning in them words than you suspect. »

« Perhaps there is, » said the strange man, gruffly ; « but what the devil do you speak in such mysteries for? You tell me first that a man is not alive, nor yet dead—then that he's not dead in a common sort of way—then, that you mean a great deal more than I think for. To tell you the truth, you may do that easily ; for so far as I can make out, you mean nothing. What *do* you mean, I ask again? »

« That, » returned the landlord, a little brought down from his dignity by the stranger's surliness, « is a Maypole story, and has been any time these four-and-twenty years. That

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story is Solomon Daisy's story. It belongs to the house; and nobody but Solomon Daisy has ever told it under this roof, or ever shall--that's more.»

The man glanced at the parish-clerk, whose air of consciousness and importance plainly betokened him to be the person referred to, and, observing that he had taken his pipe from his lips, after a very long whiff to keep it alight, and was evidently about to tell his story without further solicitation, gathered his large coat about him, and shrinking further back was almost lost in the gloom of the spacious chimney-corner, except when the flame, struggling from under a great faggot whose weight almost crushed it for the time, shot upward with a strong and sudden glare, and illumining his figure for a moment, seemed afterwards to cast it into deeper obscurity than before.

By this flickering light, which made the old room, with its heavy timbers and pannelled walls, look as if it were built of polished ebony—the wind roaring and howling, now rattling the latch and creaking the hinges of the stout oaken door, and now driving at the casement as though it would beat it in—by this light, and under circumstances so auspicious, Solomon Daisy began his tale:

«It was Mr. Reuben Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey's elder brother—»

Here he came to a dead stop, and made so long a pause that even John Willet grew impatient and asked why he did not proceed.

«Cob,» said Solomon Daisy, dropping his voice and appealing to the post-office keeper; «what day of the month is this?»

«The nineteenth.»

«Of March,» said the clerk, bending foward, «the nineteenth of March: that's very strange.»

In a low voice they all acquiesced, and Solomon went on:

«It was Mr. Reuben Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey's elder brother, that twenty-two years ago was the owner of the Warren, which, as Joe has said—not that you remember it, Joe, for a boy like you can't do that, but because you have often heard me say so—was then a much larger and better place,

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and a much more valuable property than it is now. His lady was lately dead, and he was left with one child—the Miss Haredale you have been enquiring about—who was then scarcely a year old.»

Although the speaker addressed himself to the man who had shown so much curiosity about this same family, and made a pause here, as if expecting some exclamation of surprise or encouragement, the latter made no remark, nor gave any indication that he heard or was interested in what was said. Solomon therefore turned to his old companions, whose noses were brightly illuminated by the deep red glow from the bowls of their pipes; assured, by long experience, of their attention, and resolved to show his sense of such indecent behaviour.

«Mr. Haredale,» said Solomon, turning his back upon the strange man, «left this place when his lady died, feeling it lonely like, and went up to London, where he stopped some months; but finding that place as lonely as this—as I suppose and have always heard say—he suddenly came back again with his little girl to the Warren, bringing with him besides, that day, only two women servants, and his steward, and a gardener.»

Mr. Daisy stopped to take a whiff at his pipe, which was going out, and then proceeded—at first in a snuffling tone, occasioned by keen enjoyment of the tobacco and strong pulling at the pipe, and afterwards with encreasing distinctness:

«—Bringing with him two women servants, and his steward and a gardener. The rest stopped behind up in London, and were to follow next day. It happened that that night, an old gentleman who lived at Chigwell-row, and had long been poorly, deceased, and an order came to me at half after twelve o'clock at night to go and toll the passing-bell.»

There was a movement in the little group of listeners, sufficiently indicative of the strong repugnance any one of them would have felt to have turned out at such a time upon such an errand. The clerk felt and understood it, and pursued his theme accordingly.

«It *was* a dreary thing, especially as the grave-digger was

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laid up in his bed, from long working in a damp soil, and sitting down to take his dinner on cold tombstones, and I was consequently under obligation to go alone, for it was too late to hope to get any other companion. However, I wasn't unprepared for it; as the old gentleman had often made it a request that the bell should be tolled as soon as possible after the breath was out of his body, and he had been expected to go for some days. I put as good a face upon it as I could, and muffling myself up (for it was mortal cold), started out with a lighted lantern in one hand, and the key of the church in the other.»

At this point of the narrative, the dress of the strange man rustled as if he had turned himself to hear more distinctly. Slightly pointing over his shoulder, Solomon elevated his eyebrows and nodded a silent enquiry to Joe whether this was the case. Joe shaded his hand and peered into the corner, but could make out nothing, and so shook his head.

«It was just such a night as this: blowing a hurricane, raining heavily, and very dark—I often think now, darker than I ever saw it before or since; that may be my fancy, but the houses were all close shut and the folks in-doors, and perhaps there is only one other man who knows how dark it really was. I got into the church, chained the door back so that it should keep ajar—for to tell the truth, I didn't like to be shut in there alone—and putting my lantern on the stone seat in the little corner where the bell-rope is, sat down beside it to trim the candle.

«I sat down to trim the candle, and when I had done so, I could not persuade myself to get up again and go about my work. I don't know how it was, but I thought of all the ghost stories I had ever heard, even those that I had heard when I was a boy at school, and had forgotten long ago; and they didn't come into my mind one after another, but all crowding at once, like. I recollected one story there was in the village, how that on a certain night in the year (it might be that very night for anything I knew), all the dead people came out of the ground and sat at the heads of their own graves till morning. This made me think how many

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people I had known were buried between the church door and the churchyard gate, and what a dreadful thing it would be to have to pass among them and know them again, so earthy and unlike themselves. I had known all the niches and arches in the church from a child; still I couldn't persuade myself that those were their natural shadows which I saw on the pavement, but felt sure there were some ugly figures hiding among'em and peeping out. Thinking on in this way, I began to think of the old gentleman who was just dead, and I could have sworn, as I looked up the dark chancel, that I saw him in his usual place, wrapping his shroud about him and shivering as if he felt it cold. All this time I sat listening and listening, and hardly dared to breathe. At length I started up and took the bell-rope in my hands. At that minute there rang—not that bell, for I had hardly touched the rope —but another!

«I heard the ringing of another bell, and a deep bell too. plainly. It was only for an instant, and even then the wind carried the sound away, but I heard it. I listened for a long time, but it rang no more. I had heard of corpse candles. and at last I persuaded myself that this must be a corpse bell tolling of itself at midnight for the dead. I tolled my bell— how, or how long, I don't know—and ran home to bed as fast as I could touch the ground.

«I was up early next morning after a restless night, and told the story to my neighbours. Some were serious and some made light of it: I don't think anybody believed it real. But that morning, Mr. Reuben Haredale was found murdered in his bedchamber, and in his hand was a piece of the cord attached to an alarm-bell outside the roof, which hung in his room and had been cut asunder, no doubt by the murderer when he seized it.

That was the bell I heard.

«A bureau was found opened, and a cash-box, which Mr. Haredale had brought down that day, and was supposed to contain a large sum of money, was gone. The steward and gardener were both missing and both suspected for a long time, but they were never found, though hunted far and wide.

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And far enough they might have looked for poor Mr. Rudge the steward, whose body—scarcely to be recognized but by his clothes and the watch and ring he wore—was found, months afterwards, at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast where he had been stabbed with a knife. He was only partly dressed; and people all agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed before his master,

«Everybody now knew that the gardener must be the murderer, and though he has never been heard of from that time to this, he will be, mark my words. The crime was committed this day two-and-twenty years—on the nineteenth of March, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three. On the nineteenth of March in some year, no matter when—I know it, I am sure of it, for we have always, in some strange way or other, been brought back to the subject on that day ever since—on the nineteenth of March in some year, sooner or later, that man will be discovered.»

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

«A strange story!» said the man who had been the cause of the narration.—«Stranger still if it comes about as you predict. Is that all?»

A question so unexpected nettled Solomon Daisy not a little. By dint of relating the story very often, and ornamenting it (according to village report) with a few flourishes, suggested by the various hearers from time to time, he had come by degrees to tell it with great effect; and «is that all?» after the climax, was not what he was accustomed to.

«Is that all!» he repeated, «yes, that's all sir. And enough too, I think.»

«I think so too. My horse, young man. He is but a hack hired from a roadside posting-house, but he must carry me to London to night.»

«To-night!» said Joe.

«To-night,» returned the other. «What do you stare at?

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This tavern would seem to be a house of call for all the gaping idlers of the neighbourhood!»

At this remark, which evidently had reference to the scrutiny he had undergone, as mentioned in the foregoing chapter, the eyes of John Willet and his friends were diverted with marvellous rapidity to the copper boiler again. Not so with Joe, who being a mettlesome fellow, returned the stranger's angry glance with a steady look, and rejoined:

«It's not a very bold thing to wonder at your going on to-night. Surely you have been asked such a harmless question in an inn before, and in better weather than this. I thought you mightn't know the way, as you seem strange to this part.»

«The way—» repeated the other, irritably.

«Yes. Do you know it?»

«I'll—humph!—I'll find it,» replied the man, waving his hand and turning on his heel. «Landlord, take the reckoning here.»

John Willet did as he was desired; for on that point he was seldom slow, except in the particulars of giving change, and testing the goodness of any piece of coin that was proffered to him, by the application of his teeth or his tongue, or some other test, or, in doubtful cases, by a long series of tests terminating in its rejection. The guest then wrapped his garments about him so as to shelter himself as effectually as he could from the rough weather, and without any word or sign of farewell betook himself to the stable-yard. Here Joe (who had left the room on the conclusion of their short dialogue) was protecting himself and the horse from the rain under the shelter of an old pent-house roof.

«He's pretty much of my opinion,» said Joe, patting the horse upon the neck; «I'll wager that your stopping here to-night would please him better than it would please me.»

«He and I are of different opinions, as we have been more than once on our way here,» was the short reply.

«So I was thinking before you came out, for he has felt your spurs, poor beast.»

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The stranger adjusted his coat-collar about his face, and made no answer.

«You'll know me again, I see,» he said, marking the young fellow's earnest gaze, when he had sprung into the saddle.

«The man's worth knowing, master, who travels a road he don't know, mounted on a jaded horse, and leaves good quarters, to do it on such a night as this.»

«You have sharp eyes and a sharp tongue I find.»

«Both I hope by nature, but the last grows rusty sometimes for want of using.»

«Use the first less too, and keep their sharpness for your sweethearts, boy,» said the man.

So saying he shook his hand from the bridle, struck him roughly on the head with the butt end of his whip, and galloped away; dashing through the mud and darkness with a headlong speed, which few badly mounted horsemen would have cared to venture, even had they been thoroughly acquainted with the country; and which, to one who knew nothing of the way he rode, was attended at every step with great hazard and danger.

The roads even within twelve miles of London were at that time ill paved, seldom repaired, and very badly made. The way this rider traversed had been ploughed up by the wheels of heavy waggons, and rendered rotten by the frosts and thaws of the preceding winter, or possibly of many winters. Great holes and gaps had worn into the soil, which, being now filled with water from the late rains, were not easily distinguishable even by day; and a plunge into any one of them might have brought down a surer-footed horse than the poor beast now urged forward to the utmost extent of his powers. Sharp flints and stones rolled from under his hoofs continually; the rider could scarcely see beyond the animal's head, or further on either side than his own arm would have extended. At that time, too, all the roads in the neighbourhood of the metropolis were infested by footpads or highwaymen, and it was a night, of all others, in which any evil-disposed person of this class might have pursued his unlawful calling with little fear of detection.

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Still, the traveller dashed forward at the same reckless pace, regardless alike of the dirt and wet which flew about his head, the profound darkness of the night, and the probability of encountering some desperate characters abroad. At every turn and angle, even where a deviation from the direct course might have been least expected, and could not possibly be seen until he was close upon it, he guided the bridle with an unerring hand and kept the middle of the road. Thus he sped onward, raising himself in the stirrups, leaning his body forward until it almost touched the horse's neck, and flourishing his heavy whip above his head with the fervour of a madman.

Whether the traveller was possessed by thoughts which the fury of the night had heated and stimulated into a quicker current, or was merely impelled by some strong motive to reach his journey's end, on he swept more like a hunted phantom than a man, nor checked his pace until, arriving at some cross roads, one of which led by a longer route to the place whence he had lately started, he bore down so suddenly upon a vehicle which was coming towards him, that in the effort to avoid it he well nigh pulled his horse upon his haunches, and narrowly escaped being thrown.

«Yoho!» cried the voice of a man, «What's that? who goes there?»

«A friend!» replied the traveller.

«A friend!» repeated the voice. «Who calls himself a friend and rides like that, abusing Heaven's gifts in the shape of horseflesh, and endangering, not only his own neck, which might be no great matter, but the necks of other people?»

«You have a lantern there, I see,» said the traveller dismounting, «lend it me for a moment. You have wounded my horse, I think, with your shaft or wheel.»

«Wounded him!» cried the other, «if I haven't killed him, it's no fault of yours. What do you mean by galloping along the king's highway like that, eh?»

«Give me the light,» returned the traveller, snatching it from his hand, «and don't ask idle questions of a man who is in no mood for talking.»

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«If you had said you were in no mood for talking before, I should perhaps have been in no mood for lighting,» said the voice. «Hows'ever as it's the poor horse that's damaged and not you, one of you is welcome to the light at all events, but it's not the crusty one.»

The traveller returned no answer to this speech, but holding the light near to his panting and reeking beast, examined him in limb and carcase. Meanwhile the other man sat very composedly in his vehicle, which was a kind of chaise with a depository for a large bag of tools, and watched his proceedings with a careful eye.

The looker-on was a round, red-faced, sturdy yeoman, with a double chin, and a voice husky with good living, good sleeping, good humour, and good health. He was past the prime of life, but Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigour. With such people the grey head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life.

The person whom the traveller had so abruptly encountered was of this kind, bluff, hale, hearty, and in a green old age: at peace with himself, and evidently disposed to be so with all the world. Although muffled up in divers coats and handkerchiefs—one of which, passed over his crown and tied in a convenient crease of his double chin, secured his three-cornered hat and bob-wig from blowing off his head—there was no disguising his plump and comfortable figure; neither did certain dirty finger-marks upon his face give it any other than an odd and comical expression, through which its natural good humour shone with undiminished lustre.

«He is not hurt,»—said the traveller at length, raising his head and the lantern together.

«You have found that out at last, have you?» rejoined the old man. «My eyes have seen more light than yours, but I wouldn't change with you.»

«What do you mean?»

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«Mean! I could have told you he wasn't hurt; five minutes ago. Give me the light, friend; ride forward at a gentler pace; and good night.»

In handing up the lantern, the man necessarily cast its rays full on the speaker's face. Their eyes met at the instant. He suddenly dropped it and crushed it with his foot.

«Saw you never a locksmith before, that you start as if you had come upon a ghost?» cried the old man in the chaise, «or is this,» he added hastily, thrusting his hand into the tool basket and drawing out a hammer, «a scheme for robbing me? I know these roads, friend. When I travel them, I carry nothing but a few shillings, and not a crown's worth of them. I tell you plainly, to save us both trouble, that there's nothing to be got from me but a pretty stout arm considering my years, and this tool, which mayhap from long acquaintance with it, I can use pretty briskly. You shall not have it all your own way, I promise you, if you play at that game.» With these words he stood upon the defensive.

«I am not what you take me for, Gabriel Varden,» replied the other.

«Then what and who are you?» returned the locksmith. «You know my name it seems. Let me know yours.»

«I have not gained the information from any confidence of yours, but from the inscription on your cart which tells it to all the town,» replied the traveller.

«You have better eyes for that than you had for your horse then,» said Varden, descending nimbly from his chaise; «who are you? Let me see your face.»

While the locksmith alighted, the traveller had regained his saddle, from which he now confronted the old man, who, moving as the horse moved in chafing under the tightened rein, kept close beside him.

«Let me see your face, I say.»

«Stand off!»

«No masquerading tricks,» said the locksmith, «and tales at the club to-morrow, how Gabriel Varden was frightened by a surly voice and a dark night. Stand—let me see your face.»

Finding that further resistance would only involve him in

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a personal struggle with an antagonist by no means to be despised, the traveller threw back his coat, and stooping down looked steadily at the locksmith.

Perhaps two men more powerfully contrasted, never opposed each other face to face. The ruddy features of the locksmith so set off and heightened the excessive paleness of the man on horseback, that he looked like a bloodless ghost, while the moisture, which hard riding had brought out upon his skin, hung there in dark and heavy drops, like dews of agony and death. The countenance of the old locksmith was lighted up with the smile of one expecting to detect in this unpromising stranger some latent roguery of eye or lip, which should reveal a familiar person in that arch disguise, and spoil his jest. The face of the other, sullen and fierce, but shrinking too, was that of a man who stood at bay; while his firmly closed jaws, his puckered mouth, and more than all a certain stealthy motion of the hand within his breast, seemed to announce a desperate purpose very foreign to acting, or child's play.

Thus they regarded each other for some time, in silence.

«Humph!» he said when he had scanned his features; «I don't know you.»

«Don't desire to?»—returned the other, muffling himself as before.

«I don't,» said Gabriel; «to be plain with you, friend, you don't carry in your countenance a letter of recommendation.»

«It's not my wish,» said the traveller. «My humour is to be avoided.»

«Well,» said the locksmith bluntly, «I think you'll have your humour.»

«I will, at any cost,» rejoined the traveller. «In proof of it, lay this to heart—that you were never in such peril of your life as you have been within these few moments; when you are within five minutes of breathing your last, you will not be nearer death than you have been to-night!»

«Aye!» said the sturdy locksmith.

«Aye! and a violent death.»

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« From whose hand ? »

« From mine, » replied the traveller.

With that he put spurs to his horse, and rode away ; at first plashing heavily through the mire at a smart trot, but gradually encreasing in speed until the last sound of his horse's hoofs died away upon the wind ; when he was again hurrying on at the same furious gallop, which had been his pace when the locksmith first encountered him.

Gabriel Varden remained standing in the road with the broken lantern in his hand, listening in stupified silence until no sound reached his ear but the moaning of the wind, and the fast-falling rain; when he struck himself one or two smart blows in the breast by way of rousing himself, and broke into an exclamation of surprise.

« What in the name of wonder can this fellow be ! a mad-man ? a highwayman ? a cut-throat ? If he had not scoured off so fast, we'd have seen who was in most danger, he or I. I never nearer death than I have been to-night ! I hope I may be no nearer to it for a score of years to come—if so, I'll be content to be no further from it. My stars !—a pretty brag this to a stout man—pooh, pooh ! »

Gabriel resumed his seat, and looked wistfully up the road by which the traveller had come ; murmuring in a half whisper :

« The Maypole—two miles to the Maypole. I came the other road from the Warren after a long day's work at locks and bells, on purpose that I should not come by the Maypole and break my promise to Martha by looking in—there's resolution ! It would be dangerous to go on to London without a light ; and it's four miles, and a good half-mile besides, to the Halfway-House ; and between this and that is the very place where one needs a light most. Two miles to the Maypole ! I told Martha I wouldn't ; I said I wouldn't, and I didn't—there's resolution ! »

Repeating these two last words very often, as if to compensate for the little resolution he was going to show by piquing himself on the great resolution he had shown, Gabriel

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Varden quietly turned back, determining to get a light at the Maypole, and to take nothing but a light.

When he got to the Maypole, however, and Joe, responding to his well-known hail, came running out to the horse's head, leaving the door open behind him, and disclosing a delicious perspective of warmth and brightness—when the ruddy gleam of the fire, streaming through the old red curtains of the common room, seemed to bring with it, as part of itself, a pleasant hum of voices, and a fragant odour of steaming grog and rare tobacco, all steeped as it were in the cheerful glow—when the shadows, flitting across the curtain, showed that those inside had risen from their snug seats, and were making room in the snuggest corner (how well he knew that corner!) for the honest locksmith, and a broad glare, suddenly streaming up, bespoke the goodness of the crackling log from which a brilliant train of sparks was doubtless at that moment whirling up the chimney in honour of his coming—when, superadded to these enticements, there stole upon him from the distant kitchen a gentle sound of frying, with a musical clatter of plates and dishes, and a savoury smell that made even the boisterous wind a perfume—Gabriel felt his firmness oozing rapidly away. He tried to look stoically at the tavern, but his features would relax into a look of fondness. He turned his head the other way, and the cold black country seemed to frown him off, and to drive him for a refuge into its hospitable arms.

«The merciful man, Joe,» said the locksmith, «is merciful to his beast. I'll get out for a little while.»

And how natural it was to get out. And how unnatural it seemed for a sober man to be plodding wearily along through miry roads, encountering the rude buffets of the wind and pelting of the rain, when there was a clean floor covered with crisp white sand, a well swept hearth, a blazing fire, a table decorated with a white cloth, bright pewter flagons, and other tempting preparations for a well-cooked meal—when there were these things, and company disposed to make the most of them, all ready to his hand, and entreating him to enjoyment!

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CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Such were the locksmith's thoughts when first seated in the snug corner, and slowly recovering from a pleasant defect of vision—pleasant, because occasioned by the wind blowing in his eyes; which made it a matter of sound policy and duty to himself, that he should take refuge from the weather, and tempted him, for the same reason, to aggravate a slight cough, and declare he felt but poorly. Such were still his thoughts more than a full hour afterwards, when, supper over, he still sat with shining jovial face in the same warm nook, listening to the cricket-like chirrup of little Solomon Daisy, and bearing no unimportant or slightly respected part in the social gossip round the Maypole fire.

«I wish he may be an honest man, that's all,» said Solomon, winding up a variety of speculations relative to the stranger, concerning whom Gabriel had compared notes with the company, and so raised a grave discussion; «I wish he may be an honest man.»

«So we all do, I suppose, don't we?» observed the locksmith.

«I don't,» said Joe.

«No!» cried Gabriel.

«No. He struck me with his whip, the coward, when he was mounted and I a-foot, and I should be better pleased that he turned out what I think him.»

«And what may that be, Joe?»

«No good, Mr. Varden. You may shake your head father, but I say no good, and will say no good, and I would say no good a hundred times over, if that would bring him back to have the drubbing he deserves.»

«Hold your tongue sir,» said John Willet.

«I won't, father. It's all along of you that he dared to do what he did. Seeing me treated like a child, and put down like a fool, he plucks up a heart, and has a fling at a fellow that he thinks—and may well think too—hasn't a grain

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of spirit. But he's mistaken, as I'll show him, and as I'll show all of you before long.»

«Does the boy know what he's a saying of!» cried the astonished John Willet.

«Father,» returned Joe, «I know what I say and mean, well—better than you do when you hear me. I can bear with you, but I cannot bear the contempt that your treating me in the way you do, brings upon me from others every day. Look at other young men of my age. Have they no liberty, no will, no right to speak? Are they obliged to sit mumchance, and to be ordered about till they are the laughing-stock of young and old? I am a byeword all over Chigwell, and I say—and it's fairer me saying so now, than waiting till you are dead, and I have got your money—I say that before long I shall be driven to break such bounds, and that when I do, it won't be me that you'll have to blame, but your own self, and no other.»

John Willet was so amazed by the exasperation and boldness of his hopeful son, that he sat as one bewildered, staring in a ludicrous manner at the boiler, and endeavouring, but quite ineffectually, to collect his tardy thoughts, and invent an answer. The guests, scarcely less disturbed, were equally at a loss; and at length, with a variety of muttered, half-expressed condolences, and pieces of advice, rose to depart; being at the same time slightly muddled with liquor.

The honest locksmith alone addressed a few words of coherent and sensible advice to both parties, urging John Willet to remember that Joe was nearly arrived at man's estate, and should not be ruled with too tight a hand, and exhorting Joe himself to bear with his father's caprices, and rather endeavour to turn them aside by temperate remonstrance than by ill-timed rebellion. This advice was received as such advice usually is. On John Willet it made almost as much impression as on the sign outside the door, while Joe, who took it in the best part, avowed himself more obliged than he could well express, but politely intimated his intention nevertheless of taking his own course uninfluenced by anybody.

«You have always been a very good friend to me, Mr. Var-

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den,» he said, as they stood without the porch, and the locksmith was equipping himself for his journey home; «I take it very kind of you to say all this, but the time's nearly come when the Maypole and I must part company.»

«Roving stones gather no moss, Joe,» said Gabriel.

«Nor mile-stones much,» replied Joe. «I'm little better than one here, and see as much of the world.»

«Then what would you do, Joe,» pursued the locksmith, stroking his chin reflectively. «What could you be? where could you go, you see?»

«I must trust to chance, Mr. Varden.»

«A bad thing to trust to, Joe. I don't like it. I always tell my girl when we talk about a husband for her, never to trust to chance, but to make sure beforehand that she has a good man and true, and then chance will neither make her nor break her. What are you fidgeting about there, Joe? Nothing gone in the harness I hope?»

«No no,» said Joe—finding, however, something very engrossing to do in the way of strapping and buckling—«Miss Dolly quite well?»

«Hearty, thankye. She looks pretty enough to be well, and good too.»

«She's always both sir»—

«So she is, thank God!»

«I hope»—said Joe after some hesitation, «that you won't tell this story against me—this of my having been beat like the boy they'd make of me—at all events, till I have met this man again and settled the acconnt. It'll be a better story then.»

«Why who should I tell it to?» returned Gabriel. «They know it here, and I'm not likely to come across anybody else who would care about it.»

«That's true enough»—said the young fellow with a sigh. «I quite forgot that. Yes, that's true!»

So saying, he raised his face, which was very red,—no doubt from the exertion of strapping and buckling as aforesaid,—and giving the reins to the old man, who had by this time taken his seat, sighed again and bade him good night.

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«Good night!» cried Gabriel. «Now think better of what we have just been speaking of, and don't be rash, there's a good fellow; I have an interest in you, and wouldn't have you cast yourself away. Good night!»

Returning his cheery farewell with cordial good will, Joe Willet lingered until the sound of wheels ceased to vibrate in his ears, and then, shaking his head mournfully, re-entered the house.

Gabriel Varden wended his way towards London, thinking of a great many things, and most of all of flaming terms in which to relate his adventure, and so account satisfactorily to Mrs. Varden for visiting the Maypole, despite certain solemn covenants between himself and that lady. Thinking begets not only thought, but drowsiness occasionally, and the more the locksmith thought, the more sleepy he became.

A man may be very sober—or at least firmly set upon his legs on that neutral ground which lies between the confines of perfect sobriety and slight tipsiness—and yet feel a strong tendency to mingle up present circumstances with others which have no manner of connexion with them; to confound all consideration of persons, things, times, and places: and to jumble his disjointed thoughts together in a kind of mental kaleidoscope, producing combinations as unexpected as they are transitory. This was Gabriel Varden's state, as, nodding in his dog-sleep, and leaving his horse to pursue a road with which he was well acquainted, he got over the ground unconsciously, and drew nearer and nearer home. He had roused himself once, when the horse stopped until the turnpike gate was opened, and had cried a lusty «good night» to the toll-keeper, but then he woke out of a dream about picking a lock in the stomach of the Great Mogul, and even when he did wake, mixed up the turnpike man with his mother-in-law who had been dead twenty years. It is not surprising, therefore, that he soon relapsed, and jogged heavily along, quite insensible to his progress.

And now he approached the great city, which lay outstretched before him like a dark shadow on the ground, reddening the sluggish air with a deep dull light, that told of

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labyrinths of public ways and shops, and swarms of busy people. Approaching nearer and nearer yet, this halo began to fade, and the causes which produced it slowly to develop themselves. Long lines of poorly lighted streets might be faintly traced, with here and there a lighter spot, where lamps were clustered about a square or market, or round some great building; after a time these grew more distinct, and the lamps themselves were visible; slight yellow specks, that seemed to be rapidly snuffed out one by one as intervening obstacles hid them from the sight. Then sounds arose—the striking of church clocks, the distant bark of dogs, the hum of traffic in the streets; then outlines might be traced—tall steeples looming in the air, and piles of unequal roofs oppressed by chimneys: then the noise swelled into a louder sound, and forms grew more distinct and numerous still, and London—visible in the darkness by its own faint light, and not by that of Heaven—was at hand.

The locksmith, however, all unconscious of its near vicinity, still jogged on, half sleeping and half waking, when a loud cry at no great distance ahead, roused him with a start.

For a moment or two he looked about him like a man who had been transported to some strange country in his sleep, but soon recognizing familiar objects, rubbed his eyes lazily, and might have relapsed again, but that the cry was repeated—not once or twice or thrice, but many times, and each time, if possible, with encreased vehemence. Thoroughly aroused, Gabriel, who was a bold man and not easily daunted, made straight to the spot, urging on his stout little horse as if for life or death.

The matter indeed looked sufficiently serious, for, coming to the place whence the cries had proceeded, he descried the figure of a man extended in an apparently lifeless state upon the pathway, and hovering round him another person with a torch in his hand, which he waved in the air with a wild impatience, redoubling meanwhile those cries for help which had brought the locksmith to the spot.

«What's here to do?» said the old man, alighting. «How's this—what—Barnaby?»

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The bearer of the torch shook his long loose hair back from his eyes, and thrusting his face eagerly into that of the locksmith, fixed upon him a look which told his history at once.

«You know me, Barnaby?» said Varden.

He nodded—not once or twice, but a score of times, and that with fantastic exaggeration which would have kept his head in motion for an hour, but that the locksmith held up his finger, and fixing his eye sternly upon him caused him to desist; then pointed to the body with an enquiring look.

«There's blood upon him,» said Barnaby with a shudder. «It makes me sick»

«How came it there?» demanded Varden.

«Steel, steel, steel!» he replied fiercely, imitating with his hand the thrust of a sword.

«Is he robbed?» said the locksmith.

Barnaby caught him by the arm, and nodded «Yes;» then pointed towards the city.

«Oh!» said the old man, bending over the body, and looking round as he spoke into Barnaby's pale face, strangely lighted up by something which was not intellect. «The robber made off that way, did he? Well well, never mind that just now. Hold your torch this way—a little further off—so. Now stand quiet while I try to see what harm is done.»

With these words, he applied himself to a closer examination of the prostrate form, while Barnaby, holding the torch as he had been directed, looked on in silence, fascinated by interest or curiosity, but repelled nevertheless by some strong and secret horror which convulsed him in every nerve.

As he stood at that moment, half shrinking back and half bending forward, both his face and figure were full in the strong glare of the link, and as distinctly revealed as though it had been broad day. He was about three-and-twenty years old, and though rather spare, of a fair height and strong make. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was red, and hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his restless looks an expression quite unearthly—enhanced by the paleness of his complexion, and the glassy lustre of

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his large protruding eyes. Startling as his aspect was, the features were good, and there was something even plaintive in his wan and haggard aspect. But the absence of the soul is far more terrible in a living man than in a dead one; and in this unfortunate being its noblest powers were wanting.

His dress was of green, clumsily trimmed here and there—apparently by his own hands—with gaudy lace; brightest where the cloth was most worn and soiled, and poorest where it was at the best. A pair of tawdry ruffles dangled at his wrists, while his throat was nearly bare. He had ornamented his hat with a cluster of peacock's feathers, but they were limp and broken, and now trailed negligently down his back. Girded to his side was the steel hilt of an old sword without blade or scabbard; and some parti-coloured ends of ribands and poor glass toys completed the ornamental portion of his attire. The fluttered and confused disposition of all the motley scraps that formed his dress, bespoke, in a scarcely less degree than his eager and unsettled manner, the disorder of his mind, and by a grotesque contrast set off and heightened the more impressive wildness of his face.

«Barnaby,» said the locksmith, after a hasty but careful inspection, «this man is not dead, but he has a wound in his side, and is in a fainting-fit.»

«I know him, I know him! cried Barnaby, clapping his hands.

«Know him?» repeated the locksmith.

«Hush!» said Barnaby, laying his fingers on his lips. «He went out to-day a wooing. I wouldn't for a light guinea that he should never go a wooing again, for if he did some eyes would grow dim that are now as bright as—see, when I talk of eyes, the stars come out. Whose eyes are they? If they are angels' eyes, why do they look down here and see good men hurt, and only wink and sparkle all the night?»

«Now Heaven help this silly fellow,» murmured the perplexed locksmith, «can he know this gentleman? His mother's house is not far off; I had better see if she can tell me who he is. Barnaby my man, help me to put him in the chaise, and we'll ride home together.»

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«I can't touch him!» cried the idiot falling back, and shuddering as with a strong spasm; «he's bloody.»

«It's in his nature I know,» muttered the locksmith, «it's cruel to ask him, but I must have help. Barnaby—good Barnaby—dear Barnaby—if you know this gentleman, for the sake of his life and everybody's life that loves him, help me to raise him and lay him down.»

«Cover him then, wrap him close—don't let me see it—smell it—hear the word. Don't speak the word—don't!»

«No, no, I'll not. There, you see he's covered now. Gently. Well done, well done!»

They placed him in the carriage with great ease, for Barnaby was strong and active, but all the time they were so occupied he shivered from head to foot, and evidently experienced such an ecstacy of terror that the locksmith could scarcely endure to witness his suffering.

This accomplished, and the wounded man being covered with Varden's own great-coat which he took off for the purpose, they proceeded onwards at a brisk pace: Barnaby gaily counting the stars upon his fingers, and Gabriel inwardly congratulating himself upon having an adventure now, which would silence Mrs. Varden on the subject of the Maypole for that night, or there was no faith in woman.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

In the venerable suburb—it was a suburb once—of Clerkenwell, towards that part of its confines which is nearest to the Charter House, and in one of those cool, shady streets, of which a few, widely scattered and dispersed, yet remain in such old parts of the metropolis.—each tenement quietly vegetating like an ancient citizen who long ago retired from business, and dozing on in its infirmity until in course of time it tumbles down, and is replaced by some extravagant young heir, flaunting in stucco and ornamental work, and all the vanities of modern days,—in this quarter, and in a street of this description, the business of the present chapter lies.

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At the time of which it treats, though only six-and-sixty years ago, a very large part of what is London now had no existence. Even in the brains of the wildest speculators, there had sprung up no long rows of streets connecting Highgate with Whitechapel, no assemblages of palaces in the swampy levels, nor little cities in the open fields. Although this part of town was then as now, parcelled out in streets and plentifully peopled, it wore a different aspect. There were gardens to many of the houses, and trees by the pavement side; with an air of freshness breathing up and down, which in these days would be sought in vain. Fields were nigh at hand, through which the New River took its winding course, and where there was merry hay-making in the summer time. Nature was not so far removed or hard to get at, as in these days; and although there were busy trades in Clerkenwell, and working jewellers by scores, it was a purer place, with farm-houses nearer to it than many modern Londoners would readily believe; and lovers' walks at no great distance, which turned into squalid courts, long before the lovers of this age were born, or, as the phrase goes, thought of.

In one of these streets, the cleanest of them all, and on the shady side of the way — for good housewives know that sunlight damages their cherished furniture, and so choose the shade rather than its intrusive glare — there stood the house with which we have to deal. It was a modest building, not over newly fashioned, not very straight, not large, not tall; not bold-faced, with great staring windows, but a shy, blinking house, with a conical roof going up into a peak over its garret window of four small panes of glass, like a cocked hat on the head of an elderly gentleman with one eye. It was not built of brick or lofty stone, but of wood and plaster; it was not planned with a dull and wearisome regard to regularity, for no one window matched the other, or seemed to have the slightest reference to anything besides itself.

The shop—for it had a shop — was, with reference to the first floor, where shops usually are; and there all resemblance between it and any other shop stopped short and ceased. People who went in and out didn't go up a flight of steps to it, or

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walk easily in upon a level with the street, but dived down three steep stairs, as into a cellar. Its floor was paved with stone and brick, as that of any other cellar might be; and in lieu of window-framed and glazed it had a great black wooden flap or shutter, nearly breast high from the ground, which turned back in the day-time, admitting as much cold air as light, and very often more. Behind this shop was a wainscoted parlour, looking first into a paved yard, and beyond that again into a little terrace garden, raised some few feet above it. Any stranger would have supposed that this wainscoted parlour, saving for the door of communication by which he had entered, was cut off and detached from all the world; and indeed most strangers on their first entrance were observed to grow extremely thoughtful, as weighing and pondering in their minds whether the upper rooms were only approachable by ladders from without; never suspecting that two of the most unassuming and unlikely doors in existence, which the most ingenious mechanician on earth must of necessity have supposed to be the doors of closets, opened out of this room—each without the smallest preparation, or so much as a quarter of an inch of passage—upon two dark winding flights of stairs, the one upward, the other downward; which were the sole means of communication between that chamber and the other portions of the house.

With all these oddities, there was not a neater, more scrupulously tidy, or more punctiliously ordered house, in London, in all England. There were not cleaner windows, or whiter floors, or brighter stoves, or more highly shining articles of furniture in old mahogany; there was not more rubbing, scrubbing, burnishing and polishing, in the whole street put together. Nor was this excellence attained without some cost and trouble, and great expenditure of voice, as the neighbours were frequently reminded when the good lady of the house overlooked and assisted in its being put to rights on cleaning days; which were usually from Monday morning till Saturday night, both days inclusive.

Leaning against the door-post of this, his dwelling, the locksmith stood early on the morning after he had met with the

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wounded man, gazing disconsolately at a great wooden emblem of a key, painted in vivid yellow to resemble gold, which dangled from the house-front, and swung to and fro with a mournful creaking noise, as if complaining that it had nothing to unlock. Sometimes he looked over his shoulder into the shop, which was so dark and dingy with numerous tokens of his trade, and so blackened by the smoke of a little forge, near which his 'prentice was at work, that it would have been difficult for one unused to such espials to have distinguished anything but various tools of uncouth make and shape, great bunches of rusty keys, fragments of iron, half-finished locks, and such-like things, which garnished the walls and hung in clusters from the ceiling.

After a long and patient contemplation of the golden key, and many such backward glances, Gabriel stepped into the road, and stole a look at the upper windows. One of them chanced to be thrown open at the moment, and a roguish face met his; a face lighted up by the loveliest pair of sparkling eyes that ever locksmith looked upon; the face of a pretty, laughing, girl; dimpled and fresh, and healthful — the very impersonation of good humour and blooming beauty.

«Hush!» she whispered, bending forward, and pointing archly to the window underneath. «Mother is still asleep.»

«Still, my dear,» returned the locksmith in the same tone. «You talk as if she had been asleep all night, instead of little more than half an hour. But I 'm very thankful. Sleep's a blessing — no doubt about it.» The last few words he muttered to himself.

«How cruel of you to keep us up so late this morning, and never tell us where you were, or send us word!» said the girl.

«Ah Dolly, Dolly!» returned the locksmith, shaking his head, and smiling, «how cruel of you to run up stairs to bed! Come down to breakfast, madcap, and come down lightly, or you'll wake your mother. She must be tired, I am sure—*I* am!»

Keeping these latter words to himself, and returning his daughter's nod, he was passing into the workshop, with the

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smile she had awakened still beaming on his face, when he just caught sight of his 'prentice's brown paper cap ducking down to avoid observation, and shrinking from the window back to its former place, which the wearer no sooner reached than he began to hammer lustily.

« Listening again, Simon! » said Gabriel to himself. « That's bad. What in the name of wonder does he expect the girl to say, that I always catch him listening when *she* speaks, and never at any other time! A bad habit, Sim, a sneaking, underhanded way. Ah! you may hammer, but you won't beat that out of me, if you work at it till your time's up! »

So saying, and shaking his head gravely, he re-entered the workshop, and confronted the subject of these remarks.

« There's enough of that just now, » said the locksmith. « You need'nt make any more of that confounded clatter. Breakfast's ready. »

« Sir, » said Sim, looking up with amazing politeness, and a peculiar little bow cut short off at the neck, « I shall attend you immediately. »

« I suppose, » muttered Gabriel, « that's out of the 'Prentice's Garland, or the 'Prentice's Delight, or the 'Prentice's Warbler, or the 'Prentice's Guide to the Gallows, or some such improving text-book. Now he's going to beautify himself—here's a precious locksmith! »

Quite unconscious that his master was looking on from the dark corner by the parlour door, Sim threw off the paper cap, sprang from his seat, and in two extraordinary steps, something between skating and minuet-dancing, bounded to a washing-place at the other end of the shop, and there removed from his face and hands all traces of his previous work—practising the same step all the time with the utmost gravity. This done, he drew from some concealed place a little scrap of looking-glass, and with its assistance arranged his hair, and ascertained the exact state of a little carbuncle on his nose. Having now completed his toilet, he placed the fragment of mirror on a low bench, and looked over his shoulder at so much of his legs as could be reflected in that small compass, with the greatest possible complacency and satisfaction.

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Sim, as he was called in the locksmith's family, or Mr. Simon Tappertit, as he called himself, and required all men to style him out of doors, on holidays, and Sundays out, — was an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his most intimate friends, concerning the power of his eye. Indeed he had been known to go so far as to boast that he could utterly quell and subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process, which he termed «eyeing her over;» but it must be added, that neither of this faculty, nor of the power he claimed to have, through the same gift, of vanquishing and heaving down dumb animals, even in a rabid state, had he ever furnished evidence which could be deemed quite satisfactory and conclusive.

It may be inferred from these premises, that in the small body of Mr. Tappertit there was locked up an ambitious and aspiring soul. As certain liquors, confined in casks too cramped in their dimensions, will ferment, and fret, and chafe in their imprisonment, so the spiritual essence or soul of Mr. Tappertit would sometimes fume within that precious cask, his body, until, with great foam and froth and splutter, it would force a vent, and carry all before it. It was his custom to remark, in reference to any one of these occasions, that his soul had got into his head; and in this novel kind of intoxication many scrapes and mishaps befel him, which he had frequently concealed with no small difficulty from his worthy master.

Sim Tappertit, among the other fancies upon which his before-mentioned soul was for ever feasting and regaling itself (and which fancies, like the liver of Prometheus, grew as they were fed upon), had a mighty notion of his order; and had

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been heard by the servant-maid openly expressing his regret that the 'prentices no longer carried clubs wherewith to mace the citizens: that was his strong expression. He was likewise reported to have said that in former times a stigma had been cast upon the body by the execution of George Barnwell, to which they should not have basely submitted, but should have demanded him of the legislature — temperately at first; then by an appeal to arms, if necessary—to be dealt with as they in their wisdom might think fit. These thoughts always led him to consider what a glorious engine the 'prentices might yet become if they had but a master spirit at their head; and then he would darkly, and to the terror of his hearers, hint at certain reckless fellows that he knew of, and at a certain Lion Heart ready to become their captain, who, once afoot, would make the Lord Mayor tremble on his throne.

In the respect of dress and personal decoration, Sim Tappertit was no less of an adventurous and enterprising character. He had been seen, beyond dispute, to pull off ruffles of the finest quality at the corner of the street on Sunday nights, and to put them carefully in his pocket before returning home; and it was quite notorious that on all great holiday occasions it was his habit to exchange his plain steel knee-buckles for a pair of glittering paste, under cover of a friendly post, planted most conveniently in that same spot. Add to this that he was in years just twenty, in his looks much older, and in conceit at least two hundred; that he had no objection to be jested with touching his admiration of his master's daughter; and had even, when called upon at a certain obscure tavern to pledge the lady whom he honoured with his love, toasted, with many winks and leers, a fair creature whose Christian name, he said, began with a D—;—and as much is known of Sim Tappertit, who has by this time followed the locksmith in to breakfast, as is necessary to be known in making his acquaintance.

It was a substantial meal; for over and above the ordinary tea-equipage the board creaked beneath the weight of a jolly round of beef, a ham of the first magnitude, and sundry towers of buttered Yorkshire cake, piled slice upon slice in

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most alluring order. There was also a goodly jug of well-browned clay, fashioned into the form of an old gentleman, not by any means unlike the locksmith, atop of whose bald head was a fine white froth answering to his wig, indicative, beyond dispute, of sparkling home-brewed ale. But better far than fair home-brewed, or Yorkshire cake, or ham, or beef, or anything to eat or drink that earth or air or water can supply, there sat, presiding over all, the locksmith's rosy daughter, before whose dark eyes even beef grew insignificant, and malt became as nothing.

Fathers should never kiss their daughters when young men are by. It's too much. There are bounds to human endurance. So thought Sim Tappertit when Gabriel drew those rosy lips to his — those lips within Sim's reach from day to day, and yet so far off. He had a respect for his master, but he wished the Yorkshire cake might choke him.

«Father,» said the locksmith's daughter, when this salute was over, and they took their seats at table, «what is this I hear about last night?»

«All true, my dear; true as the Gospel, Doll.»

«Young Mr. Chester robbed, and lying wounded in the road, when you came up?»

«Ay—Mr. Edward. And beside him, Barnaby, calling for help with all his might. It was well it happened as it did; for the road's a lonely one, the hour was late, and, the night being cold, and poor Barnaby even less sensible than usual from surprise and fright, the young gentleman might have met his death in a very short time.»

«I dread to think of it!» cried his daughter with a shudder. «How did you know him?»

«Know him!» returned the locksmith. «I didn't know him —how could I? I had never seen him, often as I had heard and spoken of him. I took him to Mrs. Rudge's; and she no sooner saw him than the truth came out.»

«Miss Emma, father—If this news should reach her, enlarged upon as it is sure to be, she will go distracted.»

«Why, lookye there again, how a man suffers for being good-natured,» said the locksmith. «Miss Emma was with

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her uncle at the masquerade at Carlisle House, where she had gone, as the people at the Warren told me, sorely against her will. What does your blockhead father when he and Mrs. Rudge have laid their heads together, but goes there when he ought to be abed, makes interest with his friend the door-keeper, slips him on a mask and domino, and mixes with the masquers.»

«And like himself to do so!» cried the girl, putting her fair arm round his neck, and giving him a most enthusiastic kiss.

«Like himself!» repeated Gabriel, affecting to grumble, but evidently delighted with the part he had taken, and with her praise. «Very like himself—so your mother said. However, he mingled with the crowd, and prettily worried and badgered he was, I warrant you, with people squeaking, 'Don't you know me?' and 'I've found you out,' and all that kind of nonsense in his ears. He might have wandered on till now, but in a little room there was a young lady who had taken off her mask, on account of the place being very warm, and was sitting there alone.»

«And that was she?» said his daughter hastily.

«And that was she,» replied the locksmith; «and I no sooner whispered to her what the matter was — as softly, Doll, and with nearly as much art as you could have used yourself — than she gives a kind of scream and faints away.»

«What did you do — what happened next?» asked his daughter.

«Why, the masks came flocking round, with a general noise and hubbub, and I thought myself in luck to get clear off, that's all,» rejoined the locksmith. «What happened when I reached home you may guess, if you didn't hear it. Ah! Well, it's a poor heart that never rejoices.—Put Toby this way, my dear.»

This Toby was the brown jug of which previous mention has been made. Applying his lips to the worthy old gentleman's benevolent forehead, the locksmith, who had all this time been ravaging among the eatables, kept them there so long, at the same time raising the vessel slowly in the air,

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that at length Toby stood on his head upon his nose, when he smacked his lips, and set him on the table again with fond reluctance.

Although Sim Tappertit had taken no share in this conversation, no part of it being addressed to him, he had not been wanting in such silent manifestations of astonishment, as he deemed most compatible with the favourable display of his eyes. Regarding the pause which now ensued, as a particularly advantageous opportunity for doing great execution with them upon the locksmith's daughter (who he had no doubt was looking at him in mute admiration), he began to screw and twist his face, and especially those features, into such extraordinary, hideous, and unparalleled contortions, that Gabriel, who happened to look towards him, was stricken with amazement.

«Why, what the devil's the matter with the lad!» cried the locksmith. «Is he choking?»

«Who?» demanded Sim, with some disdain.

«Who? why, you,» returned his master. «What do you mean by making those horrible faces over your breakfast?»

«Faces are matters of taste, sir,» said Mr. Tappertit, rather discomfited; not the less so because he saw the locksmith's daughter smiling.

«Sim,» rejoined Gabriel, laughing heartily. «Don't be a fool, for I'd rather see you in your senses. These young fellows,» he added, turning to his daughter, «are always committing some folly or another. There was a quarrel between Joe Willet and old John last night—though I can't say Joe was much in fault either. He'll be missing one of these mornings, and will have gone away upon some wild-goose errand, seeking his fortune.—Why, what's the matter, Doll? You are making faces now. The girls are as bad as the boys every bit!»

«It's the tea,» said Dolly, turning alternately very red and very white, which is no doubt the effect of a slight scald—«so very hot.»

Mr. Tappertit looked immensely big at a quartern loaf on the table and breathed hard.

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"Is that all?" returned the locksmith. "Put some more milk in it. Yes, I am sorry for Joe, because he is a likely young fellow, and gains upon one every time one sees him. But he'll start off you'll find, Indeed he told me as much himself!"

"Indeed!" cried Dolly in a faint voice. "In—deed!"

"Is the tea tickling your throat still, my dear?" said the locksmith.

But before his daughter could make him any answer, she was taken with a troublesome cough, and it was such a very unpleasant cough, that when she left off the tears were starting in her bright eyes. The good-natured locksmith was still patting her on the back and applying such gentle restoratives, when a message arrived from Mrs. Varden, making known to all whom it might concern, that she felt too much indisposed to rise after her great agitation and anxiety of the previous night; and therefore desired to be immediately accommodated with the little black tea-pot of strong mixed tea, a couple of rounds of buttered toast, a middling-sized dish of beef and ham cut thin, and the Protestant Manual in two volumes post octavo. Like some other ladies who in remote ages flourished upon this globe, Mrs. Varden was most devout when most ill-tempered. Whenever she and her husband were at unusual variance, then the Protestant Manual was in high feather. Knowing from experience what these requests portended, the triumvirate broke up: Dolly to see the orders executed with all despatch; Gabriel to some out-of-door work in his little chaise; and Sim to his daily duty in the workshop, to which retreat he carried the big look, although the loaf remained behind.

Indeed the big look increased immensely, and when he had tied his apron on became quite gigantic. It was not until he had several times walked up and down with folded arms, and the longest strides he could take, and had kicked a great many small articles out of his way, that his lip began to curl. At length a gloomy derision came upon his features, and he smiled; uttering meanwhile with supreme contempt the monosyllable "Joe!"

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«I eyed her over while he talked about the fellow,» he said, «and that was of course the reason of her being confused. Joe!»

He walked up and down again much quicker than before, and if possible with longer strides; sometimes stopping to take a glance at his legs, and sometimes to jerk out, as it were, and cast from him, another «Joe!» In the course of a quarter an hour or so he again assumed the paper cap and tried to work. No. It could not be done.

«I'll do nothing to-day» said Mr. Tappertit, dashing it down again, «but grind. I'll grind up all the tools. Grinding will suit my present humour well. Joe!»

Whirr-r-r-r. The grindstone was soon in motion; the sparks were flying off in showers. This was the occupation for his heated spirit.

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r.

«Something will come of this!» said Mr. Tappertit, pausing as if in triumph, and wiping his heated face upon his sleeve. «Something will come of this. I hope it mayn't be human gore.»

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

As soon as the business of the day was over, the locksmith sallied forth alone to visit the wounded gentleman and ascertain the progress of his recovery. The house where he had left him was in a by-street in Southwark, not far from London Bridge; and thither he hied with all speed, bent upon returning with as little delay as might be, and getting to bed betimes.

The evening was boisterous—scarcely better than the previous night had been. It was not easy for a stout man like Gabriel to keep his legs at the street corners, or to make head against the high wind; which often fairly got the better of him, and drove him back some paces, or, in defiance of all his energy, forced him to take shelter in an arch or doorway until the fury of the gust was spent. Occasionally a hat or

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wig, or both, came spinning and trundling past him, like a mad thing; while the more serious spectacle of falling tiles and slates, or of masses of brick and mortar, or fragments of stone-coping rattling upon the pavement near at hand, and splitting into fragments, did not increase the pleasure of the journey, or make the way less dreary.

«A trying night for a man like me to walk in!» said the locksmith, as he knocked softly at the widow's door. «I'd rather be in old John's chimney-corner, faith!»

«Who's there?» demanded a woman's voice from within. Being answered, it added a hasty word of welcome, and the door was quickly opened.

She was about forty—perhaps two or three years older—with a cheerful aspect, and a face that had once been pretty. It bore traces of affliction and care, but they were of an old date, and Time had smoothed them. Any one who had bestowed but a casual glance on Barnaby might have known that this was his mother, from the strong resemblance between them; but where in his face there was wildness and vacancy, in hers there was the patient composure of long effort and quiet resignation.

One thing about this face was very strange and startling. You could not look upon it in its most cheerful mood without feeling that it had some extraordinary capacity of expressing terror. It was not on the surface. It was in no one feature that it lingered. You could not take the eyes, or mouth, or lines upon the cheek, and say, if this or that were otherwise, it would not be so. Yet there it always lurked—something for ever dimly seen, but ever there, and never absent for a moment. It was the faintest, palest shadow of some look, to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given birth; but indistinct and feeble as it was, it did suggest what that look must have been, and fixed it in the mind as if it had had existence in a dream.

More faintly imaged, and wanting force and purpose, as it were, because of his darkened intellect, there was this same stamp upon the son. Seen in a picture, it must have had

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some legend with it, and would have haunted those who looked upon the canvas. They who knew the Maypole story, and could remember what the widow was, before her husband's and his master's murder, understood it well. They recollected how the change had come, and could call to mind that when her son was born, upon the very day the deed was known, he bore upon his wrist what seemed a smear of blood, but washed out.

«God save you, neighbour,» said the locksmith, as he followed her with the air of an old friend into a little parlour where a cheerful fire was burning.

«And you,» she answered, smiling. «Your kind heart has brought you here again. Nothing will keep you at home, I know of old, if there are friends to serve or comfort, out of doors.»

«Tut, tut,» returned the locksmith, rubbing his hands and warming them. «You women are such talkers. What of the patient, neighbour?»

«He is sleeping now. He was very restless towards daylight, and for some hours tossed and tumbled sadly. But the fever has left him, and the doctor says he will soon mend. He must not be removed until to-morrow.»

«He has had visitors to-day—humph?» said Gabriel, slily.

«Yes. Old Mr. Chester has been here ever since we sent for him, and had not been gone many minutes when you knocked.»

«No ladies? said Gabriel, elevating his eyebrows and looking disappointed.

«A letter,» replied the widow.

«Come. That's better than nothing!» cried the locksmith. «Who was the bearer?»

«Barnaby, of course.»

«Barnaby's a jewel!» said Varden; and comes and goes with ease where we, who think ourselves much wiser, would make but a poor hand of it. He is not out wandering, again, I hope?»

«Thank Heaven he is in his bed; having been up all night, as you know, and on his feet all day. He was quite tired

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out. Ah, neighbour, if I could but see him oftener so—if I could but tame down that terrible restlessness—»

«In good time,» said the locksmith kindly, «in good time—don't be down-hearted. To my mind he grows wiser every day.»

The widow shook her head. And yet, though she knew the locksmith sought to cheer her, and spoke from no conviction of his own, she was glad to hear even this praise of her poor benighted son.

«He will be a 'cute man yet,» resumed the locksmith. «Take care, when we are growing old and foolish, Barnaby doesn't put us to the blush, that's all. But our other friend,» he added, looking under the table and about the floor—«sharpest and cunningest of all the sharp and cunning ones—where's he?»

«In Barnaby's room,» rejoined the widow, with a faint smile.

«Ah! He's a knowing blade!» said Varden, shaking his head. «I should be sorry to talk secrets before him. Oh! He's a deep customer. I've no doubt he can read and write and cast accounts if he chooses. What was that—him tapping at the door?»

«No,» returned the widow. «It was in the street, I think. Hark! Yes. There again! 'Tis some one knocking softly at the shutter. Who can it be!»

They had been speaking in a low tone, for the invalid lay overhead, and the walls and ceilings being thin and poorly built, the sound of their voices might otherwise have disturbed his slumber. The party without, whoever it was, could have stood close to the shutter without hearing anything spoken; and, seeing the light through the chinks and finding all so quiet, might have been persuaded that only one person was there.

«Some thief or ruffian, maybe,» said the locksmith. «Give me the light.»

«No, no,» she returned hastily. «Such visitors have never come to this poor dwelling. Do you stay here. You're within call, at the worst. I would rather go myself—alone.»

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« Why ? » said the locksmith, unwillingly relinquishing the candle he had caught up from the table.

« Because—I don't know why—because the wish is strong upon me, » she rejoined. « There again—do not detain me, I beg of you ! »

Gabriel looked at her, in great surprise to see one, who was usually so mild and quiet, thus agitated, and with so little cause. She left the room and closed the door behind her. She stood for a moment as if hesitating, with her hand upon the lock. In this short interval the knocking came again, and a voice close to the window—a voice the locksmith seemed to recollect, and to have some disagreeable association with—whispered « Make haste. »

The words were uttered in that low distinct voice which finds its way so readily to sleepers' ears, and wakes them in a fright. For a moment it startled even the locksmith ; who involuntarily drew back from the window, and listened.

The wind rumbling in the chimney made it difficult to hear what passed, but he could tell that the door was opened, that there was the tread of a man upon the creaking boards, and then a moment's silence—broken by a suppressed something which was not a shriek, or groan, or cry for help, and yet might have been either or all three ; and the words « My God ! » uttered in a voice it chilled him to hear.

He rushed out upon the instant. There, at last, was that dreadful look—the very one he seemed to know so well and yet had never seen before—upon her face. There she stood, frozen to the ground, gazing with starting eyes, and livid cheeks, and every feature fixed and ghastly, upon the man he had encountered in the dark last night. His eyes met those of the locksmith. It was but a flash, an instant, a breath upon a polished glass, and he was gone.

The locksmith was upon him—had the skirts of his streaming garment almost in his grasp—when his arms were tightly clutched, and the widow flung herself upon the ground before him.

« The other way—the other way, » she cried. « He went the other way. Turn—turn. »

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«The other way! I see him now,» rejoined the locksmith, pointing—«yonder—there—there is his shadow passing by that light. What—who is this? Let me go.»

«Come back, come back!» exclaimed the woman, wrestling with and clasping him; «Do not touch him on your life. I charge you, come back. He carries other lives besides his own. Come back!»

«What does this mean?» cried the locksmith.

«No matter what it means, don't ask, don't speak, don't think about it. He is not to be followed, checked, or stopped. Come back!»

The old man looked at her in wonder, as she writhed and clung about him; and, borne down by her passion, suffered her to drag him into the house. It was not until she had chained and double-locked the door, fastened every bolt and bar with the heat and fury of a maniac, and drawn him back into the room, that she turned upon him once again that stony look of horror, and, sinking down into a chair, covered her face, and shuddered, as though the hand of death were on her.

(To be continued.)

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THE BELLMAN'S SONG.

(1) Two hundred years are well-nigh gone, since fleshly form I wore:
I think, with a sigh, on the days gone by, and the joys that are no more—
When London's streets, so high and dim, re-echoed to my tread,
As my bell I swung, and merrily sung: (2) «BRING OUT, BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!»

'Twas June's mid-blaze, and the sunny rays did (3) parch the drouthy air;
And the Dog-Star's eye, malignantly, on the sweltered earth did glare:
The (4) Flies obscene did cluster thick, and hang from roof and wall;
Like bees, I swear, they charmed were with my bell and my merry call.

And to and fro, from high to low, a shuddering whisper ran,
That Pestilence had waved his wing, to dim the hopes of man:
«The monarch grim,» they muttered, «hath left his palace by the Nile,
«A progress to make, and his dues to take, in England's merry isle.»

Like a monarch, his harbingers he sent, his coming to proclaim;
For a (5) Comet red was his usher dread, with beard of livid flame.
Right o'er Saint Paul's Cathedral stood the (6) Angel of the Lord:
A wrath divine on his brow did shine; he waved a glimmering sword.

(1) «It was in the year of our Lord 1665, that the Plague began in our City of London; after we were warned by the Great Plague in Holland in the year 1664.»
«God's Terrible Voice in the City,» by the Rev. T. Vincent. 8vo. 1667.

(2) «The Bellman called out several times—«*Bring out your Dead!*» — but nobody answered.» De Foe's Memoirs of the Plague Year. p. 76.»

(3) «The hottest day that ever I felt in my life.» Pepys' Diary, June 7th.

(4) «In the summer before the plague there was such a multitude of Flies, that they lined the insides of houses; and if any thread or string did hang down in any place, it was presently thick set with flies, like a rope of onions.» Boghurst's Loimographia.. 1666.

(5) «In the first place, a blazing Star, or Comet, appeared for several months before the Plague. — The Comet before the Pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid colour.»
De Foe. Memoirs of the Plague Year. p. 31.

(6) «There they saw hearses and coffins in the air, carrying to be buried.»
De Foe, Mem. of the Plague. p. 38.

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Each eve, when the sun his race had run o'er cloud-land's realms of gold,
(1) Herald, and Mute, and Mourning-Train, in plumed procession rolled:
With shrouded face and gliding pace, they passed in endless rank;
From the North they rose untiringly, and aye in the South they sank.

Hark, hark! how it creaks in the morning air, yon lattice neglectedly!
And yon low door—it never more to the living shall opened be.
'Tis padlocked and barred, but a surer guard is yon slender (2) Cross of Red,
And the pious scrawl, that seems to say: «None pass here, but the Dead!»

Strange sounds were heard, my comrades averred, but they all have died away,
Strange shadows were thrown on that lattice pane, but they vanished ere the day:
(3) To look within that lonely room not lightly would I dare;
For Rage and Fear were the Nurses here, the Comforter, Despair.

'Twas strange to behold how the signs did wave aloft in the sultry gale;
Half touched below with the (4) Bonfire's glow, and half with Moonshine pale:
And ever they swang with a rusty clang; as ye hear, when the storm is high,
Where the Pirate's bones on the gibbet swing, in irons harmoniously.

And 'twas strange to behold, as onward rolled our cart, with its lading grim,
The motion queer and the gesture quaint, of each dank and stony limb,
I thought, as I saw each quivering hand, and saw each nodding head,
They were beating time to my merry chime: «BRING OUT, BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!»

(5) Stark Manhood lay there, with a bitter glare yet glimmering in his eye;
And the Maid's long locks round the fingers were twined of span-long Infancy.

(1) «One time, before the plague was begun, I think it was in March, seeing a crowd of people in the street, I joined them to satisfy my curiosity, and found them all staring up in the air, to see what a Woman told them appeared plain to her, which was «an Angel clothed in white, with a fiery sword in his hand, waving it, or brandishing it over his head.» Ib. 40.

(2) «That every house visited be marked with a Red Cross of a foot long, in the middle of the door, and with these usual printed words: that is to say, «Lord have Mercy upon us,» to be set close over the same Cross.» Orders of the Lord Mayor. 1665.

(3) «The very buryers of the dead, who were the most hardened creatures in the town, were some times so terrified, that they durst not go into the houses where whole families were swept away together, and where the circumstances were more particularly horrible.» Journal of the Plague Year. p. 58.

(4) «To London, and there I saw Fires burning in the streets, through the whole City, by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's (at Whitehall): all the way Fires on each sides of the Thames.» Pepys' Diary. vol. ii.

(5) «The Cart had in it sixteen or seventeen Bodies; some were wrapped up in linen

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All ruffled was the Old Man's beard, like corn by the gale laid low:
The Youth's lip yet with foam was wet—he had wrestled with the foe.

Their limbs were damp—the withering cramp had strangely twined them all,
As the branches are twined by the Hurricane, in guise fantastical.
On Babe and Maid, Priest, Bride, and Youth, the plague-seal ye might view:
For breast or thigh, the curious eye might trace the (1) Tokens blue.

Thus on we rolled, while my song I trolled, till in Aldgate we ended our ride;
And we set down our fare at a mansion fair, a Palace bright and wide:
Though rough was the road, and our close-packed load was jolted grievously,
No complaint did we hear from our passengers of pace or company!

O! (2) Aldgate Pit is a palace fit for the Pest-King's levee fair!
With (3) lanterns dim 'tis lighted up, and torches' smouldering glare.
To marshal the guests in order due were Chamberlains arrayed;
And each did hold, for Rod of Gold, the Mattock and the Spade.

My bones they lie in Aldgate Pit, in the fat loam mingled deep;
By Merchant, Knight, and Lady bright, full daintily they sleep:
If she turned in her shroud, that madam proud, for very shame she'd cry,
That the Bellman's bones in the lordly grave by her snowy side should lie.

The book-man may prate of the gallant state the Plague-King kept of yore,
Once in fair Athens' marble walls, and once by (4) Arno's shore;
But he triumphed best when in Aldgate Pit he held his levee dread,
When my Bell I swung, and merrily sung: «Bring out, bring out your Dead!»

sheets, some in rugs, some little other than naked, or so loose, that what covering they had fell from them, in the shooting out of the cart; and they fell quite naked among the rest; but the matter was not much to them, seeing they were all dead, and were to be huddled together into the common Grave of Mankind.» De Foe. p. 93.

(1) «The true pestilential spots, called the *Tokens*, were a gangrened flesh of a pyramidal figure, penetrating to the very bone, with its basis downward; altogether mortified and insensible, though a pin or other sharp body were thrust into it.»
Dr. Hodges, author of the Loimologia.

(2) «The great Pit in the church-yard of our parish of Aldgate: a terrible pit it was. It was about forty feet in length, and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad: it was, at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty feet afterwards.» De Foe. Memoirs. p. 88.

(3) «There were lanterns, with candles in them, placed all night round the sides of the Pit upon the heaps of earth, seven or eight, or perhaps more.» De Foe. p. 93.

(4) Plague of Florence. Boccaccio—Decamerone. I. i.

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BRITISH FIELD SPORTS.

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1. Nimrod's *Hunting Tours*. 8vo. London: 1833.
2. *The Chase, the Turf, and the Road.* By Nimrod, with Illustrations. 8vo. London: 1837.
3. *Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting.* By Lieut.-Col. P. Hawker. 8th Edition. 8vo. London: 1838.
4. *Sporting Scenes and Country Characters.* By Martingale. With numerous Illustrations on Wood. 8vo. London: 1840.
5. *An Encyclopædia of Rural Sports; or, a Complete Account, Historical, Practical, and Descriptive, of Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Racing, and other Field Sports and Athletic Amusements of the present day.* By Delabere P. Blaine, Esq., Illustrated by Six Hundred Engravings on Wood. 8vo. London: 1840.
6. *The Moor and the Loch.* By John Colquhoun, Esq. Second Edition. 8vo. London: 1841.
7. *The Rod and the Gun; being two Treatises on Angling and Sporting.* By James Wilson, F. R. S. E., and by the Author of 'The Oakleigh Sporting Code.' Republished from the Seventh Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* 8vo. Edinburgh: 1841.

We have selected the works named at the head of this article as containing the most modern notions and improvements, and also as best calculated, for other reasons, to serve as specimens of their class.

In 'The Sporting Scenes and Country Characters,' by Martingale, we have a series of brief descriptions, well seasoned with precepts, and occasionally enlivened by anecdotes, of every kind of rural amusement, from stag-hunting to rat-catching.

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In Mr Blaine's 'Encyclopædia,' the entire science and history of the same topics are compressed. It is literally and faithfully what its name implies—a complete round or circle of sporting knowledge—a perfect manual for the amateur, who may turn to it with equal confidence, whether he wishes to learn how to train a fox-hound in England, or to kill a giraffe in Africa.

The fame of 'Nimrod' is universally diffused. He has done for fox-hunting what the editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands* effected for gastronomy, and the veriest Cockney may derive unmingled gratification from his writings; for, independently of the descriptive powers displayed in them, they form one of the richest funds of racy anecdote we are acquainted with. This is in some measure to be attributed to the privilege tacitly accorded to him of indulging, to an unlimited extent, in personal allusion.

As to the rest upon our list—Colonel Hawker expounds the whole *rationale* of Shooting with clearness, fulness, and vivacity; whilst Mr Colquhoun, with his freshness of description and instructive minuteness of detail, bears us off to the mountains, prepared for every change of weather or variety of country that may turn up. The treatise on Shooting, by the author of The 'Oakleigh Sporting Code,' is written upon a very comprehensive plan, and beautifully illustrated. Its companion on Angling is one of the most interesting, instructive, and agreeable treatises on the 'gentle art' that exists in our language; and will probably be noticed at greater length in a future article.

An unsophisticated observer, on his first visit to a hunting country, must instantly be struck by the magnificence of the establishments, as well as by the taste, inventive ingenuity, and scientific knowledge displayed in them—the kennels and stables built with far more regard to health and comfort than the dwelling-houses—the dogs and horses dieted according to the established principles of art—more pains taken with the education of a fox-hound than with that of a country gentleman fifty years ago, and as many delicate attentions lavished on a sick hunter by a nursing groom, as a lady of quality

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would receive from Sir Henry Halford or her waiting-maid. Then, how painfully would the sense of his own insignificance be forced upon him by the absorbing character of the pursuit —the complete devotion of all around him to the master passion—the entire subservience of thoughts, feelings, habits, senses, to the presiding influence or genius of the place! 'Pray, my lord,' said Nimrod to the present Duke of Cleveland, 'is 'not your kennel here very near the house? Does not the 'savour of the boiler sometimes find its way into the draw-'ing-room?'—'It may,' replied his lordship, 'but we are all 'too well bred for fox-hunting to mind that.' Woe indeed to the wife, sister, or daughter, who betrays any feminine weakness in this respect, 'I was once present,' says Nimrod, 'when an anecdote was told of a gentleman having purchased a pack of fox-hounds; but, on their arrival at his kennel, his wife went into fits, in which she continued till the hounds were sent back again to their original owner.'—'If my wife had done so,' said Mr Corbet, 'I would never have kissed her again till she took off her nightcap, and cried Tally-ho.'

The best, perhaps only, way by which the female members of the family can preserve their empire under such circumstances, is to take the field in their own proper persons; and there are no want of examples to justify the step, as one of Nimrod's graphic sketches will make clear. The grand drawing-room at Raby Castle is the scene:

'The door opened with an announcement of "Mr. Hodgson, my lord," and in walked Tommy Hodgson (the groom) presenting a full front to his master. No soldier on parade could present a better. No gate-post was ever straighter; no Shakspeare's apothecary was leaner; and the succession of lines from the forehead to the chin, too plainly showed that age had traced his cruel way over Tommy's honest face. Not a word escaped him, until the marquis took his card (the list of hunters fit for work presented daily) out of his pocket, and then the dialogue began. It was a rare specimen of the laconic: Is *Moses* sound? Yes, my lord. I shall ride him—Also *Bergami?*—Yes, my lord. Dick, *Swing?*—Yes, my lord. Will, *Salopian?*—Yes, my lord. Lady Cleveland, *Raby?*—Yes, my lord. Edward, *the Parson?*—Yes, my lord. Lady Arabella, *the Duchess?*—Yes, my lord. George, *Obadiah?*—Yes, my lord. That's all?—Yes, my lord. (*Exit Tommy.*)'

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Equally characteristic, though illustrative of another point, is the breakfast room scene:

'It so happened that we were all—and a pretty large party—seated at the breakfast table when Lord Darlington (the present Duke of Cleveland) made his appearance. Next to the usual enquiries after his lordship's health, the question was asked by two or three at once, have you heard how Will is? (the whipper-in, who had had a bad fall the day before.) «I have been to his bedside,» said Lord D.; «he has had a restless night, nevertheless I hope he will do well: but he made me smile when he said he had no doubt but he should be able to go out with the hounds on Wednesday. *He also enquired after Lightning's eyes, and how Rufus and Mortimer had fed.*'»

Considering the Duke's acknowledged cultivation and accomplishments, he is one of the most remarkable living instances of the passion. During some years he hunted his own hounds regularly six days in the week. He had a change of clothes at all the principal inns within his hunt, to the nearest of which he always repaired after his sport was over; and putting himself into a chaise and four, ready dressed for the evening, a small fieldpiece at the lodge of his park announced his approach to the castle, and, by the time he arrived, dinner was upon the table.

The ruling passion 'strong in death' was never, we quite agree with Nimrod, more strongly exemplified than in Mr T. Shafto, a distinguished follower of the Raby hounds. He was on his way to Ireland with a sporting friend, when the captain of the vessel came down to their cabin, and informed them that all hope was over. Instead of giving vent to the ordinary exclamations of terror, he heaved a deep sigh, and thus apostrophized his companion in distress. '*I say Bob, no more Uckenby whin,*» (a favourite covert within the hunt.)

It is impossible not to be struck by the distinguished place accorded to the clergy of the Established Church in the annals of fox-hunting. Thus, in the Duke of Cleveland's published diary, we find this entry: 'I cannot omit to mention that the Rev. J. M'., (the name at full length,) 'shone as conspicuously this day on his grey mare as in the pulpit, and 'was alone with the hounds over Ainderby moors at the last, 'near Thornhill's willow-bed.'

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Nimrod pays this handsome tribute to the merits of another clerical hero: 'The vicar of P. is no humbug. He sings a 'hunting song to his parishioners, tells them a good story at 'his tithe-feast, and gives them the best his house affords. 'His invitation to Sir Bellingham and myself, for the next 'time the hounds came that way, was rather unique. «My 'claret,» said he, «is of the finest vintage; and if you will 'drink enough of it, it will make your eyes look like boiled 'gooseberries.»' Probably this was the gentleman to whom a facetious friend, after witnessing his appearance in the pulpit remarked, 'I like you better in bottle than in wood.'

The medical profession furnishes its quota of enthusiasts, and many highly honourable traits are recorded of them. The following for example: — A medical gentleman, by the name of Hansted, residing near Newbury, ordered his gardener to set a trap for some vermin that infested his garden. As ill luck would have it, a fox was found in the morning with his leg broken. On being taken to the doctor, he exclaimed, 'Why did you not call me up in the night, that I might have set the leg?' Better late than never: he did set the leg; the fox recovered; and was killed in due form, after a capital run.

A farmer within the limits of Mr Farquharson's hunt, being accused of killing a fox, was not allowed to dine at the farmer's ordinary until he had established his innocence.

There are two perfectly distinct principles on which fox-hunting is upheld by its votaries; independently of its use in clearing the country of vermin, which is rendered somewhat problematical by the fact just mentioned. The one is its levelling tendency. 'It is a sort of Saturnalian amusement (says 'Nimrod,) in which all ranks and privileges are set aside; and 'he that has the best horse and the most nerve, takes the prece-'dence for the day. A butcher's boy, upon a pony, may 'throw the dirt in the face of the first duke in the kingdom. 'This, *though little thought of*, is one of the many advan-'tages arising from a land of liberty.' The other was expounded by Sir Hussey (now Lord) Vivian, during the game-law debate: 'I own I am proud of sporting; and the greatest 'commander the world ever had, has declared that he found

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'the men who followed the hounds brave and valiant soldiers.'

This doctrine was much more pointedly expressed by an old writer: 'Who is so likely to gain a rampart, or mount an 'intrenchment, as he whose long practice hath been scaling 'the fortifications of meadows and inclosures? who so proper 'to manage his horse with address and intrepidity in time of 'action, as he whose trade and occupation are leaping over 'five-bar gates, hedges, and stone-walls? Habit and experience qualify the fox-hunter for the sap or for the storm, 'to unkennel or to pursue: long custom hath made him 'acquainted with all sorts of ground, with hills and valleys, 'morasses and deserts, streights and precipices; hath enabled 'him to excel in march or forage, in ambush or surprise, 'in advance or retreat. How common was it for champions 'like these to give terror to a squadron, or to make lanes 'among legions of Frenchmen! With what health and vigour did they then return home to the arms of their consorts! what hopeful, rosy, jolly branches were seen round 'their tables! What martial heroes, inheritors of their virtues 'and their valour, did they leave to their country!'

Our ancestors derived a great part of their gratification from seeing their dogs work, and 'slow but sure' was a high commendation for a hound. Now, speed is the grand requisite; and the height of a huntsman's ambition is not to exhibit his skill by a succession of knowing casts, or to show off the sagacity and mutual understanding of his pack, but to run his fox fifteen or sixteen miles, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, without a check. 'We have had a quick thing 'last week,' writes a Meltonian to his father; 'eight miles 'point blank, in twenty-six minutes. If I had not had 'a second horse posted (luckily) halfway, I could not have 'seen it.'

Another 'quick thing' is mentioned by Nimrod. He tells us that the horse he rode had just been winning hunter stakes —there were no impracticable fences in the way—and he only lost two or three minutes in getting round a wall; yet he never caught sight of the pack till he ascended a rising ground

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from which he could just see them more than a mile ahead, running into their fox. When Shaw, the huntsman, came up, he pulled out his watch, and exclaimed. 'Beat two miles in twenty-two minutes by G—!'

When thus conducted, fox-hunting is little better than a steeple-chase; and a noble earl, highly distinguished in the sporting world, once naïvely owned that he thought the hounds 'a great bore;' which reminds us of the remark of a well-known *habitué* of the opera—who attended it solely to gossip and pay visits—that it might be greatly improved by leaving out the singing. The hounds also seem to be of opinion, that, if nothing were wanted but a gallop across country, they could dispense with foxes; for M. Corbet's pack, a very celebrated one, 'ran a cur dog an hour, *best pace*, and killed him.' Nimrod assures us that this was not at all discreditable to them.

To understand the degree of nerve required by a hard rider, it is necessary to bear in mind the nature of the country (Leicestershire) in which the chief performers have distinguished themselves. It abounds in brooks, and has the ordinary complement of rails, stiles, and gates; but the ox and bulfinch fences are its peculiar distinctions. The ox fence consists of, first, a wide ditch, then a sturdy blackthorn hedge, and, at least two yards beyond that, a strong rail, about four feet high. The bulfinch fence is a quickset hedge of perhaps fifty years' growth, with a ditch on one side or the other, and so high and strong that horses cannot clear it. The sportsman charging this at nearly full speed, succeeds in getting to the other side, when the bushes close after him and his horse, and there is no more appearance of their transit than if a bird had hopped through. (1) How he and his horse preserve their eyes, is a problem which the uninitiated are left to solve for themselves.

It must be admitted that as much contempt of danger may be shown in following hounds across obstacles of this kind, as in mounting a breach; and the publications before us,

(1) The Chase, The Turf, and The Road, p. 92.

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Nimrod's in particular, abound with instances of extraordinary coolness, dogged determination, and intrepidity. Who can doubt for a moment that the gentleman commemorated in the following narrative, had he chanced to serve under Picton or Ponsonby at Waterloo, would have been found in the thickest of the fray?—

'If I were asked who it was that had shown the greatest contempt for the consequence of a bad fall that ever came under my observation, I should have no hesitation in saying, it was a gentleman by the name of Stanhope, who was on a visit to Sir Bellingham Graham when he hunted the Atherstone country. On the Friday his horse fell with him and hurt his shoulder, but nothing was broken or displaced. The consequence was, he came out on the following Monday with his arm in a sling. We found a fox in the finest part of Sir Bellingham's Leicestershire country, and killed in fifteen minutes, during which Mr. Stanhope was in a very good place. Having had the pleasure of meeting him a few evenings before at Sir Bellingham's, I asked him if he did not find it very awkward to ride with only one hand, when he assured me he found little difficulty with the horse he was then riding, as he was so very temperate, and had never given him a fall. «That is dangerous to boast of,» said I to him; and here the conversation ended. We found another fox, and killed. About the middle of it we came to a brook, which we all got well over with the exception of Stanhope, who unfortunately pitching on a turn in the bank, and disdaining to look, did not clear it, and his horse threw him with great violence on the opposite side. I saw him lying on the ground, apparently as dead as if he had been shot at Waterloo; and it was upwards of five minutes before he showed any signs of returning animation. On getting back to Sir Bellingham's house—having been blooded at Bosworth — all necessary measures were taken, and the doctor would fain have persuaded Mr. Stanhope that some ribs were broken. He had a short husky cough, and two or three other directing symptoms which seldom mislead a skilful apothecary; but he resisted all such insinuations, and assured him he should be well in a few days; and the Quorn hounds coming within reach on the following Thursday, he went to meet them, still having his arm in a sling!

'In the course of this day's sport, some of the party, among whom was Mr. Stanhope, got into a corner of a field, and were pounded. What is not very usual in this country, one of the hardest riders in England had dismounted, and was trying to pull off the top bar of a flight of rails, which did not otherwise appear practicable. «Let me try,» said Mr. Stanhope, «I am on a good one.» The sequel was, he rode at it and got a tremendous fall. On seeing him lying on

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the ground, Sir Bellingham rode up to him, and said—«Now, I tell you what, Stanhope, you are a good one, but by G—d you shall ride no more to-day! Go to Leicester and put yourself into your carriage, and get to town as quick as you can, and get cured!» He took his friend's advice, and when he arrived there Mr. Heaviside found that he had two ribs broken, and his breast-bone beaten in!! This, we may also say, is not a bad sort of man to breed from.' (*)

It would seem that Sir Bellingham was much more likely to give such advice than to follow it:

'As is the case with most hard-riding men, Sir Bellingham Graham has had some severe falls; but on two occasions he very narrowly escaped destruction. The following rare instance of pluck, however, should not be lost to the sporting world:—He was killing his fox at the end of a sharp thing, when an ox fence presented itself. Three first-rate performers were going in the same line, but they would not have it. Sir Bellingham never turned his horse, and cleared all but the rail on the opposite side, which probably his weight would have broken; but unfortunately his horse alighted on one of the posts, and was turned over on his rider's chest. Strange as it may appear, Sir Bellingham remounted his horse, and rode on; but he had not proceeded many yards when he was observed by Sir Harry Goodricke to be in the act of falling to the ground, but which he was fortunate enough to prevent. From that period—about twelve o'clock at noon till nine o'clock the next night—Sir Bellingham never knew what had happened to him; and as he lay under the haystack—whither his friends removed him at the time of the accident—every moment was expected to be his last. The pith of the story, however, is yet to come. He was bled three times the first day, and confined to his bed five. On the seventh, to the utter surprise, and indeed annoyance, of his friends, he was seen in his carriage at Scraptoff, merely, as he said, «to see his hounds throw off.» The carriage not being able to get up to the spinney, Sir Bellingham mounted a quiet old horse, (placed there, no doubt, for the purpose,) muffled up in a rough great-coat and a shawl, and looked on. The fox was found; and, unfortunately for Sir Bellingham, took a short ring, but returned, and his hounds came to a check close to where he was sitting upon his horse. Will Beck, the huntsman *pro tempore*, not being up with his hounds, the baronet cast them and recovered his fox. In three fields they checked again, and Beck made a slow but by no means a brilliant cast. Sir Bellingham saw all this from the hill; and, no longer a looker-on, he cantered down to his pack, and hit off his fox again. Things still went on but awkwardly. Another error was observed; when Sir Bellingham—

(*) Nimrod's *Hunting Tour*.

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annoyed that a large field should be disappointed of their sport when there was a possibility of having it—taking a horn from a whipper-in (for he could not speak to them) got to work again.

'The hounds mended their pace: down went the shawl in the middle of a field. They improved upon it: down went the rough great-coat in another field. He then stuck to his hounds in a long hunting run of an hour and a half over a very strongly-fenced country, and had gotten his fox dead beat before him, when he was halloo'ed away by one of his own men to a fresh fox under the Newton hills.

'Now, what was to be done? The excitement that had carried him thus far was gone, and it was all but who-whoop. With every appearance of exhaustion, and a face as pale as if he were dead, he sat himself down on a bank, and faintly exclaimed, «How I am to get home, heaven only knows!»

Mr. Henry Kingscote was riding a horse with one eye. The eye inflamed in the course of the run, and the horse became incapable of seeing any but upright objects: so that, whenever the ditch was on his side of the fence, he was certain to be down, as his master soon became perfectly aware. He had eleven bad falls, yet got to the end of the run before the hounds had worried their fox.

Mr. Assheton Smith (*the* Tom Smith of the sporting circles) was a perfect glutton in this line. It was computed that he had from sixty to one hundred falls a-year. He was once riding against Mr. John White, who arrived first at the only practicable place in a fence, but being unable to clear it, got what is called well bulfinched, and stuck fast. 'Get on,' said Mr. Smith. 'I can't,' said Mr. White. 'Ram the spurs into him,' exclaimed Mr. Smith, 'and pray get out of the way.' 'D—n it,' said Mr. White, 'if you are in such a hurry why don't you 'charge me?' Mr. Smith did charge him, and sent him and his horse into the next field, when away they went again as if nothing had happened.

It seems that Mr. Smith's horses are trained to stop at nothing, for once, when he was turning round in the act of encouraging his dogs, his gallant steed carried him into the middle of a deep pond. Like master like man—Jack Shirley, Mr. Smith's whipper-in, was once seen galloping over a piece of broken ground, downhill, and with the horse's head quite

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loose, whilst busily engaged in putting a new lash to his whip, and holding a large open claspknife between his teeth!

Another of these gentlemen had met with a good many falls in his time, but was never hurt in any of them: one unlucky day his horse fell with him, and rolling him (to borrow Nimrod's expression) as a cook would a pie-crust, nearly flattened all the prominences of his body. Getting up, and limping after his steed, he was heard muttering to himself—'Well, *now* I *be* hurt!'

A third described his horse as a dunghill brute, because, not content with tumbling, 'he lies on me for half an hour when he is down.'

A fourth had the following colloquy with Nimrod:—'Why, 'sir, I have been very roughly handled. I have broke three 'ribs on one side, and two on t'other; both collar bones; 'one thigh; *and been scalped*. You remember Sir Watkin's 'Valentine?'—'To be sure, as vicious a brute as ever had 'a saddle on.'—'Well, sir, he tumbled me down just as we 'were coming away with a fox from Marchviel gorse, and 'kicked me on the head till the skin hung down all over my 'eyes and face; and do you know, sir, when I gets to Wrex-'ham, I faints from loss of blood.'

It has been remarked, that nothing tends so much to make a field select as 'good rasping brook,' like the Whissendine; for, if the horse falls, he falls backwards with his master under him; and the prospect of a good ducking is enough to cool the courage of all but the most ardent. It is, notwithstanding, by no means an uncommon occurrence for sportsmen to clear a brook five or six yards broad; and Mr. Mytton, the most dare-devil rider of his day, once leaped one measuring more than seven yards — the space actually covered being nine yards and a quarter. What makes this exploit the more extraordinary, it was performed in cold blood on his return from hunting. He afterwards backed the same horse, *Baronet*, to clear nine yards over hurdles; but he performed the task so often before the appointed time, that he refused it then, and lost his master the bet.

It stands recorded amongst the annals of Melton, that a

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wager of a hundred guineas was made between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Maher, that each did not leap over a brook, without disturbing the water, but Lord Alvanley's horse threw back a bit of dirt into the water, and he thereby lost the bet. This is a curious exemplification of the verbal nicety to which the members of the Jockey Club, far exceeding special pleaders, restrict themselves. Like Mrs. Battle at whist, they invariably insist on the rigour of the game.

Mr. Blaine says, that he himself saw a huntsman of the late Sir William Rowley clear twenty-four feet across a stream.

The best bit in Nimrod's spirited sketch of a run at Melton, is the crossing of that far-famed brook the Whissendine, the Rubicon of the Cæsars of the chase:

'Yooi, over he goes!—halloos the squire (Mr. Osbaldistone) as he perceives Marmion and Maida plunging into the stream, and Red Rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men out of thirteen take it in their stride; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant «Frank Forester» is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood. «Who is that under his horse in the brook?» enquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Greene of Rolleston, whose noted old mare has just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening—«It's Middleton Biddulph,» says one.—«Pardon me,» cries Mr. Middleton Biddulph; «Middleton Biddulph is here, and here he means to be!»—«Only Dick Christian,» answers Lord Forester, «and it is nothing new to him»—«But he'll be drowned!» exclaims Lord Kinnaird.—«I shouldn't wonder,» observes Mr. William Coke; but the pace is too good to enquire.»' (1)

The Dick Christian, whose probable fate gave so little concern, is a celebrated rough-rider, who rides young horses with hounds, at the very moderate rate of fifteen shillings a-day.

Walls, to common apprehensions, are still more dangerous than brooks; but Irish horses and riders face them with the

(1) *The Chase, the Turf, and the Road*, p. 56. The great mistake of this sketch is the designation given to the supposed provincial. Surely the high-bred members of the Melton Club are not in the habit of calling every well mounted stranger, *Snob*.

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most perfect indifference. At the great horse fairs of Ballinasloe, the parish pound, six feet in height, forms the trial leap for the high-priced horses; and Mr. Blaine mentions an Irish half-bred mare that leaped a wall of seven feet high, built for the purpose, in the Phœnix Park. In 1792, an Irish horse, the property of Mr. Bingham, cleared the wall of Hyde Park at a place where it was six feet and a half high on the inside, and eight without. This was a standing leap, and was performed twice, a few bricks being displaced the second time. Mr. Mytton is said to have once leaped a gate seven feet in height, on a horse purchased of Nimrod for five hundred guineas.

In enumerating the dangers of fox-hunting, that of fording or swimming rivers well deserves a place. By a strange coincidence, three gentlemen were drowned on the same day in different parts of the country, whilst gallantly endeavouring to get to hounds—Mr. Edwards, Mr. Walbram, and the Rev. Marmaduke Theakstone.

The safest, though hardly the pleasantest, mode of crossing a river, is to follow the example of a Staffordshire gentleman when hunting with the late Mr. Meynell; — 'the great Mr. Meynell,' as he is still designated in the sporting world. He pulled off his coat and waistcoat before taking water. Lord Forester, who had got round by a bridge, asked a countryman whether he had seen the hounds, 'Oh, yes, I see'd 'em; 'but you will never see 'em no more; they have been gone 'this quarter of an hour.' 'Who was with them?' said his lordship. 'No one but the miller,' was the reply, 'and he 'was riding most 'nation hard, to be sure.' This proved to be Mr. G. in his shirt.

Lord Byron makes Don Juan no mean performer: —

'And now in this new field, with some applause,
He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double fence and rail,
And never *craned*, and made but few *faux pas*,
And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.
He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting; for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen.'

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To the world *craned* is appended this note:

'To *crane* is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman's «stretching out his neck over a hedge—to look before he leaped;» a pause in his «vaulting ambition,» which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrain sceptic. «Sir, if you don't choose to take the leap, let me!» was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again, and to good purpose; for, though «the horse and rider» might fall, they made a gap, through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.'

The late Lord Spencer was *craning* at a *rasper* which 'the 'celebrated Dick Knight' had just cleared. 'Come along, my 'lord,' said Dick, looking back; 'the more you look, the less 'you'll like it.' The late Lord Forester neglected the precaution, and found himself in the middle of a pond. 'Hold 'your tongue,' was his reproof to a countryman who was calling for help, 'we shall have it full in a minute.' Unless we are much mistaken, this scene has been the foundation of a sketch, representing an Irishman, who is made the hero, so placed that the next comer must infallibly alight upon his head.

As to the peccadilloes attributed to Don Juan, the most practised sportsmen are almost daily guilty of them. A friend of Nimrod accounts for having his arm in a sling by stating, that seventeen men had ridden over him; and (*horrescimus referentes*) we have heard that the Duke of Wellington, when hunting in Hampshire, saw no less than eight pair of glittering hoofs fly over him whilst he lay *perdu* in a ditch — no bad parallel to Blucher's mishap at Ligny.

Riding over dogs is deemed a much more serious offence; yet considering the impatience and inexperience of the greater portion of the field, the wonder is that the pack are not decimated every time they throw off.

'Take care of the hounds, sir!' said Watty Wilkinson to a dandy.—'Oh! my horse never kicks.'—'Perhaps not, but 'he may tread on their tails.'

Mr. Corbet was remarkable for the cutting politeness of his 'intimations. Killed the best hound in my pack, *that's* all,'

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was his sole remark to the offender as he galloped past him. When another hound was ridden over, and he did not know by whom, he rode about the field with, 'They've killed me 'a favourite hound, sir: you don't happen to know who did 'it?'

A sort of ascending scale is given by Mr. Beckford—a *hold hard* having proved ineffective. 'I beg, sir, you will stop 'your horse.'—'Pray, sir, stop.'—'God bless you, sir, stop!' —'God d——n your blood, sir, stop your horse!'

The huntsman, we need hardly say, is far the most important person in the field; and many masters of fox-hounds, unwilling to delegate so high an authority, or abdicate so enviable a rank, have taken the entire duties of the office upon themselves. The present Duke of Cleveland hunted his own hounds for more than thirty years; and, with the view of keeping up his influence amongst them, regularly enacted the part of feeder too. This raises the question, whether the highest excellence in this department can ever be attained by a gentleman; and Nimrod, with all his admiration for such artists as the Duke of Cleveland, Mr. Ralph Lambton, Mr. Nicholl, Mr. Musters, and others, finds it no easy matter to make out the affirmative. John Kemble used to say, that he never saw an amateur actor who could earn above thirteen shillings a-week at Covent Garden or Drury Lane; and though the comparative inferiority is not so great in the walk we are considering, the true state of the matter was pretty strongly indicated in the remark made by a 'professional' on Mr. Ralph Lambton: 'He hunts very well for a gentleman.' We much doubt whether the Duke of Cleveland ever had his hounds so completely under command as Sir Bellingham Graham's feeder:

'He throws open the door of the feeding-house, and stands at a certain distance from it himself. He draws a certain number of hounds, calling them by their names. He then turns his back upon the open doorway, and walks up and down the troughs, ordering back such hounds as he thinks have fed sufficiently. During this time not a hound stirs beyond the sill of the open door. One remarkable instance of discipline presented itself on this day. Vulcan, the crowning ornament of the dog-pack, was standing near the door, waiting for his name to be called. I happened to mention it, though

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rather in an under-tone; then in he came, and licked Sir Bellingham's hand; but though his head was close to the trough, and the grateful viands smoking under his nose, he never attempted to eat; but on his master saying to him, «Go back, Vulcan, you have no business here,» he immediately retreated, and mixed with the hungry crowd.'

Another pack is mentioned, so completely under command, that, when the huntsman stands in front and calls out *bitches*, all the hounds of the female gender move to the front.

Fox-hunting has proved so fertile and seductive a topic, that it will be quite out of our power, at present, to take even a cursory view of the other sports which form the subject-matter of these books; and it strikes us that the best and fairest mode of employing the small remaining space allotted for this article, will be to devote it principally to two amongst the authors upon our list who have not yet been laid under contribution —Colonel Hawker and Mr. Colquhoun. Even they, we fear, will read rather dull and tame after Nimrod; yet they are both writers of undoubted originality, and equally entitled to attention as authorities.

We strongly recommend to the attention of all young, and some old sportsmen, the maxim with which he begins his instructions to tyros:—'Start with the determination of never 'suffering a gun, at any time, to be held for a moment, or 'even carried, so as to be likely to come in the direction 'of either man or beast.' We would also add, be careful, particularly in a *battue*, to distinguish between hats and pheasants, brown leather gaiters and hares; for we have known considerable inconvenience occasioned by carelessness in this particular. It is no secret that Captain W——lost an eye through the mal-adroitness of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who, when the gallant officer gave vent to a little natural irritation at the circumstance, used to complain that 'W——made such a fuss about his eye.' There is a current anecdote, to the effect that a distinguished general, who had gone through the whole of the Peninsular campaigns without a scratch, once received two or three small shot in the legs during a shooting excursion. 'Who fired that shot?' 'I,' exclaimed the unconscious offender. Then hold up your

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'hand.' The hand was held up; *bang* went the general's fowling-piece, and a sharp peppering (though at seventy yards' distance) about the wrist, gave the youngster a lesson which he is not very likely to forget.

After all, the most interesting chapters in the book are those devoted to wildfowl shooting. 'This amusement,' he says, 'is 'generally condemned as being only an employment for fisher-'men, because it sometimes interferes with ease and com-'fort; and *dandies* (who shoot as they hunt, merely for the 'sake of aping the Adonis at breakfast, or recounting their 'sport over the bottle) shiver at the idea of being posted for 'hours by the side of a river, or anchored half a night a-'mong the chilling winds in a creek.' The prospect, it must be avowed, is far from tempting; yet we can well fancy the trembling excitement with which the scientific punter approaches an army of widgeon encamped upon the Ooze; and the dancing buoyancy of spirits with which after cutting a regular lane through them with his stanchion-gun, he collects the 'cripples,' and counts over the slain. What a picture of hardy endurance is the following:—

'They,' (the Hampshire gunners,) 'have of late years, therefore, adopted an entirely new mode of getting at the birds, for which that vast tract of Ooze near Lymington is better calculated than perhaps any other mud in the world. They start off generally in the afternoon, (provided the tide serves, so as to be low enough at the proper time,) keeping as close as possible to the shore, and going before the wind till they arrive at the leeward end of their beat; the whole track of which, for one night's work, may be about five or six miles. They then go ashore, and either get into a pothouse, if they have a sixpence to spend, (which is not always the case,) or lounge about the shore till daylight disappears, and the birds begin to fly—having first put all in order, that is, drawn out their mould-shot, which they generally have in for the chance of geese «going down along,» put in smaller shot, and regulated their gun so that it will bear about eighty yards when the punt is on the dry mud. No sooner are the widgeon pitched than off they set, in tarpaulin dresses, and looking more like chimney-sweepers than gunners, crawling on their knees, and shoving their punt before them in the mud. No matter whether light or dark, few birds or many, *dang!* goes the gun; and no sooner have they picked up what few birds are readily to be found, or missed the fowl—which they frequently do, as the punt, by even

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a few periwinkles, might be thrown off the line of aim—they proceed again, thus travelling all night (by «launching» over the mud and rowing across the creeks) in a direct line, similar to the march of an army of coots.'

A Northamptonshire baronet, quoted by Nimrod, used to say, that it was a man's moral duty to preserve his health for the sake of fox-hunting. It is equally his moral duty to practise the virtue of abstinence, for the sake of grouse-shooting—

'There are a few rules which a man not accustomed to climb hills will find his account in observing, if he would escape the suppressed smile of derision which his flagging will be sure to excite from the sturdy hill-man who carries his bag:—One is, to eat at a very light break-fast; another, to drink as little as possible, but especially no spirits and water. If you can hold out without drinking till your luncheon or dinner time, your thirst will never be very oppressive; but once begin, and the difficulty of passing a clear brook is increased tenfold. The provision basket should only consist of a cold fowl or a few sandwiches, and a bottle of table beer or light ale. When you again begin your exertions, make your attendant carry a bottle of strong tea, without cream or sugar which will more effectually quench your thirst than a whole flask full of spirits and water to correspond. Should any object to this «tea-total» system, a little fruit may be no bad substitute. When I first took out a license, I thought the spirit-flask almost as indispensable as the powder-flask; but experience has since taught me, that nothing so effectually expends the remaining strength of the half worn-out sportsman as a few pulls at the liquor-flask, however diluted: he gains a temporary stimulus, which soon ends in complete exhaustion.'

The greatest attention is recommended to the training of your dogs. As Dandie Dinmont justly observes, 'education 'in beast and body should aye be minded;' and our author certainly seems to have been a highly successful canine instructor. Here is his character of his retriever:—

'He never gives a whimper, if ever so keen, and obeys every signal I make with the hand. He will watch my motions at a distance, when crawling after wildfowl, ready to rush forward the moment I have fired; and in no one instance has he spoiled my shot. I may mention a proof of his sagacity: Having a couple of long shots across a pretty broad stream, I stopped a mallard with each barrel, but both were only wounded. I sent him across for the birds: he first

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attempted to bring them both, but his one always struggled out of his mouth; he then laid down one, intending to bring the other, but whenever he attempted to cross to me, the bird left fluttered into the water: he immediately returned, laid down the first on the shore, and recovered the other; the first one fluttered away, but he instantly secured it, and, standing over them both, seemed to cogitate for a moment; then, although on any other occasion he never ruffles a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and then returned for the dead bird.'

We shall conclude with an extract from the treatise by the author of the 'Oakleigh Sporting Code;' in which we are presented with a short dialogue upon deer-stalking, in the manner of Mr Scrope:—

'*Forester.*—By Jove! we are upon them. Tread lightly, crouch closely, speak lowly, breathe softly, while we examine the situation of the herd with our glasses, and the hill-men go round to give the deer their wind, and drive them to us.

'*Southron.*—Amongst so many scores of hinds how few harts! there are some large beasts, but not one good head. How can I bear off a trophy from such a herd? I would have the horns of my first hart «hung up like monuments»—memorials of what I saw and did in the North—to relieve the tedium of after hours of sluggish ease and inglorious repose. There is nothing here in the shape of horn that a cutler would give you half-a-crown for.

'*Forester.*—Look lower down the glen: there are at least three harts royal; one has a crowned, another a palmed top, and another—magnificent creature!—his horns are neither crowned, nor palmed, nor yet exactly forked, but irregular, as those of most old harts are. He is so much larger than the rest, that if we wound him, I think I can trace him by his slot, though he keep up with the herd. Now he turns this way. What horns! What a span!—the width between the horns is a sure indication of a well-grown animal. He has a perfect head, «beamed, branched, and summed,» as they would have said in old times. He has brow-antlers, royals, and croches—perfect!

'*Southron.*—He has brow, bay, and tray-antlers, and three or four points on the top of each beam. He is grey on the breast, face, haunches, and shoulder! May not that fine fellow be old enough to recollect the war-whoop of Culloden? Many a proud lord and stalwart forester has been laid low since he first browsed on the braes.

'*Forester.*—Move quietly, or those listening watchful hinds will betray us. Hinds must have been unknown to the ancients; or they would never have invented such a non-descript as Argus, since a two-eyed hind would have answered their purpose as well.

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'*Southron.*—What in the world are the men doing: — do you call this driving deer?—the men are going from them. I do not know how you measure distance in such a country as this, but I should say the men are a mile off the deer—the deer can neither see nor hear them —you are joking when you say they can smell them.

'*Forester.* — The deer must not see them: the men are now manœuvring to give them their wind, without being seen: on their doing so at the right place and time, the chance of our getting a shot depends. No quadruped has so acute a sense of smell as a deer. I will back him against a blood-hound. I have heard of a tame deer that was in the habit of going with a shepherd to the hills: whenever it happened that he went without it, the deer would trace him step by step, though he had five or six hours start of it. Observe how the glens converge to a point about half a mile beyond the deer —a false movement there will be fatal—none but experienced foresters can tell which way the currents pass there—the sentinel hinds on the left, prick their ears to listen, and raise their noses to catch the taint in the air—they suspect danger—the men have given them their wind at the wrong point — and now the whole herd are off, they have taken to the plain where they are safe. We must commence another cast.

'*Southron.*—Not for all the deer in the forest. How many miles have we walked, trotted, run, crawled, and swum already? and how high, as the geographers express it, have we been above the level of the sea? However this is glorious sport! the very possibility of obtaining a shot is enough. We will resume to-morrow.'

The best part by far of the volume, containing the last mentioned treatise, as may be also said of the immediately preceding one, consists of the portion devoted to Angling; — a delightful theme, fruitful of good reading, to which we probably shall return on a future occasion.

(THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.)

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MEMOIRS OF POPULAR DELUSIONS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A popular name for a book exactly of the kind calculated to be popular; for the subjects are all of a popular character, and Mr. Mackay has treated them in a popular manner. Some of them, it is true, have been treated seriously, and at large, in many volumes distinctly devoted to them; and in such we can expect to find little new. The chief materials for the others have been derived from various sources; and the whole have been dressed up with much talent, so as to form a very amusing work for readers of every class.

The Mississippi Scheme, the South-Sea Bubble, the Tulipomania, the Love of the Marvellous and the Disbelief of the True, Follies in great Cities, the O. P., Thugs, the Crusades, Witches, Slow Poisoners, Haunted Houses, &c., fill up the measure,—the mere names of which will indicate where the greatest novelty is likely to be found. But we may as well say, that even in the best known there are well-selected anecdotes, and a general aspect of originality, which will make them, like the lamp in Aladdin, a fair exchange for any that have gone before.

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We will endeavour to show this in the few extracts we offer from these pages.

When the Tulipomania infected Holland, and single roots were sold for many hundred pounds, we are told—

'People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's *Travels*. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions; and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it no doubt very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slily seized an opportunity, and slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper augustus*, worth three thousand florins, or about 280*l*. sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was every where made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed; but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor. The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his "*onion*." Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, 'might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the Stadtholder.'

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Anthony caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Cleopatra; Sir Richard Whittington was as foolishly magnificent in an entertainment to King Henry V.; and Sir Thomas Gresham drank a diamond, dissolved in wine, to the health of Queen Elizabeth, when she opened the Royal Exchange: but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. He had an advantage, too, over his wasteful predecessors: *their* gems did not improve the taste or the wholesomeness of *their* wine, while *his* tulip was quite delicious with his red herring. The most unfortunate part of the business for him was, that he remained in prison for some months on a charge of felony, preferred against him by the merchant.—Another story is told of an English traveller, which is scarcely less ludicrous. This gentleman, an amateur botanist, happened to see a tulip-root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being ignorant of its quality, he took out his penknife, and peeled off its coats, with the view of making experiments upon it. When it was by this means reduced to half its original size, he cut it into two equal sections, making all the time many learned remarks on the singular appearances of the unknown bulb. Suddenly the owner pounced upon him; and, with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he had been doing? 'Peeling a most extraordinary onion,' replied the philosopher. '*Hundert tausend duyvel!*' said the Dutchman; 'it's an Admiral *Van der Eyck*.' 'Thank you,' replied the traveller, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum of the same; 'are these admirals common in your country?' 'Death and the devil!' said the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by the collar; 'come before the syndic, and you shall see.' In spite of his remonstrances, the traveller was led through the streets, followed by a mob of persons. When brought into the presence of the magistrate, he learned, to his consternation, that the root upon which he had been experimentalising was worth four thousand florins; and, notwithstanding all he could urge in extenuation, he was lodged in prison until he found securities for the payment of this sum.

The example of the Dutch was imitated to some extent in

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England. In the year 1636 tulips were publicly sold in the Exchange of London; and the jobbers exerted themselves to the utmost to raise them to the fictitious value they had acquired in Amsterdam. In Paris also the jobbers strove to create a tulipomania. In both cities they only partially succeeded. However, the force of example brought the flowers into great favour; and amongst a certain class of people tulips have ever since been prized more highly than any other flowers of the field. The Dutch are still notorious for their partiality to them, and continue to pay higher prices for them than any other people. As the rich Englishman boasts of his fine race-horses or his old pictures, so does the wealthy Dutchman vaunt him of his tulips. In England, in our day, strange as it may appear, a tulip will produce more money than an oak. If one could be found *rara in terris,* and black as the black swan alluded to by Juvenal, its price would equal that of a dozen acres of standing corn. In Scotland, towards the close of the seventeenth century, the highest price for tulips, according to the authority of a writer in the supplement to the third edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was ten guineas. Their value appears to have diminished from that time till the year 1769, when the two most valuable species in England were the *Don Quevedo* and the *Valentinier;* the former of which was worth two guineas, and the latter two guineas and a half. These prices appear to have been the minimum. In the year 1800, a common price was fifteen guineas for a single bulb. In 1835, so foolish were the fanciers, that a bulb of the species called the Miss Fanny Kemble was sold by public auction in London for seventy-five pounds. Still more astonishing was the price of a tulip in the possession of a gardener in the King's Road, Chelsea. In his catalogues it was labelled at two hundred guineas! Thus a flower, which for beauty and perfume was surpassed by the abundant roses of the garden, a nosegay of which might be purchased for a penny,—was priced at a sum which would have provided an industrious labourer and his family with food, and clothes, and lodging for six years! Should chickweed and groundsel ever come into fashion, the wealthy

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would, no doubt, vie with each other in adorning their gardens with them, and paying the most extravagant prices for them. In so doing, they would hardly be more foolish than the admirers of tulips. The common prices for these flowers at the present time vary from five to fifteen guineas, according to the rarity of the species.»

In a pleasant paper on relics Mr. Mackay says:—When William Longbeard, leader of the populace of London in the reign of Richard I., was hanged at Smithfield, the utmost eagerness was shown to obtain a hair, or a thread from his garments. Women came from Essex, Kent, Suffolk, Sussex, and all the surrounding counties, to collect the mould at the foot of his gallows. A hair of his beard was believed to preserve from evil spirits, and a piece of his clothes from aches and pains. In more modern days, a similar avidity was shown to obtain a relic of the luckless Masaniello, the fisherman of Naples. After he had been raised by mob-favour to a height of power more despotic than monarch ever wielded, he was shot by the same populace in the streets, as if he had been a mad dog. His headless trunk was dragged through the mire for several hours, and cast at night-fall into the city-ditch. On the morrow, the tide of popular feeling turned once more in his favour. His corpse was sought, arrayed in royal robes, and buried magnificently by torch-light in the cathedral; ten thousand armed men, and as many mourners, attending at the ceremony. The fisherman's dress which he had worn was rent into shreds by the crowd, to be preserved as relics; the door of his hut was pulled off its hinges by a mob of women, and eagerly cut up into small pieces, to be made into images, caskets, and other mementos. The scanty furniture of his poor abode became of more value than the adornments of a palace; the ground he had walked upon was considered sacred, and, being collected in small phials, was sold at its weight in gold, and worn in the bosom as an amulet. Almost as extraordinary was the frenzy manifested by the populace of Paris on the execution of the atrocious Marchioness de Brinvilliers. There were grounds for the popular wonder in the case of Masaniello, who was unstained with personal crimes. But the ca-

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reer of Madame de Brinvilliers was of a nature to excite no other feelings than disgust and abhorrence. She was convicted of poisoning several persons, and sentenced to be burned in the Place de Grève, and to have her ashes scattered to the winds. On the day of her execution, the populace, struck by her gracefulness and beauty, inveighed against the severity of her sentence. Their pity soon increased to admiration, and ere evening she was considered a saint. Her ashes were industriously collected, even the charred wood which had aided to consume her was eagerly purchased by the populace. Her ashes were thought to preserve from witchcraft. In England many persons have a singular love for the relics of thieves and murderers, or other great criminals. The ropes with which they have been hanged are very often bought by collectors at a guinea per foot. Great sums were paid for the rope which hanged Dr. Dodd, and for those more recently which did justice upon Mr. Fauntleroy for forgery, and on Thurtell for the murder of Mr. Weare.

"In earlier times a singular superstition was attached to the hand of a criminal who had suffered execution. It was thought that by merely rubbing the dead hand on the body, the patient afflicted with the king's evil would be instantly cured. The executioner at Newgate, sixty or seventy years ago, derived no inconsiderable revenue from this foolish practice. The possession of the hand was thought to be of still greater efficacy in the time of Charles II, as much as ten guineas was thought a small price for one of these disgusting relics. * * * Among the most favourite relics of modern times, in Europe, are Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, Napoleon's willow, and the table at Waterloo on which the emperor wrote his despatches. Snuff-boxes of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree are comparatively rare, though there are doubtless more of them in the market than were ever made of the wood planted by the great bard. Many a piece of alien wood passes under this name. The same may be said of Napoleon's table at Waterloo. The original has long since been destroyed, and a round dozen of counterfeits along with it. Many preserve the simple stick of wood; others have them cut into

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brooches and every variety of ornament; but by far the greater number prefer them as snuff-boxes. In France they are made into *bonbonnières*, and are much esteemed by the many thousands whose cheeks still glow and whose eyes still sparkle at the name of Napoleon. Bullets from the field of Waterloo, and buttons from the coats of the soldiers who fell in the fight, are still favourite relics in Europe. But the same ingenuity which found new tables after the old one was destroyed, has cast new bullets for the curious. Many a one who thinks himself the possessor of a bullet which aided in giving peace to the world on that memorable day, is the owner of a dump, first extracted from the ore a dozen years afterwards. Let all lovers of genuine relics look well to their money before they part with it to the cicerони that swarm in the village of Waterloo. Few travellers stop at the lonely isle of St. Helena without cutting a twig from the willow that droops over the grave of Napoleon. Many of them have since been planted in different parts of Europe, and have grown into trees as large as their parent. Several of them are growing in the neighbourhood of London, more prized by their cultivators than any other tree in their gardens.»

Since Mr. Mackay wrote, we have seen a still more interesting relic of Napoleon, viz, a snuff-box, the lid and bottom of which are of the wood of his mahogany coffin!

«Modern prophecies» is a good chapter; and we conclude with an account of one of the examples, and with it recommending the publication to the patronage its curious and agreeable matter so well deserves.

«An ancient couplet, preserved for ages by tradition, foretold that in the year 1630 the devil would poison all Milan. Early one morning in April, and before the pestilence had reached its height, the passengers were surprised to see that all the doors in the principal streets of the city were marked with a curious daub, or spot,—as if a sponge, filled with the purulent matter of the plague-sores, had been pressed against them. The whole population were speedily in movement to remark the strange appearance, and the greatest alarm spread

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rapidly. Every means was taken to discover the perpetrators, but in vain. At last the ancient prophecy was remembered, and prayers were offered up in all the churches that the machinations of the evil one might be defeated. Many persons were of opinion that the emissaries of foreign powers were employed to spread infectious poison over the city; but by far the greater number were convinced that the powers of hell had conspired against them, and that the infection was spread by supernatural agencies. In the meantime the plague increased fearfully. Distrust and alarm took possession of all: everything was believed to have been poisoned by the devil; the waters of the wells, the standing corn in the fields, and the fruit upon the trees. It was believed that all objects of touch were poisoned; the walls of the houses, the pavement of the streets, and the very handles of the doors. The populace were raised to a pitch of ungovernable fury. A strict watch was kept for the devil's emissaries; and any man who wanted to be rid of an enemy, had only to say that he had seen him besmearing a door with ointment—his fate was certain death at the hands of the mob. An old man, upwards of eighty years of age, a daily frequenter of the church of St. Antonio, was seen, on rising from his knees, to wipe with the skirt of his cloak the stool on which he was about to sit down. A cry was raised immediately that he was besmearing the seat with poison. A mob of women, by whom the church was crowded, seized hold of the feeble old man, and dragged him out by the hair of his head, with horrid oaths and imprecations. He was trailed in this manner through the mire to the house of the municipal judge, that he might be put to the rack, and forced to discover his accomplices; but he expired on the way. Many other victims were sacrificed to the popular fury. One Mora, who appears to have been half a chemist and half a barber, was accused of being in league with the devil to poison Milan. His house was surrounded, and a number of chemical preparations were found. The poor man asserted that they were intended as preservatives against infection; but some physicians, to whom they were submitted, declared they were poison. Mora was put to the rack, where

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he for a long time asserted his innocence. He confessed at last, when his courage was worn by torture, that he was in league with the devil and foreign powers to poison the whole city; that he had anointed the doors, and infected the fountains of water. He named several persons as his accomplices, who were apprehended and put to a similar torture. They were all found guilty, and executed. Mora's house was razed to the ground, and a column erected on the spot, with an inscription to commemorate his guilt. While the public mind was filled with these marvellous occurrences, the plague continued to increase. The crowds that were brought together to witness the executions spread the infection from one to another. But the fury of their passions, and the extent of their credulity, kept pace with the violence of the plague; every wonderful and preposterous story was believed. One in particular occupied them, to the exclusion, for a long time, of every other. The devil himself had been seen; he had taken a house in Milan, in which he prepared his poisonous unguents, and furnished them to his emissaries for distribution. One man had brooded over such tales till he became firmly convinced that the wild flights of his own fancy were realities. He stationed himself in the market-place of Milan, and related the following story to the crowds that gathered round him:—he was standing, he said, at the door of the cathedral, late in the evening, and when there was nobody nigh; he saw a dark-coloured chariot, drawn by six milk-white horses, stop close beside him. The chariot was followed by a numerous train of domestics, in dark liveries, mounted on dark-coloured steeds. In the chariot there sat a tall stranger of a majestic aspect—his long black hair floated in the wind—fire flashed from his large black eyes, and a curl of ineffable scorn dwelt upon his lips. The look of the stranger was so sublime that he was awed, and trembled with fear when he gazed upon him. His complexion was much darker than that of any man he had ever seen, and the atmosphere around him was hot and suffocating. He perceived immediately that he was a being of another world. The stranger, seeing his trepidation, asked him blandly, yet majestically, to mount beside him. He

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had no power to refuse; and before he was well aware that he had moved, he found himself in the chariot. Onwards they went with the rapidity of the wind, the stranger speaking no word, until they stopped before a door in the high-street of Milan. There was a crowd of people in the street; but, to his great surprise, no one seemed to notice the extraordinary equipage and its numerous train. From this he concluded that they were invisible. The house at which they stopped appeared to be a shop; but the interior was like a vast half-ruined palace. He went with his mysterious guide through several large and dimly lighted rooms. In one of them, surrounded by huge pillars of marble, a senate of ghosts was assembled, debating on the progress of the plague. Other parts of the building were enveloped in the thickest darkness, illumined at intervals by flashes of lightning, which allowed him to distinguish a number of gibing and chattering skeletons running about and pursuing each other, or playing at leap-frog over one another's backs. At the rear of the mansion was a wild, uncultivated plot of ground, in the midst of which arose a black rock. Down its sides rushed, with fearful noise, a torrent of poisonous water, which, insinuating itself through the soil, penetrated to all the springs of the city, and rendered them unfit for use. After he had shown all this, the stranger led him into another large chamber, filled with gold and precious stones, all of which he offered him, if he would kneel down and worship him, and consent to smear the houses of Milan with a pestiferous salve which he held out to him. He now knew him to be the devil, and in that moment of temptation prayed to God to give him strength to resist. His prayer was heard—he refused the bribe. The stranger scowled horribly upon him—a loud clap of thunder burst over his head—the vivid lightning flashed in his eyes, and the next moment he found himself standing alone at the porch of the cathedral. He repeated this strange tale day after day, without any variation, and all the populace were firm believers in its truth. Repeated search was made to discover the mysterious house, but all in vain. The man pointed out several

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as resembling it, which were searched by the police; but the Demon of the Pestilence was not to be found, nor the hall of ghosts, nor the poisonous fountain. But the minds of the people were so impressed with the idea, that scores of witnesses, half-crazed by disease, came forward to swear that they also had seen the diabolical stranger, and had heard his chariot, drawn by the milk-white steeds, rumbling over the streets at midnight with a sound louder than thunder. The number of persons who confessed that they were employed by the devil to distribute poison is almost incredible. An epidemic frenzy was abroad which seemed to be as contagious as the plague. The imagination was as disordered as the body; and day after day persons came voluntarily forward to accuse themselves. They generally had the marks of disease upon them, and some died in the act of confession.»

(Literrary Gazette).

SHE NEVER SMILED.

«Why, my sweet Emma,» said young Mordaunt, as he gazed with tender interest on the young bride of his first and early love, «why will you so ardently desire that our child should be a boy? You know not all the grief the realisation of that wish might bring. How would you, in after-life, bear to have him taken from you, to be sent to make his way in some distant land? I always remember my own poor mother's sorrow when the time came for my leaving home, to brave an unhealthy climate. Her health, never strong, was too severely injured by the anguish my departure caused; and though I came home safe, two years after, no mother's arms were there to welcome me. She had died praying for me. I was very young; but the remembrance of that moment is still present to me,—still I regret having embraced a profession that forced me from her side; and even then did I hope, that in after-years no son of mine should ever give his mother the death-blow I felt my absence had been to mine. But look up, dearest; do not let this avowal of my feelings dis-

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tress you. Should it please Heaven to give us a son, we must do all we can to induce him to choose a profession that will keep him near us; and should my wish to possess a second Emma be accorded, how sweet will be our task to render her all that we can desire; to watch over her infancy; to guard her young mind from all that might endanger its purity; to enrich it with such good and pious thoughts, that when hereafter looking on this treasure, we may feel her to be such as even her God would delight to behold!»

Alas! who among us may dare to count on the next hour? the passing moment is our own; the next, who may answer for? Even while these happy beings were thus talking, death's fell shaft had been launched; and ere sunset Emma Mordaunt was a widow! And the child, over whose anticipated birth the parents had indulged in such fond imaginings, was never to know a father's love.

Five months after, Mrs. Mordaunt gave birth to a daughter; and as the poor child grew up, she became more reconciled to life. It was his child—the daughter, too, he had so ardently desired; and she prayed that his spirit would associate itself with hers, and teach her resignation under his loss, that she might undertake the various cares necessary for the preservation of this little creature's infancy; and should she rear the pale and tender babe, enable her in after-years to impart those sound truths, those pious feelings, her father seemed to have bespoken for her under divine inspiration. No hireling was engaged to attend on this cherished babe. It was a mother's hand that waited on it—a mother's breast that nourished it; and, as it grew up, a mother's care that watched over its dawning reason. It had been the father's wish that his daughter should bear the name of Emma; and though the poor mother's tears flowed as she pronounced the name, whose sound his voice had endeared to her, and remembered that no more could that voice be heard on earth, she could not leave a wish of his unfulfilled; and her child was called Emma. For some months she was thought too delicate to be reared; but after the first year an evident improvement took place: still there was a peculiarity about her that the

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widowed mother had not marked—she never smiled! Mrs. Mordaunt's own nurse, who had remained with her when she married, was an Irishwoman; and among the lower order of Irish there is an old superstition, yet believed in by many, that the smile of a sleeping infant is a symbol of its spirit's intercourse with angels, and marks that it is under their good guidance and protection (1). What, then, must have been this poor woman's terror when she became convinced that the dear baby, the precious innocent, never smiled! No good could be anticipated for it; and with many tears she demanded of her lady if she had ever seen the darling smile? «No, indeed, dear nurse,» said Mrs. Mordaunt; «it would seem to me unnatural, were she to do so.» The old woman sobbed aloud at this confirmation of her fears, and, after much entreaty, declared the cause of her grief, adding, «how can any good ever befall a poor little innocent to whom the angels never whisper?».

Mrs. Mordaunt, though born in Ireland and of Irish parents, had never heard the tradition; and now, to her weakened nerves and anxious mind, it came laden with terrors for her loved Emma. But the fact remaining unchanged through many a year, she became accustomed to it; and whenever she did give a thought to her nurse's lament, all danger from it seemed refuted by her daughter's fine and dutiful disposition. If the angels do not whisper, thought the fond mother, they make themselves remembered through her good works. Each year gone added sweetness and beauty to the child's character. She was placid, cheerful, and apparently happy; but still *she never smiled.* As her mother watched her loved features, she persuaded herself a smile could have given no grace to her pure and Madonna-like countenance; nevertheless, even yet there were hours, when her child's eyes were closed in sleep, and hers were keeping watchful vigil over her, in which the nurse's superstition had its terrors. What if her child were predestined to ill!—and many an anxious night

(1) See Lover's exquisite ballad on this subject, «The Angels whisper,» — one of the most touching songs in the English language, and among the many for which he is indebted to his muse.

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did the poor mother pass, almost in hope that, on awakening, her beloved Emma would smile as she met her eyes fixed on her. But no smile ever appeared; and Mrs. Mordaunt tried more than ever to banish the thought; and, as a preliminary, she forbade the nurse ever to speak of it.

The young Emma grew up the loved of all who knew her. Her whole mind seemed full of sweet and tender thoughts; she was never heard to utter a harsh or unfeeling word. The kind and placid sentiments that dwelt in her breast, and manifested themselves in all her actions, would have disarmed the doubts and fears of any one less superstitious than the old nurse; but she could never shake off the fore-boding. Though, in obedience to her lady's wishes, she was silent, she could never gaze on the sweet girl without a feeling of dread.

At fifteen years of age, Emma was one of the most lovely beings ever looked upon, and no one seemed aware of the deficiency of this one expression in her speaking countenance. Her mother could never have been said to have missed it; and now she would not have had the expression of her child's face changed. In her heart she perhaps felt grateful for this one peculiar mark having been stamped on it. It appeared to her like a tribute of regret to the memory of the husband and the father.

A malignant fever raged in the village near which they were residing; but Mrs. Mordaunt and her daughter continued to soothe and relieve to the utmost of their power, both by money and attention, the afflicted and bereaved. Some weeks after, when its fury was much abated, and very few individuals were still suffering, Emma complained of illness: too soon the nature of her disease became apparent — she had caught the fever. In vain were the widowed mother's prayers; in vain her agony. Emma was sinking fast; but as she endeavoured to raise her feeble form to embrace that loved mother, a smile, an ineffable, heavenly smile, illumined her whole countenance, and she sank back on her pillow a corpse. The old nurse murmured, «Be comforted, dear lady; sure the angels have at last whispered, and asked her to themselves!»

E. C. DE C— —.

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NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS.

Our space being too limited to allow of extracts, or general criticisms on all the works published in England, we shall in future devote a few pages of our Review to slight notices on all such as shall appear to us likely to be of general interest in Russia, and of which the new novels, tales, and romances will necessarily form a considerable part. Those of a higher class, as well as all works of standard merit, we shall reserve for separate and distinct articles. By this means our readers will have a correct idea of every work of any consequence, and be thus enabled to follow the general march of our literature.

G. P. R. James has already acquired a name of sufficient eminence abroad not to need any introduction in mentioning his new novel of *The Jacquerie, or the Lady and the Page: an historical Romance, 3 vol.* The period selected will of course be the fourteenth century, and the subject, the insurrection in France, from which his novel has taken its name. By the introduction of a few fictitious characters, and a faithful delineation of those which are historical, James has given a lively and interesting picture of these scenes; and we are happy to remark that amidst this period of disorder, bloodshed, murder, and rapine, he has had the good taste, and the good sense, to avoid the present unfortunate mania of dwelling on these most disgusting horrors, and making them the prominent subject of interest; thus pandering to the corrupt feelings

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of overwrought and morbid sensibility. To those who are fond of historical novels, the Jacquerie will furnish a few hours of amusement, and, perhaps, instruction.

A second novel of the same class, is also worthy of mention. *Ferrers, a romance of the reign of George II, by Charles Ollier: 3 vol.* The highest compliment it is possible to pay it is its having been compared to Eugene Aram, to which, in some parts, it bears a considerable resemblance, not only in its varied and intense interest, but in the lively delineation of character and descriptive scenery. Ferrers is not considered inferior to Ollier's former publications.

The Veterans of Chelsea Hospital, by the author of the Subaltern, 3 vol. is a series of tales, supposed to be related by the veterans in Chelsea Hospital, and, as may be expected, they abound in variety of interest and character. The author deserves considerable praise, not only for the skill, but the truth of his portraitures.

Another novel from the prolific pen of *Mrs. Trollope, The blue belles of England, 3 vol.* is perhaps inferior to this lady's other productions. The introduction of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Moore, Lockhart, Milman, and other living personages on the scene, is particularly reprehensible.

Monaldi, a tale, by E. Moxon. 1 vol. containing a tragic story of Italian hatred, jealousy, and revenge, may furnish amusement to those who can feel pleasure in this style of reading.

Amongst the reprints from novels which have appeared in the Reviews may be mentioned that of *Fathers and Sons, 3 vol. by the late Theodore Hook.* It appeared originally in the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine,* and possesses all those features of keen perception, and humorous delineation of character, which have rendered his productions such favourites with the public.

One from *Bentley's Miscellany*, is *Merrie England in the olden time, by Geo. Daniel. 3 vol.* The title will sufficiently show that the author's intention is to bring back to us scenes of by-gone manners and customs, always a subject of interest.

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The Adventures of a Soldier, or Memoirs of E. Costello, K. S. F. formerly a non-commissioned officer in the Rifle Brigade, and late Captain in the British Legion, 1 vol. Nearly the whole of these personal sketches of an adventurous life have already appeared in *the United Service Journal,* and have acquired sufficient reputation to justify their collection and republication.

Two works on Criminal Jurisprudence may be considered of general interest; the first by *Dr. Rees, on the existence of Arsenic as a natural constituent of human bones*; and the second, *Criminal Jurisprudence considered in relation to mental organisation, by M. B. Samson:* the latter of course being the work of a phrenologist.

In the History of the *Knights Templars, by B. G. Addison, 1 vol.,* the author is accused of having become the blind apologist of these celebrated warrior-monks, in his attempt to prove that the destruction of their order was totally unmerited. He seems to have forgotten their crimes in his sympathy for their warlike virtues and bravery. Considerable interest will however be found in his description of the Crusades, of Cœur de Lion, of the ninety-nine years of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, and the wonderful feats and slaughters conected therewith.

Under the head of poetry is another volume of *Poems, by Thomas Miller*, the basket-maker, containing many passages of remarkable beauty, when considered as coming from the pen of a man who has enjoyed so few of the advantages of education.

We also find a *Narrative of a recent Imprisonment in China after the wreck of the Kite, by John Lee Scott*, one of the sufferers, which gives some new insight into Chinese manners and customs.

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MISCELLANEA.

GEOLOGY OF RUSSIA.

Mr. Murchison's Second Survey.—All the details of this interesting survey, with full illustrations of the organic remains, mineral structure, and physical features of the country, will as soon as possible be laid before the Geological Society, and be reported at length in our columns. A short sketch, written at Moscow, near the close of the journey, dated 8th October, 1841, and addressed to M. Fischer de Waldheim, the president of the Society of Naturalists of that metropolis, has been translated by the writer, Mr. Murchison, and published in the Philosophical Magazine for the present month: whence were we not to transfer the concluding portion of the sketch, we should neglect the gratification of our geological readers. It describes a discovery in central Russia; and is thus given in the words of the president of the Geological Society of London.

"In concluding, however, I must tell you of a very interesting discovery we made in returning from Taganrog to Petersburgh. Count Keyserling took the line of Voroneje and the Don, and Mr. de Verneuil and myself that of Koursk, Orel, and the river Oka; and on meeting at Moscow our results completely agreed. It was, as you know, generally be-

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lieved up to this moment, that central Russia presented a regular succession from older to younger deposits as you proceeded from north to south. This is not the case. A great axis of Devonian rock, or old red sandstone, having a width of at least 120 miles, rises in the heart of the country around Veroneje and Orel, and stretches to the W. N. W., in which direction it probably connects itself with deposits of the same age in Lithuania and in Courland. This discovery seems, indeed, to have an intimate relation to one which we made in entering Russia early in the spring, near to Schavli in Lithuania, of much red ground, and a band of upper Silurian rocks. In fact, it also explains the cause of the great difference which exists between the deposits of the carboniferous basin of the Donetz and those of your Moscow region, now proved to constitute a vast basin, for as the two seas in which these deposits were accumulated from high antiquity, were separated by the ancient lands in question, so must we infer that the conditions and nature of their shores, their rivers, their currents and bottoms (on which, of course, the nature of marine deposits depends), must have been essentially different. This discovery also proves the symmetry of the opposite edges of the Moscow basin; since, in advancing from the governments of Toula and Kalouga on the south, we see the same ascending order as that which we before described in the Valdai hills on the north. In both tracts the Devonian, or old red rocks, with Holoptychius nobilissimus, and many fishes and shells of that system, well known in the British isles, pass under the lowest strata on the carboniferous era, and serve as a base line to those thin beds of poor coal, associated with Unio sulcatus and Productus gigas (hemisphericus, Sow.), which are at present the subject of new researches on the part of the Russian government."

Mr. Murchison mentions that the Emperor, his ministers, and officers, have powerfully and kindly contributed to the results of the survey, by every possible aid and support which geologist could receive. (Literary Gazette.)

A Yankee Government.—A man returned home one night very late, and rather the worse for liquor; and being hungry

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withal, he stuck his fork in a bowl of something that his wife had left upon the table before retiring. He worked away with his mouthful very patiently for some time; at length, not being able to masticate what he considered was intended for his supper, he sung out to his wife, 'I say, old woman, where did you get your cabbages from? they are so 'nation stringy, I can't chew them.'

'My gracious!' cried the good lady, 'if the stupid filler ain't eating up all my caps that I put in starch over-night!'

THE BUDE LIGHT.—The Bude light has been irradiating the fog and extinguishing the gas-lights in Waterloo-place those few evenings, besides attracting crowds of gazers, whom its luminous rays failed to enlighten as to the nature of the phenomenon. The appearance inside the lamp is that of a huge Argand burner emitting a rush of flame of a bright orange hue, in an intense state of combustion, reaching to a considerable height; the upper portion of the lamp is shaded, in order to soften the glare and throw the rays on the pavement; and the light is so vivid and penetrating as to illuminate the surrounding space to such an extent that any other lamps might be dispensed with between the York Column and Jermyn-street, and along Pall-mall from the Carlton Club on one hand to Cockspur street on the other. It was in Pall-mall, on the top of Mr. Winsor's house, the originator of that mode of illumination, that the first gas-light was exhibited in the metropolis, some 30 years since: in a less time hence we may safely predict that the Bude-light will become as universal as gas now is—unless the Drummond light should supersede it by a metropolitan moon of hydro-oxygen, poised high enough in air to prevent the shadows from being too strong. The only objection to the adoption of the Bude light, both in streets and houses, seems to be its expense. The extreme brilliancy of the illumination is caused by conveying through the circular opening of the Argand burner a stream of pure oxygen which feeds the flame. Oxygen is obtained in greatest abundance from manganese; and the quantity of this substance that must be consumed if the whole town were lighted in

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this way, would raise the price of a not superabundant article, unless some cheaper source of oxygen were discovered. The fact that pure oxygen is the material of combustion, seems favourable to the introduction of the Bude light into dwellings, as any little escape of so vital an ingredient in atmospheric air would not be prejudicial to health; while the consumption of the oxygen of the air would not be so great as from an equal quantity of light produced by other means. The risk of danger attending the production of the hydro-oxygen light, and the extreme care and nicety required in directing the two gases on to the lime whose combustion causes the intense light must militate against its general employment, unless each parish or district were furnished with its lamp, or one immense focus of illumination were to suffice for the whole metropolis. (Spectator).

American Artists.—A painter in New Orleans possesses such extraordinary talents, that he can paint a pine-plank, or any other piece of wood, so exactly like marble, that when thrown into the river it will instantly sink to the bottom.

Canine Sagacity—Murder detected.—In the year—two miserable, emaciated dogs made their appearance one July morning at the house of Mr. C., a settler of Hunter's River, New South Wales, and, after finishing a substantial meal, trudged slowly away in the direction whence they had come, but returned again at the same hour on the following day for food; and this being repeated day after day caused a good deal of curiosity and conversation on the farm. Mr. C. therefore desired one of his men to mount and follow, who, after a ten miles' ride through the woods, saw them suddenly dive into the bed of a creek, and squat upon a sandbank in it. Alighting, and digging up the sand with the toe of his shoe, the body of their murdered master was found buried beneath. The murderer was shortly after apprehended, tried, and executed; various articles of the property of his victim, which he had been disposing of, tending mainly to his conviction. (Times).

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HOME MADE CONS. AND FAR-WESTERN. — 1. Why is a lady's boa dropped in the street like a blind devil? Give it up? — Because it is a loosefur (Lucifer) with the i (eye) out.

2. Why is an old dog like a shipwrecked mariner? Because he has lost his bark.

3. There is man in New Orleans so exceedingly tall that he is obliged to go up a ladder to shave himself.

4. A friend of ours lately caught such a cold that he sneezed himself away till there was nothing left of him but his snuff-box and pocket-handkerchief.

5. A man in the Strand wore his trowsers so large, that he fell into his own pocket, and did not drag himself out till he had been dead some time.

6. A drover, going to Smithfield, ran so fast after a cow, that he kept before her all the way, and they reached Smithfield together.

7. The mutual hostility of wild and domesticated animals was strangely exemplified in the late inundation, when, if we are to believe the papers, thousands of loose rats were drowned by the tied (tide).

SPEED IN TRAVELLING. — "God speed you," used to be the old mode of expressing good wishes among our forefathers; what would they say now, if they could rise from their graves, and learn that in 14½ hours a party of pleasure set out from London, stopped twice at Southampton, and circumnavigated the Isle of Wight? This feat, about 250 miles, was accomplished at a small cost on Monday last. Oh, steam!

MISSOURIUM, OR MISSOURI LEVIATHAN. — The nearly complete skeleton of an enormous extinct animal, 32 feet in length and 15 in height, found by Mr. Albert Koch near the shores of the river la Pomme de Terre — a tributary of the Osage, in Burton county, in the state of Missouri, and singularly enough called, as tradition goes, by the Osage Indians, Big-Bone River — has been brought to this country by the discoverer, and is about to be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. We had a hurried, and therefore incomplete, examination of the fossil

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marrowless monster on Thursday. Independent of size, the most striking features of the Missourium (Koch) are the feet—the fore-feet with four toes and a thumb, evidently prehensile, the bones of the fore-arm therefore arranged so as to enable the animal to feed himself with the fore-foot, after the manner of the beaver—and the tusks, each six feet in length, exclusive of the root. One of these is stated to have been, when discovered, fixed in the socket, and therefore their position accurately determined. In relation to the head, they (each) form a horizontal semicircle, measuring from one point to the other, following the curvature, 21 feet, in a straight line between the extremities 15 feet. There are numerous other anatomical peculiarities conducive to a knowledge of the habits of the « leviathan; » but we cannot at present enlarge upon them. Mr. Koch, we understand, has letters of introduction to Professor Owen, and other eminent comparative anatomists in England. The authority of the former will suffice to establish the position of the « Missourium » in the extinct animal kingdom, and to confirm or confute the conclusions of the discoverer. Mr. Koch, in the latter part of his pamphlet, asserts that, in juxtaposition with these and other huge remains, he has found evidences—arrow-heads, &c.—of human existence contemporary with the fossil animals. What will geologists say to this?— (Literary Gazette.)

A new Race of Welsh Indians!—At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in a communication from Sir James Alexander on his late travels in the Rocky Mountains, a reference was made to a singular race of Indians, living far in the interior, who were described of a fair complexion, possessing a superior knowledge of the arts, and speaking a language peculiar to themselves, who it was considered might be the lost Welsh colony, who, if they still existed, it must be in a parallel of 42 degrees latitude. A colony, it is known, left Wales under Prince Madoc in 1169, who, tired of the wars in their own country, set sail to discover some other settlement. Some of these returned to Wales, and gave a favourable account of a new country, to which they induced many others of their countrymen to go, but the expedition has never but once been since

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heard of. In 1610, a Welsh clergymann having been taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, was doomed to death, when he solicited time to pray, which he did in his own language. This attracted the notice of one of the Indians, who, recognizing his language, interfered and saved his life, and took him to the descendant of his own countrymen; on his return from whom he testified the circumstances on oath before a Court at Virginia. A young Welsh gentleman at New York had started thence last August, for the purpose of endeavouring to reach this lost tribe, his intended route being to Santa Fe, &c., from whence he would cross the Rocky mountains by the first caravan. He has not since been heard of, but the result of his enquiry is looked forward to with considerable interest.

(EXAMINER.)

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